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## LORD BACON.\*

THE two main divisions of the history of philosophy are ancient and modern. All that does not strictly belong to either of these may be regarded as forming transition steps. Modern civilization, though it may not have excelled antiquity in the fine arts, poetry, rhetoric, statuary—and is indebted to it for the foundation of pure mathematics—has far surpassed it in those branches of knowledge which are based on observation, and experiment.

In order rightly to estimate the scientific reformation which was mainly brought about by Bacon, let us glance at the chief charac-

teristics of the scholastic philosophy. As early as the second century of the present era, Christianity came in contact with the philosophy of the age, and especially with New Platonism. It was not, however, till the eleventh century, that what may be called Christian philosophy sprung up, which, under its varied phases, is collectively styled scholasticism. The origin of this term is to be found in the Scholæ, or schools, which were founded by Charlemagne for philosophical studies; in which, however, scarcely any in those days had either leisure or inclination to engage, except the clergy. Hence the main characteristic of this period was constant endeavor to explain the doctrines of the church philosophically, and to work them up into the form of scientific systems. Anselm's declaration, "credo ut intelligam," was adopted as the guiding principle. The works of the scholastic writers exhibit an immense amount of subtlety and acuteness, industry and toil; but, on the other hand, a mass of barren definitions and fruitless distinctions, "grave trifling, and solemn folly;" hence, the absence of really valuable results.

The final aim of scholastic philosophy was

\* *Bacon's Essays, Apophthegms, Wisdom of the Ancients, New Atlantis, and Henry VII.* With Introductory Dissertation and Notes by J. Devey, M.A. (Bohn's Standard Library, 1852.)

*Bacon's Novum Organum, and Advancement of Learning.* With Notes by J. Devey, M.A. (Bohn's Scientific Library, 1853.)

The present article is intended to be an *exposition*. We have endeavored to gather the 'vintage' of the accounts given by Stewart, Playfair, Napier, Campbell, Macaulay, Hallam, Morell, Cousin, Hoppus, Lewis, Craik, &c. The editions which we have noticed above contain valuable illustrative notes. Their cheapness places the works of the illustrious philosopher within the reach of a large circle of readers.

a scientific development of the tenets of the Roman church. It assumed as its basis the truth of those tenets, and employed as its instrument the Aristotelian logic. The deep and extensive influence of Aristotle's writings at this period is thus graphically described by Dr. Hoppus:—"This logic was the engine by which, for ages, the minds of men were bewitched in a manner that was altogether extraordinary. . . . Glosses, paraphrases, summaries, arguments, and dissertations on his works were composed without end. . . . Many of the inhabitants of the west learned Arabic, in order to read a translation of them in that language. The Latin tongue was made another medium of their circulation, and they were read in most parts of the known world. . . . Aristotle's works were the great text-book of knowledge, and his logic was the only weapon of truth. . . . Christians, Jews, and Mahometans united in professing assent to the great law-giver of human opinions; not Europe alone, but also Africa and Asia acknowledged his dominion; and while his Greek originals were studied at Paris, translations were read in Persia and at Samarcand. The rage for disputation, which now began to prevail in consequence of the spread of this philosophy, induced the council of Lateran, under Pope Innocent III., to proclaim a prohibition of the use of the physics and metaphysics of Aristotle; but awful as were then the thunders of the Vatican, they were not mighty enough to dethrone him from that despotism over men's minds which, by long custom, had now rendered itself almost omnipotent." At length, "in some of the universities of Europe, statutes were framed, which required the professors to promise on oath, that in their public lectures on philosophy, they would follow no other guide."

The most important point of philosophical discussion during the scholastic age, and one which exhibits itself through the whole period, is that between Nominalism and Realism. Realism philosophized in support of the church, and was in turn protected by ecclesiastical authority; Nominalism contended against the dominion of ecclesiastical power; Realism represents the dogmatical, Nominalism the critical element; Realism fettered individual freedom with the bonds of external authority; Nominalism sought to establish the autonomy of human reason.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, several great events combined in bringing about the ultimate freedom of rational speculation from subordination to ec-

clesiastical authority. As the first of these, we may place the revival of learning in the fifteenth century. During the scholastic age, the study of the ancient classical authors had declined: even the Platonic and Aristotelian systems were known almost exclusively from translations and secondary sources. Italy first awoke to a juster appreciation of the beauties of the antique. The arrival of Greek fugitives from Constantinople gave a great impulse to the study of ancient authors in that land. Greek and Latin works were read in the original languages, and the art of printing multiplied copies. Learned men assembled at the court of the Medici at Florence. Bessarion and Marsilius Ficinus distinguished themselves as expositors of the ancient, and especially of the Platonic philosophy. Classical refinement protested against the dry, inelegant, uncritical mode in which the sciences had hitherto been handled. "The mere substitution of the Academic for the Peripatetic philosophy would indeed have done little good. But any thing was better than the old habit of unreasoning servility. It was something to have a choice of tyrants. 'A spark of freedom,' as Gibbon has justly remarked, 'was produced by this collision of adverse servitude.'"

The second and main cause was the Reformation. The contest against the spirit of scholasticism—the advocacy of classic culture—the struggle after national independence—the efforts of society to liberate itself from the Roman hierarchy—the desire of exploring the facts and laws of nature—above all, the grasping of individual reason after a full emancipation from external authority—in short, every element of modern times finds its centre-point in the great German reformation. Luther and many of his distinguished contemporaries did not hesitate to express their contempt of the Peripatetic philosophy.

A third cause was a number of disconnected attempts at independent thinking on the part of Peter Ramus (1515-1572) in the science of logic; of Telesius and Campanella in physics; and of Patritius, and Giordano Bruno in metaphysics—all which, however, failed to produce any permanent results.

A fourth cause was the rise of the natural sciences. Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo restored to nature the honor of which scholasticism had robbed her, gave a new aspect to the world of thought, and shook men's faith in the authority of the church. The

investigation of nature's laws, shamefully but vainly opposed by the hierarchy and papal orthodoxy, came to be viewed as an essential object of philosophy.

Thus, even before the time of Bacon, the justice of the tyrannic sway which scholasticism had exercised over the minds of men had been called in question, and in opposition to servile obedience to external authority, a revolutionary spirit had raised its head; nor had the fortresses of that dominion remained free from direct and repeated attack. But the fundamental reason of the injustice of that rule had not been clearly pointed out: the revolution needed the guidance of some master-mind, who should plan and effect an assault upon the citadel itself, and who should sketch the outline of a future government which merited the lofty name of science.

In the words of Mr. Morell, "Two such minds arose, both of gigantic powers and almost inexhaustible resources. Each of them applied his whole strength to aid the work of reformation; and their combined influence succeeded in turning the stream of all scientific investigation into the two main directions, which it has been pursuing more or less ever since. The first of these was Lord Bacon; the next in the order, both of time and influence, was Descartes." We postpone the comparison of their merits and philosophical methods.

Francis Bacon was born at York House, in the Strand, January 22, 1561. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who, during the first twenty years of Elizabeth's reign was lord-keeper of the great seal, and in legal ability and political wisdom was universally ranked second only to the great Burleigh. His mother, who was the second daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, was well versed in the Greek, Latin, and Italian languages, and also eminent for her piety. He was delicate in health, and fond of sedentary pursuits. His activity of intellect, which early showed itself in attempts to explain the anomalies of legerdemain, and the curious echo in a vault in St. James' Fields, was no doubt fostered by contact with the varied minds of a Cecil, a Jewel, a Sidney, a Raleigh, and a Drake, and won the flattering acknowledgement of Queen Elizabeth, who conferred upon him the title of her young Lord-keeper.

At the age of thirteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. The university was at that time the scene of much activity. The works of the great reformers, and recent in-

vestigations in mathematics, astronomy, and political philosophy, gave birth to a life of disputation and contest. Bacon, however, did not avail himself of those advantages of college discipline, which, by extending his sphere of knowledge, would not only have benefited his mind at the time, but have saved him from faults which mark his subsequent writings. He left Cambridge with "a just scorn for the trifles on which the followers of Aristotle had wasted their powers, and no great reverence for Aristotle himself." As he declared to his secretary, Dr. Rawley, he fell into a dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle, "not for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would ever ascribe high attributes, but for the unfruitfulness of the way; being a philosophy, as his lordship used to say, only strong for disputations and contentions, but barren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man."

In his seventeenth year he was sent to Paris, in the suite of Sir Amias Paulet, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador. This visit had doubtless a lasting influence on his character. The state of a country which had but recently witnessed the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, abidingly confirmed his adherence to Protestant principles. He travelled through several French provinces, and subsequently published the results of his acute and extensive observations in a work entitled "The State of Europe."

On receiving intelligence of the sudden death of his father, Bacon returned hastily home. His father having died intestate, he found himself bereft of pecuniary resources. Hence he was compelled to seek some lucrative occupation. After having in vain endeavored to obtain a government post through the patronage of his uncle, Lord Burleigh (who wished to promote his own son, afterwards Sir Robert Cecil), he enrolled himself as a student at Gray's-inn. For some years he labored in obscurity. At length, by his profound acquaintance with the principles of law, and his admirable talents and address, he acquired such reputation, that the queen appointed him her "counsel extraordinary" (1590). Cecil also procured for him the reversion of the registrarship of the Star Chamber, which lucrative office fell in after some years.

In 1593 Bacon took his seat in parliament for the county of Middlesex, and soon became distinguished as an orator and debater. "There happened in my time," says Ben Jonson, "one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language,

where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech, but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man who heard him was lest he should make an end." In politics, however, he made a perilous attempt to please both court and people. On one occasion, indeed, he delivered a vehement speech against the crown, and was in danger of being sent to the Tower and punished by the Star Chamber, but when the queen gave forcible expression to her indignation, he sought forgiveness by promising never to repeat the offence.

Still failing to obtain the patronage of Burleigh, Bacon attached himself to Essex, who, impelled by a generous friendship, endeavored to procure for him, first the office of attorney-general, then that of solicitor-general; but in both cases he was thwarted by the opposition of the Cecils. To mitigate Bacon's disappointment, Essex gave him an estate, worth nearly £2000, at Twickenham.

In 1597 he published a small volume of "Essayes, Religious Meditations, Places of Perswasion and Disswasion." These essays were popular, not only in England, but also throughout the whole of Europe.

It is with deep mortification that we notice his base ingratitude to Essex. When the latter was prosecuted for a conspiracy against the queen, Bacon, on whom he had conferred so many and such substantial benefits, and in whom he had so fully confided, not only abandoned him, but even appeared as counsel for the prosecution,—nay, even employed his learning and ingenuity in magnifying his crimes; and to crown the whole, after the execution of Essex, he wrote, at the queen's request, "a declaration of the practices and treasons attempted and committed by Robert Earl of Essex." Thus, "this friend, so loved, so trusted, bore a principal part in ruining the earl's fortunes, in shedding his blood, and in blackening his memory."

After the accession of James, Bacon rose rapidly in fortune and favor. In 1603 he was knighted: in 1604 he was appointed king's counsel; in 1607 solicitor-general; and in 1613 attorney-general. He distinguished himself in Parliament, and especial-

ly, both by his speeches and his writings, sought to bring about the accomplishment of James' favorite measure—the union of England and Scotland. Meanwhile, he did not neglect literature and philosophy. In 1605 he published his "Advancement of Learning," and in 1609 his "Wisdom of the Ancients." He was also gradually elaborating his "Novum Organum." It is mournful to think that the author of such works should have lent himself to tyranny. He was counsel for the prosecution against Oliver St. John, who was summoned before the Star-Chamber for maintaining that the king had no right to levy benevolences; and in the case of Peacham, who was falsely accused of treason, he not only tampered with the judges, but even joined in the attempt to extort a confession from the prisoner by torturing him on the rack.

Bacon's next patron was Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the favorite and master of James. In 1616 he was sworn of the privy council; in 1617 he was appointed keeper of the great seal, an appellation which he soon after changed for the higher title of chancellor. In 1621 he attained the zenith of his glory. He had just published his "Novum Organum," and had been created Baron Verulam, and then Viscount St. Albans. It must not, however, be concealed that in his chancellorship he issued abominable patents; and not only allowed Villiers to interfere in his judicial decisions, but even accepted large bribes from persons engaged in chancery-suits.

Retribution was at hand. After six years' recess, parliament again met. The Commons discussed public grievances, and attacked the unrighteous patents which had shielded Buckingham and his followers. A committee was appointed to examine the state of the courts of justice. Two charges of bribery were brought against Bacon; the number soon rose to twenty-three. Bacon drew up a confession, which was handed to the House of Lords by the Prince of Wales. To the deputation of peers, appointed to inquire whether the confession was subscribed by himself, he replied, "My lords, it is my act, my hand, my heart. I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." The Lords condemned him to "pay a fine of £40,000, to be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure, to be for ever incapable of holding any public office, place, or employment," and "never" to "sit in parliament, nor come within the verge of the court." The sentence was immediately mitigated. He was sent to the Tower, but

liberated in two days. The fine was released by the crown. By the year 1624 all his punishment was remitted. Government granted him a pension of £1200 a year.

During the last five years of his life he commenced a "Digest of the Laws of England," a "History of England under the House of Tudor," a "Body of Natural History," and a "Philosophical Romance." He also published his "De Augmentis Scientiarum" in 1623.

"The great apostle of experimental philosophy," says Mr. Macaulay, "was destined to be its martyr. It had occurred to him that snow might be used with advantage for the purpose of preventing animal substances from putrefying. On a very cold day, early in the spring of the year 1626, he alighted from his coach near Highgate to try the experiment. He went into a cottage, bought a fowl, and with his own hands stuffed it with snow. While thus engaged, he felt a sudden chill, and was so much indisposed that it was impossible for him to return to Gray's-inn. After an illness of about a week, he expired on the morning of Easter-day, 1626. His mind appears to have retained its strength and liveliness to the end. He did not forget the fowl which had caused his death. In the last letter that he ever wrote, with fingers which, as he said, could not steadily hold a pen, he did not omit to mention that the experiment of the snow had succeeded excellently well." His will contains the strikingly prophetic passage—"For my name and memory I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages.

His writings may be divided into—1. Scientific; 2. Moral and Historical; 3. Epistolary and Miscellaneous. His great philosophical works are, "The Advancement of Learning" (published 1605); "Instauratio Magna" and "Novum Organum" (published 1620); and "De Augmentis Scientiarum" (published 1623). Hallam remarks, "I find upon comparison that more than two-thirds of this treatise (i. e., the *De Augmentis Scientiarum*") are a version, with slight interpolation or omission, from "The Advancement of Learning," the remainder being new matter.

The "Instauratio Magna" is divided into six parts:—

1. *Partitiones Scientiarum*, intended to furnish a general summary of knowledge already gained, and indications of *lacuna*. This first part, Bacon tells us, is wanting in the "Instauratio;" he has substituted for it the "De Augmentis Scientiarum."

2. The second part was to contain the new logic, or inductive method. As far as he completed it, it is known under the name of the "Novum Organum," which was to consist of nine parts; we possess, however, only the first.

3. The third part was to form an entire natural history, under which were to be included one hundred and thirty particular histories. Of course, Bacon, in his age, could accomplish but little of so vast a work.

4. The fourth part, called *Scala Intellectus*, was to supply "types and models, which placed before our eyes the entire process of the mind in the discovery of truth, selecting various and remarkable instances." This part is wanting, except a few introductory pages.

5. The fifth part, which Bacon calls *Prodromi, sive Anticipationes Philosophiæ Secundæ*, was to give a sample of that new philosophy, which was to be erected on the basis of his natural history, and by means of the inductive method. The *Cogitata et Visa*, *Cogitationes de Natura Rerum*, *Filum Labyrinthi*, and others, form fragments of this part.

6. The sixth and last part, *philosophia secunda*, was to present a complete system of philosophy, attained by the inductive method. "To perfect this last part," he says, "is above our powers and beyond our hopes. We may, as we trust, make no despicable beginnings; the destinies of the human race must complete it."

"Such," says Mr. Hallam, "was the temple, of which Bacon saw in vision before him the stately front and decorated pediments, in all their breadth of light and harmony of proportion; while long vistas of receding columns, and glimpses of internal splendor, revealed a glory that it was not permitted him to comprehend. In the treatise 'De Augmentis Scientiarum,' and in the 'Novum Organum,' we have less, no doubt, than Lord Bacon, under different conditions of life, might have achieved; he might have been more emphatically the high-priest of Nature; if he had not been the chancellor of James I., but no man could have filled up the vast outline which he alone, in that stage of the world, could have so boldly sketched."

The treatise "De Augmentis Scientiarum" is divided into nine books.

The first is designed to remove prejudices against the investigation of truth, and to indicate the causes of error.

In the second book knowledge is divided into—I. History. II. Poetry. III. Phi-

sophy; corresponding to memory, imagination, reason.

I. History comprises, 1, Natural History, (1) of Regular Phenomena; (2) of Monstrosities; (3) of the Arts. 2. Civil, or rather Human History; (1) Civil History proper; (2) Sacred History; (3) Literary History.

II. Poetry is divided into—1. Narrative. 2. Dramatic. 3. Parabolic.

III. Philosophy or Science. There must be a general science, comprising a body of axioms common to all the special sciences. The special sciences have three principal objects:—1. God. 2. Nature [3rd Book]. Natural Science is either speculative or practical. Speculative natural science comprises physics, which deal with material and efficient causes, and metaphysics, which deal with formal and final causes. Practical natural science includes mechanics, by which Bacon means experimentation in general, and magic, or experimentation applied to the production of extraordinary phenomena. Mathematics are purely instrumental, and consist of pure mathematics (geometry and algebra) and mixed mathematics.

The fourth to the eighth books treat of science in relation to its third object, MAN. There must be an introductory science explaining personality and the communication between the soul and the body. The science of man Bacon then divides into (1) The Science of Human Nature; and (2) The Science of Civil Society. The former treats [1] of the body (medicine, cosmoical science, gymnastics, music, and painting); [2] of the soul, both its substance and its faculties, which are either logical or moral. Logic is either inventive or traditive, and in its latter phase comprises grammar,\* rhetoric, criticism and pedagogy. Ethics are either speculative (showing the natural history of character), or practical (treating of the culture of the affections). Under the head of the science of civil society Bacon handles only two points—viz., the methods of enlarging the boundaries of the state, and the principles of universal legislation. He says society is destined to secure *solamen contra solitudinem, adjuvamen in negotiis, and adjuvamen contra injurias*.

\* Bacon formed some very sagacious anticipations about universal grammar. "Grammar," he observes, "is of two kinds, the one literary, the other philosophical. . . . The latter directs the attention, not to the analogies which words bear to words, but the analogies which words bear to things;" or, "to language considered as the sensible portraiture or image of the mental process."

"The ninth and last book, which is short, glances only at some desiderata in theological science, and is chiefly remarkable as it displays a more liberal and catholic spirit than was often to be met with in a period signalized by bigotry and ecclesiastical pride."

In the "Novum Organum," the most important topic is what Bacon terms the *Idola* (*εἰδωλα*); i. e., not *idols*, as most writers (e. g., Playfair, Brown, Stewart, Hoppus,) have supposed; but, as Hallam has shown, "images, illusions, fallacies, or, as Lord Bacon calls them in the 'Advancement of Learning,' false appearances." These *Idola* are of four kinds.

I. *Idola tribus* (of the tribe); illusions common to the whole tribe or race of mankind—"those general prejudices which arise from the infirmity of human nature itself." "The understanding of man," says Bacon, "is like a mirror whose surface is not true, and so mixing in its own imperfection with the nature of things, distorts and perverts them." The sources of these *Idola* are—(1) Too great a tendency of the mind to assume a greater uniformity in Nature than really exists. (2) A tendency in the human understanding to force all facts into harmony with a prepossessed notion or principle. (3) A liability of the mind rather to be impelled by the imagination than guided by the understanding. (4) The eagerness of the mind to push its investigations beyond its proper limits. (5) The influence of the will and the affections on the understanding. "The light of the understanding," says Bacon, "is not a dry or pure light, but it receives a tincture from the will and the affections, and forms the sciences accordingly; for men are most willing to believe what they most desire." (6) The dullness, incompetency, and errors of the senses. (7) The too great tendency of the mind to abstraction and generalization.

II. *Idola Specus* (of the cave or den); "those prejudices which stamp upon each mind its own peculiar character, and are identified with every individual man." These include the particular studies which a person pursues, the difference of men's capacities, attachment to times (e. g., antiquity), and an exclusive predilection for the minute or the vast in nature.

III. *Idola Fori* (of the market-place); "prejudices arising from mere words and terms in our common intercourse with mankind—i. e., from the imperfection of language. Words deceive us when they are names of things when they do not exist, or when they are confused and ill-defined.

IV. *Idola Theatri* (of the theatre); illusions proceeding from the fabulous and visionary representations of philosophical theories. "We call them idols of the theatre," says Bacon, "because all the systems of philosophy that have been hitherto invented or received are but so many stage-plays, which have exhibited nothing but fictitious and theatrical words."

The next topic for our consideration is Bacon's method. He lays down the following fundamental principle as his first and leading aphorism concerning "the interpretation of Nature, and man's dominion over it:—"Homo, naturæ minister et interpret, tantum facit et intelligit, quantum de naturæ ordine, re vel mente, observaverit; nec amplius scit, aut potest." (Man, the servant and interpreter of Nature, can only understand and act in proportion as he observes the order of Nature; more he can neither know nor do.) The method he recommends for the interpretation of Nature is called the *inductive method*. In induction we assert, to use the words of Whately, "that what belongs to the individual or individuals we have examined, belongs (certainly, or probably, as the case may be) to the whole class under which they come." The first step in the inductive process of Bacon is to collect a natural history. We must carefully and patiently gather a variety of particular facts and instances which relate to the subject of inquiry; we must not rest satisfied with those facts which spontaneously present themselves, but must institute experiments for the discovery of fresh ones. Being now in possession of a body of facts, obtained by observation and experiment, we must classify them into tables, and, applying the method of "exclusion," reject those which are irrelevant to the matter in hand, and gather the "vintage" of such as are really significant. These selected facts must then be examined as to their relative worth. The most important phenomena are called by him "prerogative instances," as holding a kind of prerogative dignity, from being peculiarly suggestive of causation. Fifteen of these are to guide the intellect, five to aid the senses, and seven to correct the practice. Of these twenty-seven we shall adduce only the most important. (1) *Instantiæ solitariae*: "examples of the same quality existing in two bodies otherwise different, or of a quality differing in two bodies otherwise the same. In the first instance the bodies differ in all things but one;—e. g., crystals, dewdrops, which exhibit color in some situations, have nothing

but the color in common with stones, metals, &c., whose colors are permanent. (These examples guided Newton to the discovery of the composition of light.) In the second instance "the bodies agree in all things but one;" here Bacon adduces as examples the veins of black and white in marble, and the variety of colors in flowers, where the substances agree in almost every thing except color.

2. *Instantiæ migrantes* exhibits qualities passing from less to greater or greater to less; e. g., glass, when whole, is colorless; when pulverized, white.

3. *Instantiæ ostensivæ* are instances which show some quality in its highest degree; e. g., the barometer exhibits the weight of air, when the impediment arising from pressure in all directions is entirely removed.

4. *Instantiæ conformes*—instances that are parallel or analogous,—are facts which resemble or are analogous to each other in some particulars, while very different in all the rest. Bacon mentions, as examples, optical instruments and the eye, the structure of the ear and of caverns that yield an echo.

5. *Instantiæ comitatus, atque hostiles*, are instances of qualities which always accompany each other, and the reverse. Thus flame and heat always coexist, transparency and malleability in solids are never combined.

6. *Instantiæ crucis*, crucial instances, are so called from the sign-posts at cross roads, because they determine at once between two or more possible conclusions. "These instances," says Bacon, "are of such a kind, that, when in search of any nature (cause), the mind comes to an equilibrium, or is suspended between two or more causes, the facts decide the question by rejecting all the causes but one." Suppose that up to a certain point in our investigations, two or more causes seem to explain a given phenomenon equally well, an experiment which decides in favor of one of them is an *experimentum crucis*.

Perhaps in no part of his discussion concerning the right method of investigation, has Bacon rendered greater service to the cause of science than where he inculcates the necessity of a *gradual ascent* in our generalizations. "There are," he says, "two ways of searching after and discovering truth; the one from sense and particulars rises directly to the most general axioms, and resting upon these principles and their unshaken truth, finds out intermediate axioms, and this

is the method in use; but the other raises axioms—from sense and particulars by a *continued and gradual ascent*, till at last it arrives at the most general axioms, which is the true way, but hitherto untried."

Facts having been collected, examined, and classified, we must endeavor to discover the *form* of a given object, i. e., its *ultimate essence*; e. g., in answer to the question, What is heat? What is its essence? Thus Bacon erroneously supposes that the human mind can discover what two centuries of profound investigation since his time have in no one instance succeeded in revealing, and what in all probability lies entirely beyond the apprehension of human faculties.

Two other subjects of investigation are the *latens processus* (latent process) and the *latens schematismus* (latent schematism). By the latent process, Bacon seems to mean what has since been termed the *law of continuity*, according to which quantities which change their magnitude or position, do so by passing through all the intermediate magnitudes or positions, till the change is completed; e. g., in the firing of a cannon, the series of events between the application of the match and the expulsion of the ball is a latent process, which can now be pretty accurately traced. The *latent schematism* of bodies is the internal structure and arrangement of their parts. "A proneness," remarks Dr. Hoppus, "to form boundless expectations as to what human power might effect, and, in the very infancy of practical science, to look for achievements higher than we can, even in its more advanced age, venture to hope for, is one of the most remarkable features in the elevated and daring genius of this great man."

The question has often been raised and discussed—Did Bacon intend and deem it possible that his inductive method should be applied to metaphysics and moral subjects? An affirmative answer is at once supplied by his own express declarations, that his method is applicable to logic, ethics, politics, and metaphysics. On the other hand, it was but to a trifling extent that he applied his principles and rules to moral and metaphysical subjects, and also the entire structure of the "*Novum Organum*" is more especially suited to physical investigations. Nor, indeed, can it be denied that the inductive method has peculiar advantages in physical inquiries. For a full and able discussion of this point we refer our readers to Hallam's "*Literature of Europe*," vol. ii. p. 415, &c.

In his disquisitions on *ethical* subjects

Bacon displays an eminently *practical* spirit. He does not enter into lengthy discussions about the principle and the object of moral approbation, but holds it to be the main function of moral science to discover the influence which customs, habits, modes of education, mental pursuits, &c., exert upon human character, and thus to lay down the best mode of preserving and restoring moral health. On these topics, as Stewart remarks, "he has enlarged more ably and more usefully than any writer since Aristotle." Under this head we may mention the most popular of all his works, known under the title of "*Essays*." These essays are characterized by an amazing pregnancy and originality of thought; an admirable blending of ingenuity and fancy with a wisdom which, as furnishing sage suggestions for the guidance of life, "comes home to men's business and bosoms;" a rare combination of solidity and brilliancy; a style which, while untainted by mere verbal conceits, is incomparably striking and brilliant, richly colored with metaphors and analogies. The whole is pervaded by a sagacious and penetrating, a generous and catholic spirit. In illustration of these remarks, we shall quote the first part of his essay on "*Studies*."

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge, of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come but from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants—they need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use: but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books, also, may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others: but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else, distilled books are, like common distilled waters,

flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

As a *theologian*, Bacon possessed an intimate acquaintance with the Bible, and was a believer in the truth of Christianity. He also devoted a considerable portion of his time to theological works, but abstained from entering into any of those speculative controversies on subtle points of divinity, which at that time engaged so much public attention throughout the whole of Europe. We cannot refrain from quoting his noble protest against atheism:—"I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. While the mind of man looketh at second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."

The chief specimen which we possess of Bacon's talents as a historian is to be found in his "History of Henry VII.," concerning the merits of which, very opposite opinions have been expressed. The limits of the present article compel us to content ourselves with adducing the judgments of Hallam and Craik. The former writer remarks—"It is the first instance in our language of the application of philosophy to reasoning on public events in the manner of the ancients and the Italians. Praise upon Henry is too largely bestowed; but it was in the nature of Bacon to admire too much a crafty and selfish policy; and he thought, also, no doubt, that so near an ancestor of his own sovereign should not be treated with severe impartiality. . . . "The History of Henry VII.," admirable as many passages are, seems to be written rather too ambitiously, and with too great an absence of simplicity." And in another passage, speaking of the sixth, seventh, and eighth books "De Augmentis," the "Essays," and also of "The History of Henry VII.," he observes,—"If we compare (these) . . . with the rhetoric, ethics, and politics of Aristotle, or with the historians most celebrated for their deep insight into civil society and human character, with Thucydides, Tacitus, Philip

de Comines, Machiavel, Davila, Hume, we shall, I think, find that one man may almost be compared with all of these together." Craik's opinion of the History is, that it is "one of the most animated, graphic, and altogether felicitous historical pieces in the language;" and that it "still remains, perhaps, unsurpassed in our literature in all the highest qualities of historical composition, in luminous and lively narrative, in expressive portraiture, in a vein of profound political sagacity, above all, in skill and power of writing."

We shall now inquire how far the Baconian Induction had been anticipated by previous philosophers, and how far it was original. The author of an article in the "Asiatic Researches" (vol. viii. pp. 89, 90, Lond. edit.) asserts:—I. "That the mode of reasoning by induction, illustrated and improved by the great Lord Verulam, in his "Novum Organum," and generally considered as the cause of the rapid progress of science in later times, was *perfectly known to Aristotle*, and was distinctly delineated by him, as a method of investigation that leads to certainty or truth; and II. That Aristotle was likewise perfectly acquainted, not merely with the form of induction, but with the proper materials to be employed in carrying it on—facts and experiments. We are, therefore, led to conclude that all the blame of confining the human mind for so long a time in chains by the force of syllogism, cannot be fairly imputed to Aristotle; nor all the merit of enlarging it, and setting it free, ascribed to Lord Verulam." (Ib. pp. 89, 90.) After careful investigation of this point, we come to the following conclusion:—It cannot be denied that Aristotle clearly distinguished induction as an inference from the particular to the universal, from deduction as an inference from the universal to the particular. But he had no conception of the possibility of a valid process of arriving at a universal truth, except by an examination of *all* the particulars (*ἐξ ἀνδρῶν ἀτόμων*,—*enumerationem per simplicem*.) Bacon, on the other hand, aimed at discovering how, by a careful examination of the *relative* values of a *limited* number of particulars, we may, with certainty, attain to a universal truth. Moreover, Aristotle gave but a very meager analysis of induction, and did not perceive how the uniformity of the laws of nature justifies us in dispensing with the necessity of examining all the particulars. Bacon, on the contrary, endeavored to show *how far* the assumption

of that uniformity may take the place of a complete investigation of individual phenomena.

We shall now take up a point which we postponed in the earlier part of our article—viz, the relation of Bacon to Descartes. "Descartes," says Cousin, "has established in France precisely the same method which England has been eager to attribute exclusively to Bacon." Now, we readily admit that Descartes, as well as Bacon, adopted *analysis* as the main instrument in philosophical investigation; the former applied it to *thought*, the latter to *nature*. What, however, were their views concerning the relative position of induction and deduction? Here a fundamental difference presents itself. Bacon, it is true, admits the necessity of a provisional "anticipation" of nature as a guide in observation and experiment; and Descartes maintains the value of experiments in verifying the truths of deduction. But Bacon assigns to induction, Descartes to deduction, the first place as to order and importance.

Macaulay has asserted that the merit of Bacon's scientific labors consists, not in his rules for the inductive process, but in his supplying motives for the careful performance of that process. We venture to maintain, on the contrary, that motives had already been furnished, nay, that the entire age was under the potent influence of these motives, but that no one before Bacon discovered those *rules* which should direct the awakened mental energy into a well-planned channel. Again, Macaulay has affirmed that the only part of the inductive process which admits of rules, has been and is performed perfectly well, by all mankind without such rules; and that, therefore, Bacon's rules are superfluous and useless. Here, however, this distinguished writer plainly confounds induction, as a simple, every-day inference, with the *inductive method*—a lengthy and complex train of reasoning; these two Bacon repeatedly distinguishes. And further, however little a mind that has studied Bacon's rules may act in conscious and designed accordance with them, yet it will carry with it into all its researches the benefit of that general educational influence, which patient reflection on those rules infallibly exerts. Moreover, as Dr. Whewell observes, "The truly remarkable circumstance is to find this (i. e., Bacon's) recommendation of a continuous advance from observation by limited steps, through successive gradations of generality, given at a time when speculative men in general had only just begun to perceive

that they must begin their course from experience in some way or other.

Valid objections to Bacon's philosophical merits may, we admit, be founded upon his ignorance of mathematics, and his inadequate estimate of their utility; his lack of that "practical wisdom which results from a long acquaintance with the actual processes of philosophical research;" and his exaggerated opinion of the value of his "new organ," which, as he supposed, would bring all minds to nearly the same level, and supersede the advantages of natural genius.

The early fame of Bacon's writings may be gathered from the fact that in 1623, the University of Oxford addressed him as "a mighty Hercules," as having advanced the pillars of science: at Cambridge, his philosophy soon made great progress; the Institution of the Royal Society filled England with his fame; the writings of Boyle, Hooke, and Locke, exhibited the deep impress of the Baconian method; the genius of Newton found the ground cleared, and the plan sketched for the exercise of its mighty energies; and within half a century the reviver of true philosophy won high applause throughout France, Italy, Holland, and Germany.

We conclude with a general estimate of Bacon's mental and moral character. We have already spoken to some extent of his mental abilities. We add the following supplementary remarks: His intellect was marked rather by a wide-ranging view of the nature of science in general than by a deep acquaintance with the *minutiae* of any particular science. Though he was neither a mathematician, nor an astronomer, nor a chemist, nor a physiologist, yet he had a thorough insight into those essential attributes which constitute each of these a science, and the relative positions which each ought to occupy in the special applications of the general principles of scientific inquiry. Whilst he made no discoveries himself, he taught the *true method by which discoveries are made*. In all his investigations, he was eminently practical, carefully shunning abstruse speculations and metaphysical subtleties. We heartily subscribe to Hallam's judgment,—"No books prior to those of Lord Bacon carried mankind so far on the road to truth; none have obtained so thorough a triumph over arrogant usurpation without seeking to substitute another; and he may be compared to those liberators of nations who have given them laws by which they might govern themselves, and retained no homage but their gratitude.

Bacon's moral character, with its dark shades and lamentable defects, has been faithfully and graphically depicted by the masterly pen of Macaulay:—"The moral qualities of Bacon were not of a high order. We do not say that he was a bad man. He was not inhuman or tyrannical. He bore with meekness his high civil honors, and the far higher honors gained by his intellect. He was very seldom, if ever, provoked into treating any person with malignity and insolence. No man more readily held up the left cheek to those who had smitten the right. No man was more expert at the soft answer which turneth away wrath. He was never accused of intemperance in his pleasures. His even temper, his flowing courtesy, the general respectability of his demeanor, made a favorable impression on those who saw him in situations which do not severely try the principles. His faults were—we write it with pain—coldness of heart and meanness of spirit. He seems to have been incapable of feeling strong affection, of facing great dangers, of making great sacrifices. His desires

were set on things below. Had his civil ends continued to be moderate . . . we should not then be compelled to regard his character with mingled contempt and admiration—with mingled aversion and gratitude. We should not then regret that there should be so many proofs of the narrowness and selfishness of a heart, the benevolence of which was yet large enough to take in all races and all ages. We should not then have to blush for the disingenuousness of the most devoted worshipper of speculative truth—for the servility of the boldest champion of intellectual freedom."

Let the life of Bacon engrave upon the reader's heart the warning of sacred writ—"Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord, which exercise loving-kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

From the Quarterly Review.

## CHURCH BELLS.\*

THERE is abundance of literary evidence to show that in by-gone times the history and office of the bell engaged the attention of the learned. Mr. Ellacombe enumerates nearly forty distinct treatises of foreign origin, ranging from 1495 to the present century. Of these the best known is the work of Magius, "*De Tintinnabulis*." The author, an Italian, was a civil judge in the Venetian service of Candia, when besieged in 1571 by the Turks. He was taken prisoner, and amused his captivity by writing the treatise which has preserved his name. His occupation could gain him no favor in a land where the bell was considered the symbol of sinful infidelity, and he was finally beheaded by order of a pasha. The productions of our native pens are mostly confined to the art of

ringing, which is peculiarly an English accomplishment. In other countries there is no attempt at a musical peal, and the only object is to produce the utmost possible noise by a chance, irregular clanging. Such was formerly among ourselves the enthusiasm of the educated classes on the subject, that, in the reign of Queen Mary, Dr. Tresham thought there was no surer method of enticing the students at Oxford to mass than by promising to make the University peal the finest in England. The revived interest in all ecclesiastical studies has extended itself to bells; and the instructive work of Mr. Gatty and the researches of Mr. Ellacombe are worthy fruits of this newly awakened spirit.

We are accustomed, to use the expression of Mr. Gatty, "to hear the bell speak for itself." From youth to age the sound is sent forth through crowded streets, or floats with sweetest melody above the quiet fields. It gives a tongue to time, which would otherwise pass over our heads as silently as the

\* 1. *The Bell: its Origin, History, and uses*. By the Rev. Alfred Gatty. London. 1848.

2. *Paper on Bells with Illustrations*. By the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, in Report of Bristol Architectural Society, 1850.

clouds, and lends a warning to its perpetual flight. It is the voice of rejoicing at festivals, at christenings, at marriages, and of mourning at the departure of the soul. From every church tower it summons the faithful of distant valleys to the house of God; and when life is ended they sleep within the bell's deep sound. Its tone, therefore comes to be fraught with memorial associations, and we know what a throng of mental images of the past can be aroused by the music of a peal of bells:

"O, what a preacher is the time-worn tower,  
Reading great sermons with its iron tongue!"

The bell has had a continuous existence amongst civilized people from a very early time. For nearly fourteen centuries it has been employed by the church, and it was known to ancient nations for perhaps as many centuries before our era. Consecrated to Christian purposes, its sound has travelled with the light that has lighted the Gentiles; and, now that the gospel has penetrated to the most distant regions of the globe, there is not, perhaps, a minute of time in which the melody of bells is not somewhere rising towards Heaven, as—

"Earth with her thousand voices praises God."

For ages before the bell from its airy height in the old church tower announced its cognizance of human events, diminutive bells were in common use. An eastern patriarch in the twelfth century, quotes a writer who gravely avers that Tubal-Cain, the artificer in brass and iron, formed the sounding metal into a rude kind of bell, and that Noah employed it to summon his ship carpenters to their work. Less theoretical historians may be well contented to begin with the golden bells mentioned in the Book of Exodus as attached to the vestment of the high priest in the Sanctuary, in the same way that they were appended to the royal costume amongst the ancient Persians; or with those small bronze bells, apparently intended for horse and chariot furniture, of which a great number were found by Mr. Layard in a chamber of the palace of Nimroud. On being analyzed, the curious fact was discovered that they contain one part of tin to ten parts of copper; and if, as Mr. Layard remarks, the tin was obtained, as probably was the case, from Phœnicia, it may actually have been exported nearly three thousand years ago from the British isles.

Amongst the Greeks hand-bells were em-

ployed in camps and garrisons, were hung on triumphal cars, sounded in the fish-market of Athens, summoned guests to feasts, preceded funeral processions, and were sometimes used in religious rites in the temples. Another purpose to which they were put was to hang them about the necks of malefactors on their way to execution, "lest," says Zonaras, "innocent persons should be defiled by touching them." It is more likely that it was to draw the gaze of the people upon the criminal, and thus aggravate his punishment. From this Greek custom was derived (we are told) the Roman one of fixing a bell and a scourge to the emperor's chariot, that in the height of his power he might be admonished against pride, and be mindful of human misery.

It is needless to recapitulate all the less doubtful applications of bells among the Romans. The hour of bathing and of business at public places was announced by it, and with the imperfect means possessed by the ancients of measuring time, it must have been a far more important signal than at present. The wealthier Romans had them in domestic use to assemble their families, "just," says Magius, writing about 1570, "as the household of nobles and cardinals at Rome are summoned to dinner and supper by a bell hung in the highest part of the building, so that it may not only be heard by the inmates, but by those who are without." Something larger than the hand-bell would appear to have been common about the same period in English mansions, to judge from the expression in *Macbeth*—

"Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell."

But in the reign of Elizabeth the horn still hung outside the gate, and did much of the duty which afterwards devolved upon bells. In the court at Penshurst there is a bell of considerable size, suspended from a wooden frame, with the inscription, "Robert, Earl of Leicester, at Penshurst, 1649." The horn had by this time been quite superseded. The disuse of the hand-bell was one of the many visible signs of the downfall of the old aristocratic system—an indication that the troop of servants had ceased to be "in waiting." Few persons are aware how modern is the present practice of domestic bell-hanging; for no trace of it has been discovered in the old mansions of our nobility, even so late as the reign of Queen Anne. A correspondent of the *Builder* states that when he was taken over Belton Hall by Lord Brownlow, about forty years ago, his lordship pointed out two

large bells, one suspended over the landing on the stairs at the north end of the hall, and the other at the south end, remarking that they were the only means his predecessors had of commanding the services of the domestics; "but as it is getting into fashion," he added, "to have bells hung from the rooms in houses, I must have them also." The late duke was the first Northumberland who allowed the walls of Alnwick to be pierced. Each room had its lackey instead of its bell. The palatial mansion of Holkham, which was commenced in 1734 and completed in 1780, had no such conveniences till the present Earl provided them a few years ago. So many centuries did it take to conduct mankind to the simple invention of ringing a bell in a horizontal direction by means of a crank and a piece of wire.

The material of the bells so long known to heathen antiquity was generally bronze, sometimes silver, and not uncommonly gold. Their first construction in the expanded form with which we are familiar now is due to Christians. When the true God was worshipped in lonely caverns, amid the haunts of the wolf, or under the ban of heathens more cruel than the beasts, no sounds proclaimed their whereabouts to their foes; but from the time when praise and incense rose in stately temples, enriched with all the accessories that devotion could contrive, the bell assumed its part in the solemnities of religion. Some authors have ascribed its introduction (A. D. 400) to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, the contemporary of St. Jerome; but the silence of the bishop with regard to either tower or bells, in an epistle in which he minutely describes his church, is, as Mr. Gatty remarks, a strong argument against the claim, especially as there is no allusion to the subject in any contemporary or immediately subsequent writer. It was not till after A. D. 500, according to Hospinianus, that bells, which he calls *campana*, came into ecclesiastical use. They are supposed to have received their designation from the place where they were originally made. "Because," says Magius, "the founders practised this most useful work in Campania, the large bells were called *campana*;"\* and hence the term *campanile* was given to the towers in which they were hung. A species of diminutive bells were in like

manner called *nolæ*, from Nola, the city, and these were sometimes attached to a frame and rung during service.

The wandering ecclesiastics would naturally bring over specimens of the *nolæ* from abroad shortly after their primitive application in Italy to sacred purposes, and the portable altar bells seem accordingly to have been the first which were known in England. But the ponderous, far-sounding bell was introduced by the Anglo-Saxons at an early period. It was among the enrichments for his church which Benedick, Abbot of Weremouth and Jarrow, brought from Italy in the reign of king Egfrid; and about the same period (A. D. 680) the nuns of St. Hilda's sisterhood, as Bede relates, were summoned by it to prayers. It has been conjectured by several antiquaries that the tower of the church was suggested by the bell, that being lifted up aloft it might throw its solemn tones to a greater distance.

For many centuries the bell-foundries appear to have been set up in the religious houses of Europe, and the abbots, priors, and frequently the bishops, were the master-manufacturers. As long as the casting took place in the monasteries a religious character was given to the process. The brethren stood ranged round the furnaces; the 150th Psalm was chanted, and the Almighty was invoked to overshadow the molten metal with his power, and bless the work for the honor of the saint to whom it was to be dedicated.\*

One of the earliest notices of monastic bell-founding, occurs in a life of Charlemagne, quoted by Magius, in which it is stated that in the abbey of St. Gall, a monk, who greatly excelled in the art, produced a specimen of his craft, the tone of which was much admired by the emperor. "My lord emperor," said the monk upon this, "command a great quantity of copper to be brought to me, which I will purify by fire, and let me have silver instead of tin, about a hundred pounds, and I will cast for you such a bell that the other in comparison with it shall be mute." Magius lamented that princes were more avaricious than formerly, and would no longer bestow the necessary coin to impart a silvery sound to the bells. But we learn from Mr. Gatty, who appears to have derived his information from some cunning artificers of the present day, that the wide-spread notion of

\* A Roman gentleman of the present day, well known as an Etrurian collector, claims the title of Marchese Campana in right of an ancestor set up against Bishop Paulinus as inventor of bells, and the title has, we believe, been sanctioned either by Pius IX. or the King of Naples, or both.

\* The grand Ode of Schiller on the "Casting of the Bell" is now so familiar to all the world, that we need do no more than recommend those who are ignorant of German to read it in the translation of Sir E. B. Lytton.

the advantage of this ingredient is a complete mistake. "Persons," says he, "talk as familiarly of sweetening the tone of bell-metal by the introduction of a little silver, as they would speak of sweetening a cup of tea or a glass of negus with a lump of sugar. This is a dream. Silver, if introduced in any large quantity, would injure the sound, being in its nature more like lead as compared with copper, and therefore incapable of producing the hard, brittle, dense, and vibratory amalgam called bell-metal. There are, no question, various little ingredients which the skilful founder employs to improve his composition; but these are the secrets of the craft, and peculiar to every separate foundry." Nor is there any valid reason for supposing that our ancestors employed it any more than ourselves, except that it was a custom to cast a few tributary coins into the furnace. The composition of the amalgam in England six hundred years ago is known to us from the materials delivered in the 36th year of Henry III. for the purpose of making three bells for the church in Dover Castle, when all that was furnished was an old bell, 1050 pounds of copper, and 500 pounds of tin. The mixture was therefore made up of rather more than two parts of copper to one of tin; the modern recipe only differs from the ancient in allowing three parts of copper. The vaunted superiority of a few of the older bells over those of recent times has been ascribed by some to the influence of the atmosphere in the course of centuries; others have suggested that it was due to melting the metal by a fire of wood, which is known to improve the quality of iron, instead of by the rapid process of a blast furnace. But there is another cause which has had its share in the effect. "If the quantity of metal," says Mr. Gatty, "be not in due proportion to the calibre of the bell, the power of its tone will be lost; and only a *panny*, harsh, iron-like sound can be produced from it. For instance, if you try to get the note E out of a quantity of metal which is only adapted to sustain F well, the F in that case would be preferable to the E intended." Now in old bells a far larger mass of metal was allowed to a given note than is the case with us, for modern skill is necessarily directed as much to economy as to excellence of manufacture. The tenor bell of Rochester Cathedral weighs 28 cwt., but its note F would be reached at present with half the metal at an equivalent sacrifice of dignity of tone. In science and dexterity the living artificers surpass those of by-gone times. By the early part of the four-

teenth century a distinct class of workmen followed the trade, and the bell of Crokesden Abbey, in Staffordshire, having been fractured in 1318, Master Henry Michel of Lichfield was engaged with his assistants in recasting it from the Octave of the Trinity to the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. Notwithstanding the time bestowed upon the process it turned out a failure, and being recommenced anew, it took two months more to bring the work to a happy conclusion. A modern bell-founder would have much to teach Master Henry Michel in the technicalities of the trade.

However admirable may be the material employed, the excellence of the bell still depends upon its shape, and the proportion observed in its different parts. Slight defects in the tone are remedied after the casting. "If the note is too sharp," says Mr. Gatty, "the bell is turned thinner: if too flat, its diameter is lessened in proportion to its substance by the edge being cut. When an entire set turn out to be in harmony, they are called 'a maiden peal.' This, however, is a most rare occurrence; many sets of bells have the credit of being 'maiden' without deserving it, and a great many, for the honor of being considered such, are left decidedly out of tune." Whether the old bell-founders practised these after-processes for the rectification of the tone, or whether they were obliged to abide by the original casting, we are not informed.

In 1463 the manufacture of the smaller sort of bells had attained to such importance in England, that on the complaint of the artificers to the king in parliament that they were impoverished by the importation from abroad, it was ordained that no merchant or other person should bring any sacring bells into the country. The great weight, and consequently expensive carriage of the larger kinds, rendered the native artists comparatively safe from foreign competition as to them. An account has been preserved of the cost of a few years before (A.D. 1457) of one of these bigger productions. The material is charged 100s. 8d.; the making it, 20s. 1d.; for the conveyance of an old broken bell to Bristol, 5s.; and the bringing the new one thence to Yeovil, 6s. 8d. Two days and a half were spent in raising the bell, and the wages of three carpenters for this period came to 2s. One of the churchwardens had 6d. for his expenses in superintendence, the other 2d.; and a total sum of 2s. 2½d. went in refreshments.

The Bristol founders appear to have been

celebrated in the fifteenth century. Before the year 1684 Abraham Rudall, of Gloucester, had brought the art to great perfection. His descendants in succession continued the business, and down to Lady Day, 1774, the family had cast the enormous number of 3594 bells. Several of the most famous peals in the west of England were of the Rudall make, besides many others in different parts of the country, such as those of All Saints, Fulham, and those of St. Dunstan's, St. Bride's, and St. Martin's in the Fields. The bells of the University Church, Cambridge (*circa* 1780), so much admired by Handel, were from the St. Neot's foundry. The Messrs. Mears, who succeeded to Rudall at Gloucester, and who have also an immense establishment in London, are stated by Mr. Gatty to manufacture annually several hundred bells, and to have not uncommonly thirty tons of molten metal in their furnace. The vast number of new churches which have been built of late years, and the admirable spirit which prevails for restoring old ones to their pristine completeness, must have raised the trade to a pitch of prosperity never known before. Many, however, of the modern towers are of too flimsy a construction to bear the jarring of a full peal. A catastrophe which occurred at Liverpool in 1810, when the spire of St. Nicholas' Church fell upon the roof as the people were assembling for the service, and killed twenty-three of the congregation, was partly caused by the vibration of the bells.

The bell having been cast, the next step in old times was to name it; and in this the ecclesiastics followed all the ceremonies employed in the christening of children. It was carried to the font, it had godfathers and godmothers, was sprinkled with water, was anointed with oil, and was finally covered with the white garment, or chrisom, which in the Roman Catholic ritual was put upon infants at the conclusion of the rite, as an emblem of innocence. Nothing could exceed the pomp and solemnity of the service. "Costly feasts were given, and even in poor villages a hundred gold crowns were sometimes spent on the ceremony." The usage is so ancient that it is mentioned by Alcuin, who says that "it ought not to seem a new thing that bells are blessed and anointed, and a name given to them." It would be easy to enumerate a variety of instances; but we forbear to subjoin a list which would find few readers, unless perchance among the members of the Society

of Antiquaries. The custom continued in England down to the Reformation; and we give a single memorial of the practice from the accounts of the church-wardens of St. Laurence, Reading, in 1490:—

"Payed for halowing of the bell named Harry, vj s. viij d. And over that, Sir William Symes, Richard Clech, and Mistresse Synth being godfathers and and godmoder at the consecracyon of the same bell, and beryng all other costs to the suffragan."

"By the term baptism," says Magius, "it is not meant that bells are baptised with that baptism by which the remission of sins is conferred; the term is used because the principal ceremonies observed in the baptism of children are observed in blessing bells." This is superfluous as an explanation and inadequate as a defence. "Bells," says Southey, "are not baptized for the remission of sins, because the original sin of a bell would be a flaw in the metal, or a defect in the tone, neither of which the priest undertakes to remove." The profanity of the proceeding was in applying the forms of a Christian sacrament to a purpose in which there was no correspondence between the outward sign and the inward effect. When the Roman Catholic rite was done away, Protestants went into the opposite extreme, and superstition was exchanged for indecorous conviviality. White, of Selborne, in noticing the high festival which was observed in his village at the inauguration of a new peal in 1735, states that the treble was fixed bottom upwards and filled with punch. This is still the favorite plan, and we cannot help thinking that it is a bad beginning to teach the parishioners to associate their "church-going bells" with rum and beer.

Comparatively few of the immense number of baptized bells that were existing at the time of the Reformation still hang in their ancient towers, and on these it is often no easy matter to trace in the antique and half-corroded characters the once venerated name that was invoked by their sound. A more careful search in remote districts might make known several, of which no account has been given, though we might hear of none so old as that which was taken down from a church in Cornwall in the time of the late Mr. Davies Gilbert, the President of the Royal Society, and which bore, as he used to relate, with all possible pride, the inscription, "Alfredus Rex!" It was supposed to have been the gift of King Alfred, and to have done duty for a thousand years. Multitudes of bells, famous for their tone and

magnitude, frequently the offerings of wealthy laymen, and in the production of which no pains or expense had been spared, were taken away at the dissolution of the monasteries. Nor, though Holinshed remarks that "bells remain as in times past," were those of the cathedrals and parish churches always spared. King Henry VIII., according to Stow, staked a bell tower, with a lofty spire of timber, which stood in St. Paul's churchyard and contained four bells, the largest in London, against a hundred pounds, with Sir Miles Partridge, a courtier. Sir Miles won, and had the bells broken up and the tower and spire pulled down. Bulkeley, Bishop of Bangor, sold the bells of his cathedral in 1541, and Sir Henry Spelman relates that at the period of his boyhood (*circa* 1572), the people used to tell how many had been removed in every part of his county (Norfolk). The destruction began when ecclesiastical property was seized by the Crown and granted to laymen. The hundred of Framland, in Leicestershire, affords an example of the rarity of genuine antique specimens. Out of 38 churches, with an aggregate of 127 bells, 88 have been cast since 1600; of 16 the date is uncertain, and only 23 are clearly of the pre-Reformation period. The Puritans, though the enemies of church music, and of almost every thing which had once been put to superstitious uses, did not wage direct war against bells. Yet in the general depredation then committed upon churches, the tower was frequently rifled of its contents. The good people of Yarmouth petitioned the Parliament in 1650 "to be pleased to grant them a part of the lead and other useful materials of that *vast and altogether useless cathedral* in Norwich, towards the building of a workhouse to employ their almost starved poor, and *repairing their piers*." When the inhabitants of a neighboring town could propose to strip off the covering from the roof of a noble cathedral, and lay it open to the ravages of frost and rain, because such edifices were useless, it was not to be expected that bells would be valued except for the metal of which they were made. In the tasteless apathy which succeeded after the Revolution, the belfry was often robbed to repair the church. Very numerous were the instances in which four bells out of five have been sold by the parish to defray the churchwardens' "little account." Of those that escaped such accumulated dangers, several in the lapse of time have been injured and recast; and alto-

gether the ancient stock has been sadly reduced.

With Scotland it fared considerably worse than with us. Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, told Spelman in 1632 that when he was shown the church at Dunbar by "a crumpty, unseemly person, the minister thereof," he inquired how many bells they possessed, to which the minister answered, "None." His Grace asked how it "chanced," and the minister replied, with some astonishment at so simple a question, that "it was one of the Reformed churches." In Edinburgh, Abbot found only a single relic. All its companions throughout the city had been shipped to the Low Countries. In France the Revolution was fatal to many of the bells, and so much the more that the metal was available for cannon. The celebrated "George of Amboise," which hung in the cathedral of Rouen, was devoted to the purpose during that sacrilegious delirium when the religion of the people might be said to consist in war.

Some of our old writers delighted to trace the judgments which they imagined had descended on the depredators. Spelman observes significantly that Sir Miles Partridge, who gambled for the bells with Henry VIII., was hanged a few years afterwards on Tower Hill, and the trafficking Bishop of Bangor was affirmed to have been suddenly stricken with blindness when he went to see his peal safely shipped. Bad luck attended many of the bells themselves, the vessels in which they were embarked having been wrecked. It never seems to have occurred to these enthusiastic worthies that church property was not the only cargo lost at sea, or that a miracle, which destroyed instead of preserving the bells, was wrought for a very inadequate end.

Still, many great bells remain which are noticeable for antiquity as well as magnitude and beauty of tone. The peal of Exeter Cathedral, the heaviest in England, is a noble example of the occasional superiority of ancient over modern bells in regard to tone. The Exeter peal consists of ten bells; the peal of St. Saviour's, Southwark, which is the next heaviest, numbers twelve, of which nine are upwards of four hundred years old. Another peal of twelve, that of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, was much admired by Queen Elizabeth; and when they rang out in honor of her approach from Hatfield to London, she seldom failed to stop at a short distance from the church and commend their melody. There are

peals of ten bells at St. Margaret's Church, Leicester; at St. Mary's, Nottingham; and in the tower of Fulham, which are considered among the finest in the country. The musical bells of Dewsbury are famous, even beyond Yorkshire, as "England's sweetest melody." One of the number, which is popularly known as "Black Tom of Sothill," is said to have been an expiatory gift for a murder. It is tolled on Christmas-eve as at a funeral, and this ringing is called "the devil's knell," the moral of it being that the devil died when Christ was born.

It has been computed that in England there are 50 peals of ten bells, 360 peals of eight bells, 500 peals of six bells, and 250 peals of five bells. The calculations, however, rest upon superficial data, and are probably wide of the truth. "Eight bells," says Mr. Gatty, "which form the octave or diatonic scale, make the most perfect peal." It is a matter of pride to be able to ring a vast variety of *changes*, and these increase enormously with the number of the bells. "This term is used"—we quote again from Mr. Gatty—"because every time the peal is rung round, a change can be made in the order of some one bell, thereby causing a change in the succession of notes. Three bells can ring six changes; four bells will ring four times as many changes as three, viz., 24; five bells five times as many as four, viz., 120; and so on." The progression advances at such a fearful rate that twelve bells will give 479,001,600 changes. These, it was calculated by Southey, who was fond of the curiosities of the art, would take ninety-one years to ring, at the rate of two strokes to a second, or ten rounds to a minute. The changes, he continues, upon fourteen bells could not be rung through at the same rate in less than 16,575 years; and upon four-and-twenty they would require more than 117,000 billions of years. In practice, bells are rung more than twice as quickly as Southey supposes. He has recorded a feat of eight Birmingham youths, who managed to get through 41,224 changes in eight hours, forty-five minutes. Their ambition was to have reached a complete peal of "15,120 bob major," but they were too exhausted to proceed. "Great then," exclaims the laureate, in "The Doctor," from which we borrow these particulars, "are the mysteries of bell-ringing," and mysterious, we may add, are its fascinations. Yet one unparalleled enthusiast, whose book was printed in 1618, devoted 475 pages to prove that the principal em-

ployment of the blessed in heaven will be the continual ringing of bells. Southey pronounces that the art is at least entitled to the praise of being the most harmless of all the devices for obtaining distinction by making a noise in the world. The justice of the remark, however, is more than doubtful. Bell-ringers, as a class, have always had the credit, or discredit, rather, of being a disorderly set. The fellowship commenced in the belfry conducts to the public-house; all gratuities are spent in tipping, and it is a common observation that the ringers, after summoning the congregation to church, are prone to slip away themselves.

To go from peals to single bells, Mr. Gatty has drawn up a list of the largest which exist, or till lately existed, in the world:—

	Tons. cwt. qrs. lbs.			
The great bell of Moscow (height 21 ft. 4½ in., diameter 22 ft. 5½ in., circumference 67 ft. 4 in., greatest thickness 23 in.) weighs . . . . .	198	2	1	0
Another, cast in 1819, weighs . . . . .	80	0	0	0
The bell in the tower of St. Ivan's Church at Moscow (height 21 ft., diameter 18 ft., weight of clapper 4200 lbs.) weighs . . . . .	57	1	1	16
Another in the same church weighs . . . . .	17	16	0	0
The great bell at Pekin (height 14½ ft., diameter 13 ft.) weighs . . . . .	53	11	1	20
One at Nankin . . . . .	22	6	1	20
One at Olmutz . . . . .	17	18	0	0
The great bell of the cathedral of Rouen, destroyed 1793 (height 13 ft., diameter 11 ft.) weighed . . . . .	17	17	0	16
One at Vienna, cast in 1711 by order of the Emperor Joseph from the cannon left by the Turks when they raised the siege of the city (height 10 ft., circumference 81 ft., weight of the clapper 1100 lbs.) weighs . . . . .	17	14	0	0
One in Notre Dame, Paris, placed in the cathedral 1680 (circumference 25 ft.) weighs . . . . .	17	0	0	0
One at Erfurt in Germany, and considered to be of the finest bell-metal extant (height 10½ ft., diameter 8½ ft.) weighs . . . . .	13	15	0	0
One in the Roman Catholic cathedral at Montreal (cast 1847) weighs . . . . .	13	10	0	0
Great Peter, which was placed in York Minster in 1845, weighs . . . . .	10	15	0	0
"Great Tom" at Oxford (diameter 7 ft. 1 in., height 6 ft. 9 in.) weighs . . . . .	7	11	3	4
"Great Tom" at Lincoln (recast in 1835 with an additional ton of metal) weighs . . . . .	5	8	0	0
Great bell of St. Paul's (diameter 9 ft., weight of the clapper 180 lbs.) weighs . . . . .	5	3	1	22
Great bell of St. Paul's before recast, weighed . . . . .	3	12	3	1
"Dunstan" at Canterbury . . . . .	3	10	0	0

It will be seen that "Great Peter" of York, which has been cast since the fine peal in

the Minster was destroyed by the fire of 1840, is the reigning monarch of all the bells of the United Kingdom. It is stated by Mr. Gatty that the ordinary price of a bell is about six guineas per cwt., but it is probable that the rate increases with the size, for "Great Peter" cost no less than two thousand pounds, which was contributed by the citizens of York. It is many inches higher than the tallest grenadier in her Majesty's service, and requires fifteen men to ring it. A bell which once added glory to the cathedral of Canterbury is said to have required twenty-four men to raise it, and another no fewer than thirty-two.

The two "Toms" of Oxford and Lincoln are supposed by some to have owed their appellation to the circumstance of their giving out a sound which resembled the name. The original Oxford bell, which hung, like the present, in the Gate Tower of Christ Church, was brought from the abbey of Oseney, and was christened Mary at the commencement of the bloody Queen's reign, by Tresham, the vice-chancellor. "O delicate and sweet harmony!" he exclaimed, when first it summoned him to mass—"O beautiful Mary! how musically she sounds! how strangely she pleaseth my ear!" But musically-tongued Mary was recast in 1680, and has now a voice as masculine as its name, for it is neither accurate in its note, nor harmonious in sound. Every evening at nine it tolls 101 times, in commemoration of the number of scholarships with which the college is endowed.

The great bell of St. Paul's, which is one of the most popular curiosities in the cathedral, hangs in the south or clock tower, above the two bells which sound the quarters. It bears the inscription—"Richard Phelps made me, 1716." It is struck hourly by the hammer of the clock, but the clapper hangs idle, except when its ponderous stroke announces the death or funeral of a member of the royal family, a bishop of London, a dean of St. Paul's, or the Lord Mayor of the year. There is an erroneous notion that most of its metal was derived from the remelting of "Great Tom of Westminster," which, from a clock tower that then stood near the door of the Hall had sounded the hours for four hundred years to the judges of England. This bell, so replete with venerable associations, was given or sold by William III. to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and recast by one Wightman. It was speedily broken in consequence of the cathedral authorities permitting visitors to strike it, on payment of a fee,

with an iron hammer, and Phelps was employed by Sir Christopher Wren to make its fine-tuned successor. It was agreed, however, that he should not remove the old bell till he delivered the new, and thus there is not one single ounce of "Great Tom" in the mass. The latter is destined, after the lapse of a century and a half, to have a mighty substitute, for close to its ancient historic site the external clock of the New Palace of Westminster is to strike the hours on a bell of fifteen tons, and deprive "Great Peter" of York of its short-lived preëminence.

But the monster bells of England are mere playthings in comparison with the leviathans of Russia. The Czar Kolokol, or Monarch, as it is called, is the largest in the world. The value of the raw material alone was estimated by Dr. Clarke at 86,665*l.* 16*s.*, and by Erman at 350,000*l.* "Great Peter" of York took fourteen days to cool. The molten metal of the Montreal bell was twelve minutes in filling the mould. What must have been the process when, instead of some eleven or thirteen tons, 198 were employed. It was cast by the order of the Empress Anne in 1734, from the metal of a gigantic predecessor, which had been greatly damaged. The people assert that it was once hung aloft, but that the beam from which it was suspended being burnt in 1737, it was buried in the earth by the fall, and a piece broken out. Dr. Clarke maintained, without sufficient reason, that the fall was a fable, that the bell remained in the pit in which it was cast, and that the fracture was caused by the water, which was employed to extinguish a fire in the building above, having flowed upon the metal when it was heated by the flames. The Emperor Nicholas had it raised in 1837, and placed on a low circular wall. Steps lead into the pit over which it hangs; and this excavation in the earth, with the Monarch bell for a dome, is consecrated as a chapel. The Czar Kolokol is dumb, but the lesser sovereign in the tower of St. Ivan sends out its mighty voice three times a year, which produces a tremulous effect through the city, and a noise like the rolling of distant thunder. The bells in Russia are fixed immovably to their beams, and it is merely the clapper which swings to and fro. This alone in the bell of St. Ivan takes three men to sway it from side to side. Barbaric ambition is always pleased with what is big, but the tone of the Russian bells is likewise fine, though, as the art of harmonious ringing is unknown among them, the practical result is a confused clashing of sounds, extremely painful to English ears.

With all the Russian fondness for bells, the permission to employ them is a concession which the Czar has never obtained for Greek churches within the Ottoman border. Only the rocky peninsula of Athos has enjoyed a special privilege, which the inhabitants showed not, nor show, any backwardness to exercise. Some recent travellers were earnestly entreated by the old sacristan of a monastery, where a tower was just completed, to send out an English bell. The period at which ringing commenced or ceased in the East has not been ascertained. Cardinal Baronius says that the Maronites began to use bells in 865, having received them from the Venetians; and Matthew Paris states that Richard I. was welcomed at Acre with a peal when he landed in 1190 for his crusade. It is not unlikely, among other prospective changes, that the church bell may be allowed to speak its summons in conjunction with the muezzin's call to prayer.

Enormous as are some of the bells of China, they are inferior to the Russian both in size and tone, and the dullness of their sound is increased from their being struck with a wooden instead of an iron clapper. The Burmese indulge in the almost universal taste; and a large specimen, which was taken in the late war from the Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon was valued at 17,000*l*. But enough of the big bells of the world, which are rather matters for idle wonder than use.

Of the inscriptions upon bells not very many of early date remain. Some Anglo-Saxon bells, which are only known to us from history, were dedicated to English saints and confessors, as the bell called "Guthlac," at Croyland, and the bells named "Turketul," "Betelem," and "Bega," given to the same holy site by Turketul's successor. The oldest of those which still exist in England generally bear the name, if not of the Saviour or of the Virgin Mary, at least that of an apostle, a martyr, or some other saint of special eminence, with the usual addition "*ora pro nobis*." But in later times it became common to couple some longer invocation with the name. Thus we find, in uncouth Latin, sentiments like the following, which we translate for the benefit of our fair readers:—

"Jesus, regard this work, and by thy strength prosper it!"

"Jesus, who abidest above the stars! heal our wounds."

"May my sound please Thee, O Christ, Heavenly King!"

"Christ! give us the joys of eternal life."

"I am the Way and Giver of Life:—give thyself to me."

"Our motion speeds the Redeemer's praise."

An old bell at Thirsk bears the inscription—

"In the name of Jesus I call, sounding Mary in the world."

The bells dedicated to the Virgin have such labels as these:—

"I am called Mary: I disperse the storms, scatter enemies, and drive away demons."

"I sound in the world the name of Mary."

"I am called Mary, and sound the Rose of the World."

"O crowned Virgin! I will proclaim thee blessed."

"O Mary! by thy prayers protect those whom I call together."

On bells in honor of St. Michael we find,—

"I laud in holy tones him who broke the sceptre of the dragon."

"May the Creator associate us with the angels!"

On a bell in honor of All Saints,—

"Govern us, O God! and unite us to Thy saints."

On a bell in honor of St. Katherine,—

"In this assembly I sound sweetly the name of Katherine."

There are many bells dedicated in the names of St. Peter and St. Paul; and on one of them is found the epigraph—

"The bell of Peter sounds for the name of Christ."

The bell of the great Minster of Schaffhausen, and another in a church near Lucerne, proclaim that they 'mourn at funerals, disperse storms, honor festivals, excite the tardy, and pacify the turbulent.' The monkish jingle to the same effect was a common inscription in the middle ages:—

"Funera plango, Fulgura frango, Sabbata pango, Excito lentos, Dissipo ventos, Peco cruentos."

In a few instances the words were deemed, for what reason we cannot perceive, a charm against fire, as was the case with the inscription on the great bell of the priory of Kenilworth, preserved by Dugdale:—

"May a healthy and willing mind, freedom for our country, and the peace of Michael and the Angels, be given by Heaven to this house for the honor of God."

An actual fire-bell (cast 1652) in the church of Sherborne has upon it the distich—

"Lord! quench this furious flame;  
Arise, run, help, put out the same."

A local poet seems to have resided about this period in the town, for in the same tower a bell, recast in 1670 from one which was said to have been brought by Cardinal Wolsey from Tournay, has a second couplet, which bears a strong resemblance to the first in style:—

"By Wolsey's gift I measure time for all;  
To mirth, to grief, to church, I serve to call;

The original Great Tom of Lincoln (1610) announced that it was dedicated "to sound sweetly unto salvation, of the Holy Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son." A bell in Carlisle Cathedral, dated 1667, has this exhortation:—

"I warn ye how your time passes away.  
Serve God, therefore, while life doth last, and say  
*Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*"

The great bell of Glasgow Cathedral (1790) bears a wordy inscription characteristic of Scotch divines, but, though somewhat lengthy, it has a redeeming conclusion:—

"In the year of grace 1594, Marcus Knox, a merchant in Glasgow, zealous for the interests of the reformed religion, caused me to be fabricated in Holland for the use of his fellow-citizens of Glasgow, and placed me with solemnity in the tower of their cathedral. My function was announced by the impress on my bosom—'Ye who hear me, come to learn of holy doctrine;' and I was taught to proclaim the hours of unheeded time. One hundred and ninety-five years had I sounded these awful warnings, when I was broken by the hands of inconsiderate and unskillful men. In the year 1790 I was cast into the furnace, refounded at London, and returned to my sacred vocation. Reader! thou also shalt know a resurrection—may it be unto eternal life!"

If there was no peculiar felicity in the old inscriptions, they were usually reverent. Here and there we meet with an exception, as in the case of "Great Tom" of Oxford, which, before it was recast in 1680, had an epigraph to the effect that in the praise of St. Thomas it rang out "Bim, Bom." The

great bell at Rouen bore a miserable stanza, which has been translated by Weever into verse that is not a great deal worse than the original:—

"Je suis George d'Ambois,  
Qui ai trente-cinq mille pois;  
Mais lui qui me pesera  
Trente-six mille me trouvera."

"I am George of Ambois,  
Thirty-five thousand in pois;  
But he that shall weigh me  
Thirty-six thousand shall find me."

In those days the ecclesiastics devised the inscriptions, but later, when the churchwarden who ordered the bell also settled the label, we must expect to find the most ridiculous specimens of parochial poetry. Thus at St. Mary's, Bentley, in Hampshire, where there are six bells, No. 1 (1703) is inscribed—

"John Eyer gave twenty pound  
To meck mee a losty sound."

On No. 5 we have,—

"Unto the church I do you call,  
Death to the grave will summons all."

On another,—

"Thomas Eyer and John Winslade did contrive  
To cast from four bells this peale of five."

On a bell at Binstead, one of a peal of five,—

"Doctor Nicholas gave five pound  
To help cast this peal tuneable and sound."

On another,—

"Samuel Knight made this ring  
In Binstead steeple for to ding. 1695."

On a bell at Bradfield church in Berkshire,—

"At proper times my voice I'll raise,  
And sound to my subscribers' praise."

Nothing is too low or ludicrous for rustic tastes, and the same sort of genius which loves to embellish the leads and benches of the church with facsimiles of the soles of heavy shoes, bearing in the centre the name and age of the wearer, with the date of his carving, is equally visible in the inscriptions on bells and the epitaphs upon gravestones.

It may be presumed that the earliest use of bells in churches was to summon the congregation; but superstition soon enlisted

them into her service. It then became customary at their consecration to pray that they might be endowed with power to drive away devils, and dissipate thunder-storms, hail, and tempests.\* In the opinion of those who originated the practice, the evil spirits were the cause of foul weather, and, being terrified at the saintly sound of the bells, they precipitately fled. "For this reason," to give the strange delusion in the words of the eminent ritualist Durandus, "the church, when a tempest is seen to arise, rings the bells, that the fiends, hearing the trumpets of the eternal King, may flee away, and cease from raising the storm." When he wrote this in 1286, the belief had already existed for centuries, and Magius, centuries afterwards, gravely discussed and resolved in the affirmative the questions, whether it is the fiends that brew the tempests, and whether church bells will put to rout the fiends. There are numerous allusions to the practice in ancient manuscripts; and in parish accounts in the fifteenth century, bread, cheese, and beer are charged for the refreshment of the ringers during "thunderings." It was one of the "fooleries" which Latimer exposed at the Reformation in that happy style of argument which has never been surpassed for its exact adaptation to the tastes and comprehension of illiterate hearers. "Ye know," he said, "when there was a storm or fearful weather, that we rung the holy bells: they were they that must make all things well; they must drive away the devil! But I tell you, if the holy bells would serve against the devil, or that he might be put away through their sound, no doubt we would soon banish him out of all England; for I think, if all the bells in England should be rung together at a certain hour, there would be almost no place but some bells might be heard there, and so the devil should have no abiding-place in England." No disease of the body is more hereditary and inveterate than these disorders of the mind. The Bishop of Chalons christened a peal not many years since, and in a sermon which he pronounced on the occasion enforced the "fooleries" which Latimer had laughed away. "The bells," said he, "placed like sentinels

on the towers, watch over us, and turn away from us the temptations of the enemy of our salvation, as well as storms and tempests. They speak and pray for us in our troubles; they inform Heaven of the necessity of earth." If this be true, there is more virtue in the clapper of a bell than in the tongue of a prelate. So late as 1852, the Bishop of Malta ordered all the church bells to be rung for an hour to allay a gale. Under the auspices of a hierarchy so enlightened, the custom continues to flourish to this day in many parts of the Continent, and may not impossibly endure while a tower, a bell, and a Roman Catholic priesthood can be found collected on the same spot.

In many places the practice was kept up from mere habit when the superstition had ceased, there having grown up in lieu thereof a notion that the ringing of bells dispersed storms or retained them at a distance by moving the air. An event which occurred in Brittany in 1718 convinced philosophers that the means employed to drive away the lightning was singularly efficacious in drawing it down. A great storm arose on the coasts. The bells were rung in twenty-four churches, every one of which was struck; whereas all the towers which held their tongues were spared. M. Arago has boldly questioned the conclusiveness of the evidence. He remarks that storms sometimes travel in long and narrow zones—that the specified churches may have occupied just such a strip that the injuries done to the ringers would make a deep impression, while the slight cracks and displaced bits of plaster in neighboring edifices, which were equally scathed, would pass unobserved. The story indeed proves too much. If the lightning picked out the towers where the bells were rung in this complete and unerring manner, a usage which had prevailed for centuries must have destroyed half the churches and ringers in the world. A single circumstance explains the tale. The storm happened on Good Friday, when not a bell is permitted to sound. Some accident occurred, and the people at once exclaimed that it was a judgment for infringing the precepts of the church: the rest was the exaggeration of ignorance and superstition, ever ready to make a marvel. In 1769 the tower of Passy was struck during the ringing of the protecting peal, and again much was said of the mischief of the system; but this example was in direct contradiction to the legend of Brittany, for two other neighboring towers within the limits of the storm, in which the bells were set

\* On some of the old bells the expression "I drive away pestilence" occurs. In this case, perhaps, the influence was ascribed (by some at least) to natural and not to spiritual causes, for we read among the rules of Dr. Hering, against "pestilential contagion" in 1625,—"Let the bells in cities and towns be rung often, and the great ordinance discharged; thereby the air is purified."

going, remained untouched. The general result was, that educated people denounced the plan, and Roman Catholic ecclesiastics and the lower orders persevered in patronizing it. The secular authorities interposed in some parts of Europe to put it down. The King of Prussia directed an ordinance, prohibiting the practice, to be read in 1783 in all the churches of his dominions, and the same was done in the Palatinate and several dioceses in France. The Prefect of Dordogne found it necessary in 1844 to repeat the order; and, to prove that pretended science can be as blind to evidence as superstition itself, he assured the people that to ring the bells was "an *infallible* method of causing the lightning to strike." Whether these agitations of the air have any effect at all upon tempests, is considered by M. Arago to be still undecided. It was till lately the usage in particular districts of France to fire small cannon or mortars to ward off such storms of rain and hail as would be destructive to the crops. The method was thought to be efficacious by those who tried it, and to indemnify them abundantly for the powder they expended. The few observations, however, of military men rather tend to the conclusion that the roar of artillery is without influence upon the weather, and, if cannon are ineffective, it would go far to show that no result has been produced by the comparatively feeble though more continuous sound of bells. On one point at least M. Arago is decided—that it has never been demonstrated that they increase the danger. In no single instance is there any valid reason to suppose that ringing has brought down lightning upon buildings which would otherwise have escaped. M. Arago points out that the ringers, nevertheless, are in a perilous position. As the highest objects are commonly struck, church towers offer a prominent mark; the rope, moistened by the humid atmosphere, is a powerful conductor, and the charge is lodged in the man at the end of it. If no one is present, and the rope is left hanging, as is usually the case, at a certain distance from the ground, it is possible for the lightning to make the circuit of the loop at the extremity, and return by the way it came, without leaving within the tower any trace of its visit. A German *savant* calculated in 1783 that in the space of thirty-three years 386 towers had been damaged, and 121 ringers killed. The same flash being constantly fatal to more than one of the company, the total of deaths is not the measure of the number of churches which were struck

during a peal. In 1755 three ringers were killed in a belfry, together with four children who were standing underneath. In 1768 a flash was fatal to two men in a church tower in Dauphiné, and wounded nine more. It is therefore evident that, if bells have any power whatever over storms, it is not sufficiently rapid or marked to counterbalance the risk to the ringers.

After the discovery had been made of the potency of bells in terrifying spirits, they were naturally employed in all the matters in which fiends were reputed to interfere. It was the weapon with which St. Anthony fought the legion of demons who tormented him during his long eremitical life, and in the figures which were drawn of him during the middle ages he is represented as carrying a bell in his hand, or suspended from his staff. The passing-bell, which was formerly tolled for those who were dying, or passing out of the world, as well as the peal which was rung after their death, grew out of the belief that devils troubled the expiring patient, and lay in wait to afflict the soul at the moment when it escaped from the body; yea, occasionally even to do battle for it with good or guardian angels—a scene, by the way, given in apparently the oldest remains of Etrurian, if not of Egyptian art. The tolling of the passing-bell was retained at the Reformation, and the people were instructed that its use was to admonish the living and excite them to pray for the dying. To discourage the fancy that demons could assault the liberated soul, or that the jingling of bells would deter them from their purpose, only a single short peal was to be rung after death. In the articles of inquiry in different dioceses at various periods, inquisition is made both as to keeping up the practice of tolling the passing-bell, and the discontinuance of the former superstitious ringing. The injunction began to be neglected towards the close of the seventeenth century, and by the beginning of the eighteenth the passing-bell, in the proper sense of the term, had almost ceased to be heard. The tolling, indeed, continued in the old fashion, but it took place after the death instead of before. The short peal that was once the peculiar signal to announce that some mortal had put on immortality, is still rung in many places as the prelude or the conclusion to the tolling, though it has no longer any meaning. It is less surprising that the usage should have been given up than that it should have lasted so long. It must often have been a bitter pang to relations to order the doom of those

to be sounded whose lives were dearer to them than their own, and an aggravation of their misery to have their ears, as they sat by the dying-bed, filled with the sorrowful knell. It must frequently have dismayed the patients themselves, and hastened, if it did not sometimes cause, the event it foretold. Nelson said of the dying Christian, in his "Fasts and Festivals" (1732), that, "should his senses hold out so long, he can hear even his passing-bell without disturbance." Such was the case with Lady Catherine Grey, who died in the Tower in 1567. The question of the Governor to one of the attendants—"Were it not best to send to the church that the bell may be rung?"—caught her ear, and she herself answered, "Good Sir Owen, let it be so." A Mrs. Margaret Duck, who departed this life in 1646, on finding her end draw near, summoned her family to take leave of her, and then gave orders herself for the bell to give out its warning note. But these were the minority, and many felt more like the swearer mentioned in the "Anatomy of Abuses," who, "hearing the bell toll for him, rushed up in his bed very vehemently." Now and then, in spite of the bell, the patient recovered, and of this old Fuller gives a curious instance. His father called upon Dr. Fenton, a divine, who, after some conversation, apologized for leaving him. "Mr. Fuller," said he, "hear how the passing-bell tolls for my dear friend Dr. Felton, now a-dying; I must to my study, it being mutually agreed upon betwixt us in our healths that the survivor of us should preach the other's funeral-sermon." But "my dear friend Dr. Felton, now a-dying," recovered, and lived ten years after he had preached, in fulfilment of the compact, the funeral-sermon of Dr. Fenton!

Whatever was the origin of the curfew, or *couvre-feu*, which was rung at eight o'clock as a signal for the inhabitants to put out their fires and go to bed, its object, as far as it can be traced, was exclusively social or political, and not religious. The introduction of the practice into England is usually ascribed to William the Conqueror, and the most plausible conjecture as to its purpose is, that it was to diminish the risk of extensive conflagrations at a period when houses were principally of wood. Milton has described it in a couplet sonorous and musical as the bell itself:

"On a plot of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-watered shore,  
Swinging slow, with solemn roar."

It is an instance of the tenacity with which we cling to a practice once established, that, though for centuries its only use has been "to toll the knell of parting day," it continues to be rung wherever there are funds to pay the ringer, and few who have been accustomed to its sound that would not feel, if it was hushed, that a soothing sentiment had been taken out of their lives.

The manifold other purposes to which bells are applied are too familiar for description. They are the appointed voice of public rejoicing, and sound for every festive event. They ring in the new year, the new sovereign, the new mayor, the new squire, and the new rector; for hope is stronger than memory, expectation than gratitude, and the multitude feel that their life is in the future and not in the past. Often the peal breaks forth on unworthy, and in the last generation was sometimes employed on shameful occasions. Mr. Brand had known it called into requisition to celebrate the winning of a "long main" at cock-fighting. But the commonest application of its merry music is to proclaim that two lovers have just been made happy. "Well is it," says Mr. Gatty, "when all continues to go

'Merry as a marriage bell.'

Alas! we have known sequels to such a beginning, with which the knell had been more in unison! So thought one Thomas Nash,\* who in 1813 bequeathed fifty pounds a-year to the ringers of the Abbey Church, Bath, "on condition of their ringing on the whole peal of bells, with clappers muffled, various *solemn and doleful changes* on the 14th of May in every year, being the anniversary of my wedding-day; and also the anniversary of my decease to ring a grand bob-major and *merry mirthful peals*, un-

\* In the days of his namesake all the visitors to the city were welcomed by a peal from the Abbey, a compliment which cost them half-a-guinea. The company, thus apprised of every fresh arrival, used to send and inquire for whom the bells rang. Anstey describes the practice in his "New Bath Guide:—"

"No city, dear mother, this city excels  
In charming sweet sounds both of fiddles and bells.

I thought like a fool that they only would ring  
For a wedding, a judge, or the birth of a king;  
But I found 'twas for me that the good-natured people

Rung so hard that I thought they would pull  
down the steeple;

So I took out my purse, as I hate to be shabby,  
And paid all the men when they came from the Abbey."

muffled, in joyful commemoration of my happy release from domestic tyranny and wretchedness."

Passing from the realities of tangible bells, we may advert for a moment to the stories which belong to the regions of illusion or romance. Uhland refers to one of these traditions in his poem of "The Lost Church," which Lord Lindsay, whose translation we quote, supposes to have been founded on an ancient tradition of the Sinaitic peninsula:

"Oft in the forest far one hears  
A passing sound of distant bells;  
Nor legends old nor human wit  
Can tell us whence the music swells.  
From the Lost Church 'tis thought that soft,  
Faint ringing cometh on the wind:  
Once, many pilgrims trod the path,  
But no one now the way can find."

Similar legends of churches swallowed up, and of their bells sending out their wonted music on certain occasions from the depths of the earth, are attached to several localities. At a place called Fisherty-Brow, near Kirby Lonsdale, there is a sort of natural basin, where, according to the *superstitio loci*, a church, the clergyman, and the congregation were engulfed, and here the bells may be heard ringing on a Sunday morning by any one who puts his ear to the ground. A like fate was said to have befallen the entire village of Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire; and it was formerly the custom for the inhabitants on Christmas morning to go out to the valley and listen to the mysterious chimes of their lost parish church. According to a tradition at Tunstall, in Norfolk, the churchwardens and parson disputed for the possession of some bells which had become useless because the tower was burnt. While the quarrel was in progress the arch-fiend stepped in and carried off the bells. The parson pursued him with hot haste and much Latin, but the evil one dived into the earth with his ponderous burden, and the place where he disappeared is marked by a boggy pool, popularly known by the name of Hell-hole. Notwithstanding the aversion of the powers of darkness to such sounds, even these bells are sometimes permitted to favor their native place with a ghostly peal. Many more such traditions, slightly varied, exist both here and abroad.

When ships go down in a tempest a warning bell is said to be heard amid the storm: and on land it is no uncommon notion that its prophetic tongue will sometimes announce

to persons who are about to die their impending doom.

"The death-bell thrice was heard to ring;  
An aerial voice was heard to call;  
And thrice the raven flapped its wing  
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall."

Rogers, in his lines on an "Old Oak," alludes to the same superstition:

"There, once, the steel-clad knight reclined,  
His sable plumage tempest-toss'd;  
And as the death-bell smote the wind  
From towers long fled by human kind,  
His brow the hero cross'd."

Until its cause was discovered no sound could have seemed more supernatural than the note of the Campanero, or Bell-bird of Demerara, which is of snowy whiteness, and about the size of a jay. A tube, nearly three inches long, rises from its forehead, and this feathery spire the bird can fill with air at pleasure. Every four or five minutes, in the depths of the forest, its call may be heard from a distance of three miles, making a tolling noise like that of a convent bell. What a tale of wonder might have been founded on such sounds in such a wilderness!

The pleasant story of the Bells of Bow bringing back the poor runaway apprentice by their cheering burden—

"Turn again Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London,"—

seems to belong to the fabulous part of our subject; but it has perhaps, after all, a substratum of truth, and indicates a disposition, of which there are other traces, to interpret the language of the belfry by the wishes of the heart. There is an anecdote told in many old books of a rich and well-born dame who had fallen in love with her valet, consulting a priest upon the expediency of taking the dear man for her husband. The priest bid her listen to the bells and follow their direction. With unmistakable distinctness they pealed forth in her ears, "*Marry your valet, marry your valet, marry your valet.*" A few weeks afterwards she reappeared before her father confessor, told him of the misery of the match, and complained that the bells had misled her. "It is you," replied he, "that must have misinterpreted the bells: go and listen again." She went accordingly, and this time they said, with vehement perspicuity, "*Don't marry your valet, don't marry your valet, don't marry your valet.*"

From the nature of the associations con-

nected with them, as well as from their inherent charm, it is no wonder that bells should have exerted an influence on the mind in every age and clime.

"What music is there that compared may be  
With well-tuned bells' enchanting melody?  
Breaking with their sweet sounds the willing  
air,  
They in the listening ear the soul insnare."

These lines, which are inscribed in the belfry of St. Peter's Church at Shaftesbury, first made Bowles in love with poetry. "The enchanting melody" had an Orpheus-like power over the rude pedantry of Dr. Parr. He once conceived the design of treating at large upon Campanology, and many and pressing were the calls upon the pockets of his friends for the peal at Hattou. On going to reside he made several changes, and he specifies as one of them, that "bells chime three times as long." Even the soul of the conqueror who had devastated Europe was stirred in its inmost depths by the simple sound. "When we were at Malmaison," says Bourrienne of Napoleon, "how often has the booming of the village bell broken off the most interesting conversations! He stopped, lest the moving of our feet might cause the loss of a single beat of the tones which charmed him. The influence, indeed, was so powerful that his voice trembled with emotion while he said, 'That recalls to me the first years I passed at Brienne.'" None have

more reason to be affected by the associations which bring back the days of comparative innocence and peace than the troubled spirits who are entangled in the labyrinths of a guilty ambition. But of all the instances of the power of bells "to touch a sympathetic chord of the heart," the most moving is the tradition told in connection with the peal of Limerick Cathedral. It is said to have been brought from a convent in Italy, for which it had been manufactured by an enthusiastic native, with great labor and skill. The Italian having afterwards acquired a competency, fixed his home near the convent cliff, and for many years enjoyed the daily chime of his beloved bells. But in some political convulsion which ensued, the monks were driven from the monastery, the Italian from his home, and the bells were carried away to another land. After a long interval the course of his wanderings brought him to Limerick. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated along the broad stream of the Shannon, he suddenly heard the bells peal forth from the cathedral tower. They were the long-lost treasures of his memory. Home, happiness, friends—all early recollections were in their sound. Crossing his arms on his breast, he lay back in the boat. When the rowers looked round they saw his face still turned to the cathedral—but his eyes had closed for ever on the world.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## A FEW PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR."

[The ensuing brief but interesting and affecting sketch of one so long the glory of The Magazine, was written by the author for the purpose of his forthcoming "MISCELLANIES;" but at our request he has allowed it first to appear in the columns of The Magazine so long irradiated by the genius of Professor Wilson.]

On a bright, frosty day in December, 1827, as I was quitting the mathematical class in the University of Edinburgh, of which I had been a member about two months, one of my class-fellows said suddenly, "If you want to see Christopher North, he's yonder!" This my companion knew to have been long my desire,

for I was in those early days one of Christopher North's most enthusiastic admirers. My curiosity was gratified in a moment. Walking rapidly across the quadrangle towards his class-room (that of Moral Philosophy) with a sort of hasty, impetuous step, as though he were behind his time, was Professor Wil-

son, then in the very prime of life.\* A faded, tattered gown, put on carelessly, fluttered in the keen wind, and seemed a ludicrous appendage to as fine, tall, manly a figure, and free, fearless bearing, as I have ever looked upon. As he came nearer, his limbs and their motions gave the idea of combined strength, agility, and grace; and there was a certain sort of frank, buoyant unaffectedness about his demeanor that seemed to indicate light-hearted consciousness of great mental and physical endowments. When he came near enough for his face to be seen with distinctness, in it I forgot every thing else about him; and I shall never forget the impression it produced. What a magnificent head! How finely chiselled his features! What compression of the thin but beautifully formed lips! What a bright blue flashing

"Eye, like Mars, to threaten or command!"

Add to all this the fair, transparent complexion, flowing auburn hair, and the erect commanding set of his head upon his shoulders, and surely no Grecian sculptor could have desired any thing beyond it. As for his eye, it lightened on me as he passed, and suddenly disappeared.

I had seen power and genius visibly embodied; and, in a word, I think that never before or since can any celebrated man's personal appearance have so far surpassed an admirer's expectation, as Professor Wilson's air, face, and figure went beyond what I had imagined. I say this calmly, after the lapse of twenty-seven years, during which I have a thousand times recalled the scene which I have now faintly sketched for the reader; assuring him that no one then knowing this gifted and far-famed man will think my sketch too highly colored.

As I heard that many more were crowding into his class-room than were entitled to do so, I followed their example, discarding from my thoughts for the nonce all poor Professor Wallace's sines, co-sines, triangles, and parallelopipeds; and when I entered the Moral Philosophy class, I found that Professor Wilson had just begun his lecture. He read it with considerable rapidity, as it were vehemently urging his words out of lips compressed with the natural energy of his character. Professor Sedgwick, of Cambridge, when speaking in public, has sometimes reminded me of Professor Wilson's manner.

The lecture was eloquent, and greatly relished by the auditory. A small incident showed how he was absorbed with his sub-

that he had often read to his class. He had taken out his pocket-handkerchief, and after drawing it across his forehead, crushed it up, and placed it on the left-hand side of his paper, partly under a book. By-and-by, he required his handkerchief, and felt first in one pocket, then in the other, then in the breast; then glanced hastily round, evidently in quest of his handkerchief, but without pausing for a moment in the flow of his impassioned rhetoric. These efforts he renewed several times; but it was not until he had finished his lecture that he suddenly saw what he had been looking for, and which we had seen all the while. He uttered a loud "Oh!" as he thrust it into his pocket, and withdrew. I have several times reminded him of this little circumstance, and he always laughed heartily, saying, "very likely—very probably. I'm very thoughtless about such things." All I recollect of his lecture was, that it dealt much with Plato; but I was completely occupied with Wilson, feeling that I could pay my respects to Plato at any time. I am bound to say that this distinguished man did not favorably impress me as a lecturer on Moral Philosophy, inasmuch as he seemed to lack that calm, didactic manner, alone befitting the treatment of difficult, profound, abstract subjects. I think those who frequented his class must have found it difficult to realize what they had heard from him. I do not indeed recollect seeing any one taking notes; but I do recollect thinking one or two passages in his lecture very fine.

I did not see Professor Wilson again, except perhaps casually, and at a distance, till a few days before I quitted Edinburgh, in the autumn of 1828. I had had no opportunity of meeting him in society; and I was resolved not to leave Scotland without being able to say that I had spoken to Professor Wilson. But how was this to be done? Having been informed that he had concurred with Professor Pillans in awarding to me the prize for English poetry,\* I thought, after many qualms and misgivings, that an allusion to that circumstance might, to a generous man of genius, serve to take off the edge of the liberty I proposed to myself, of calling, as a student quitting the university, to pay my parting respects to one of the professors. So one afternoon, after walking hesitatingly up and down the street in which he lived, and other adjoining ones, I summoned up spirit enough to call at his house, and inquire if he were ject, though the lecture was probably one

\* He was in his forty-third year.

\* *The Martyr Patriots*, WARREN'S *Miscellanies*, vol. ii.

at home. The answer was, yes; and on being asked my name, I mentioned it, adding, "a student in the university." In a moment or two's time the servant returned, saying, "The Professor would see me." Somewhat nervously I followed, and in a moment found myself, if I am not mistaken, in his library. The room had a disordered appearance, as if its occupant were careless. He had a loose wrapper round him, his shirt collar was thrown open, and he seemed writing. "Pray, take a seat," said he, addressing me by name, and then his piercing eyes were fixed on me with what I thought a slightly impatient curiosity. "I feel, sir, that I have taken a great liberty," I began; "but I am an English student, with very few friends in Scotland, and before leaving the university and Scotland, I felt anxious to have the honor of paying my parting respects to you." "Oh, well, I am much obliged to you. So you are leaving the university? Are you the Mr. Warren that gained the prize for English verse?" I told him I was; on which his whole manner altered, and became exceedingly cordial and gracious, and his smile was fascinating. "Well," said he, "as you are an Englishman at a Scotch university, I was a Scotchman at an English university—at Oxford;" and he talked with animation on the topic. I explained that the reason why I could not attend his, among other classes, was that I wished to enter at an inn of court immediately. "Oh, pho!" said he laughing good-humoredly, "you have not lost much by missing my lectures! You must read for yourself on these subjects." After some other conversation, I happened to say—"There is only one other person besides yourself, sir, whom I should have liked to see before returning to England." "Who's that?" he asked. "Mr. De Quincy, the 'Opium Eater.'" "Mr. De Quincy? Why, he's staying with me now! Well, I dare say I can manage that for you. Come in to-morrow evening about nine o'clock, and I'll introduce you to him. I shall be most happy to see you!" He said this with so much kindness that I accepted the invitation; and after he had shaken my hand with much friendship of manner, I withdrew, he instantly resuming his pen.

On making my appearance next evening at the appointed hour, I was at once shown into the drawing-room, where were Mrs. Wilson, evidently a very amiable and kindly woman, and some of her children. In about ten minutes' time, Professor Wilson made his appearance, with one or two other gentle-

men, to whom he was talking very energetically. He presently saw me, and shook hands with me cordially. "Oh, you want to see Mr. De Quincy!—Come here!" and leading me into the back room, towards a door which stood open, in the angle formed by it with the wall stood a little slight man, dressed in black—pale, careworn, and with a very high forehead. "Mr. De Quincy, this is a young friend of mine—a student in the university, returning to England." After a few words of course, he left us; but Mr. De Quincy seemed exceedingly languid. He spoke courteously, though evidently disinclined to talk. Shortly before we went down to supper, Professor Wilson said, "You shall sit opposite to Mr. De Quincy"—and I think he added in a whisper and with a smile, "it will be a queer kind of *wine* that you will see him drinking!" Presently we went down to supper. Nothing could exceed the gentle, unaffected kindness to me of Mrs. Wilson, whom I never saw again after that evening. I saw her watching me once or twice with a good-natured, amused smile, as she saw me intent upon Mr. De Quincy and his doings! I cannot at this distance of time pretend to say that his small decanter contained coffee: assuredly it was not wine, but exactly resembled laudanum. He was taciturn for some time, but gradually fell into conversation, in which Professor Wilson joined with vivacity. It was on some metaphysical subject; and at length I well recollect that the discussion turned on the nature of *Forgetfulness*. "Is such a thing as forgetting possible to the human mind?" Asked Mr. De Quincy—"Does the mind ever actually lose any thing for ever? Is not every impression it has once received reproducible? How often a thing is suddenly recollected that had happened many, many years before, but never been thought of since till that moment! Possibly a suddenly developed power of recollecting every act of a man's life may constitute the Great Book to be opened before him on the judgment-day." I think this is the substance of what was said on the subject, Professor Wilson making several curious remarks as to the nature of mind, memory, and suggestion. I ventured to say—and it was the only thing I did venture to say—that I knew an instance of a gentleman who in hastily jumping from on board the *Excellent*, to catch a boat that was starting for shore, missed it, and fell into the water of Portsmouth harbor, sinking to a great depth. For a while he was supposed drowned. He afterwards said, that all he remem-

bered after plunging into the water was a sense of freedom from pain, and a sudden recollection of all his past life, especially of guilty actions that he had long forgotten. Professor Wilson said that if this were so, it was indeed very startling: and I think that Mr. De Quincy said that he also had heard of one, if not two of three such cases.

I was so absorbed with watching and listening to the conversation of Professor Wilson and Mr. De Quincy, that I left almost supperless, in spite of the kindly pressure of Mrs. Wilson. I often saw her look, as I fancied, with fond interest at her famous husband, whose demeanor had a noble simplicity. His eyes sometimes seemed to glitter and flash with the irrepressible fire of genius. I watched him with lynx-like vigilance; but all was spontaneous and genuine; not a vestige of artifice, affectation, or display: no silly "inflicting his eye on you;" but all, whether grave or frolicsome, the exuberance of a gloriously-gifted man of genius. And see how hospitable and kind he was to a young English stranger, whom he had never seen till the preceding day. Before I left, he asked me much about my intentions and prospects, wished me heartily well, and when, about eleven o'clock, I had shaken hands with him and got into the street, the sun of GENIUS no longer shone on me, and I felt dull, and indeed in the dark. As I walked home, I thought myself a poor pigmy that had just been entertained by a good-humored giant!

I never saw any man who looked the man of genius he was, but Professor Wilson. Next to him was Sir Walter Scott. Him I first saw in his fifty-seventh year, when I was at college in Edinburgh, and had wandered one day, in, I think, the month of June, into one of the law courts to hear Mr. Jeffrey plead. The latter's face, let me say in passing, appeared to me that of an acute, refined, sensitive, and somewhat irritable man, but not indicative of power. I had been standing for some time in the Court of Sessions, in which Sir Walter Scott was one of the principal clerks, who sat at the table below the judges, when my eye fell upon an elderly man, one of those sitting at the table, wearing a rusty-looking old stuff gown. His chin rested on his left hand, and his right hung by his side with a pen in it. Without having an idea who he was, my attention was soon arrested by his lofty forehead, and a pair of eyes that seemed gazing dreamily into a distant world unseen by any but himself. The more I looked at those eyes, the more

remarkable appeared their character and expression; not bright, or penetrating, but invested with a grand, rapt, profound air. He sat motionless as a statue, apparently lost to all that was passing around him. A sudden suspicion arose within me that I was looking on the mighty northern novelist, who had publicly avowed himself the author of *Waverley* in the preceding February. To make assurance doubly sure, I asked a person standing beside me, who that was, indicating him. "Whaur d'ye come frae?" said he, looking at me rather contemptuously: "d'ye no ken that's Sir Walter?"\* Almost while this was being said, Sir Walter Scott seemed to rouse himself from a reverie, and soon afterwards wrote rapidly on several sheets of paper, and then quitted the court, leaning on his stick, and walking very lame.

Professor Wilson's noble countenance indicated, to even an ordinary observer, the impulsive energy of his character, daring and generous,—also acuteness, refinement, and power; one, in short, to fear, to admire, and to love. Every thing petty and mean he spurned with a scorn that was magnificent; to obscure and timid genius, he extended, with tender kindness, the hand of, as it were, the King of Letters. To pretenders, however, of all sorts, he was utterly merciless: to them, the crutch of Christopher was annihilation. It was fine to hear him talk on such a subject: his eye, his lip, his voice, his gesture, all in fierce and vivid accord.

As an instance of his watchfulness of literary merit, when newly manifested, I recollect his once saying to me, "By the way, do you know any one in the Temple—a special pleader, or something of that kind—called Moile—Nicholas Thirning Moile?"\* I told him that I had never heard of the name; on which he pressed me much, and said, "Try to find out, then, for he is a very clever fellow. He has just published a sort of poetical version of two or three of the State Trials, which I have read, and formed a high opinion of them. Some parts are beautiful—he's a man of genius. I shall review the book in the *Magazine*;" and his opinion of the performance may be seen in No. 288.

Professor Wilson read with prodigious

\* It turned out that the name of "Nicholas Thirning Moile" was assumed by a friend of my own, now an eminent Queen's counsel, who had sent to me the very volume in question in his assumed name; and, after glancing at it for a moment, I acknowledged the receipt of the book to the publisher, but soon afterwards lost sight of it. It was only a few months ago that I discovered the author.

rapidity, and it was an *exhaustive* reading: he gathered the purpose, scope, and character of a work, on even a difficult subject, at almost a glance. Instances of this have come under my personal knowledge: and I know the pages in *Blackwood's Magazine* which attest Christopher North's marvellous rapidity and accuracy of critical judgment. As a critic, his perceptions were exquisite, and his resources boundless. He could put a new or an old idea into a sort of kaleidoscopic variety of striking and novel aspects, and with a charming facility. He could bring out a meaning often more distinctly and happily than his author himself. His rich, comprehensive, and penetrating criticism shed new splendor over Homer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, and whomsoever else he willed to set before his own and his reader's eye.

One of his most distinguished contemporaries, not apt to bestow eulogy lavishly or unworthily,—I mean Mr. Hallam,—in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, while sketching the character of Spenser, thus alludes to a fine series of papers by Professor Wilson on the *Fairy Queen*: "It has been justly observed by a living writer, of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters, and has left it for others, almost as invidious, to praise in terms of less rapture, as to censure what he has borne along in the stream of unhesitating eulogy, 'that no poet has ever had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful than Spenser:'" adding, in a note, "I allude here to a very brilliant series of papers on the *Fairy Queen*, published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, during the years 1834 and 1835." I think the observation which the Professor makes concerning Spenser, may be well applied to the gifted critic himself. I fear, however, that I am wandering too far from the object of this humble tribute to the memory of Professor Wilson.

I never heard him speak in disparaging terms of any of his contemporaries; but how tremendous, in his earlier years, were his flagellations of those whom he considered deserving of them as literary offenders, is known to all well-informed literary readers. I have conversed with him much about literary men, and often admired his forbearing and generous spirit.

Shortly after Mr. Dickens had so suddenly eclipsed in popularity all his contemporaries, Professor Wilson spoke to me of him in terms of high admiration, as a man of un-

doubted and great genius; and he spoke of "*Nelly*" as a beautiful creation.

Professor Wilson told me that there were two things he specially hated—letter-writing, and being "made a lion of," or, as I recollect him saying contemptuously, "a lionet." As for letter-writing, I never received from him but one in my life; and that was written on half a sheet of paper, evidently the blank sheet of some old letter. Mentioning a late accomplished dignitary of the church, he said, laughingly, "—— will continue writing to me, though I never answer his letters, nor will!" One of those letters happened to contain a friendly allusion to myself, and he sent it to me through a common friend, thinking it would please me.

He never called on me in the Temple but once; and then sat a long time asking a multitude of questions about the Temple—its history, the nature of chamber life, &c., &c., with lively interest; almost suggesting that he might be thinking of writing something on the subject.

He used to be a daily visitor at Messrs. Blackwood's saloon\* in George street, to chat with them and one or two other friends, read the newspapers, and skim over the magazines, reviews, and new publications. He was much attached to all the Blackwoods, giving them many proofs of his zealous and affectionate good-will. How pleasantly have I chatted with him in that saloon! How fresh and genial he always was! How sly his humor! How playfully his eye glittered while he was good-humoredly making fun of you! How racy his comments on literary and political topics! How ready and correct his knowledge in all kinds of subjects, even while he professed "to know very little about them!"

I saw him last in that saloon, towards the close of September, 1851. I had been for ten days in Edinburgh, superintending—as that was the long vacation—a work which was on the eve of publication, and had lived quite secluded all the time. In passing hastily through the saloon with some proofs in my hand, I came upon Professor Wilson, sitting there as usual; but I had not seen him for several years. He had become a great deal stouter than I had ever seen him before; he was also aged much; but his face was as fine, his eyes as bright, and his manner as

\* This is a spacious room dedicated by Messrs. Blackwood to the use of their friends, where are lying numerous newspapers and magazines; and ornamented with busts and pictures of their distinguished literary men.

delightful as ever. He did not, however, speak with his former energy. "They tell me," said he, laughing good-humoredly, "that you've quite buried yourself since you have been here! What have you been about?" I told him. "Ay, it's a capital title, and promises well. You have set us all gaping to know what we're to have: Tell me what it's about—I'm anxious to hear. What's your *idea*?" I told him as briefly as I could. "Let me hear some of it," said he, after I had given him my notions of the scope of the work; and I read him, at his desire, a considerable portion. How I recollect his full, keen eyes, watchfully fixed upon me as I read!

The next and last time I saw him was also the last time that he left his own house. During the intervening years, he had had a paralytic seizure, which affected his powers of motion and speech, and to some extent his mental faculties. He had driven up to Mr. Blackwood's door, accompanied by a fond daughter, for the purpose of congratulating one in whom he had always felt deep interest, on his approaching marriage. I was in the saloon at the time; but on being told that he would be pleased to see me, though he was feeble and could not converse, I went to the carriage door. Shall I ever forget father

and daughter\* as they sat opposite to each other, she eyeing her gifted but afflicted father with such tender anxiety? Never! His hat was off, and his countenance, on which fell the rays of setting sunlight, was fine as ever; his *eye was not dim* nor did his *natural force* seem abated, as he sat and looked at me, and stretched forth his hand; but when he attempted to speak, alas! it was in words few, indistinct, and unintelligible. To me it was an affecting moment—but a moment; for he was not allowed to become excited. Again he shook my hand; and I had looked my last on Professor Wilson. The next I heard of him, was his peaceful death; and then a burial befitting one of the great men of Scotland.

I am almost ashamed to commit to the press this sudden and spontaneous, but poor tribute to the memory of such a man of genius and goodness. I am altogether unequal to the task of his intellectual portraiture; but what I have written is true, and comes from my heart; wherefore I hope it will be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered.

Adieu, Christopher North! Adieu, John Wilson!

SAMUEL WARREN.

\* Mrs. Gordon.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## ENGLISH LETTER-WRITERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

LETTER-WRITING has become an easy matter in modern days. We write because we have got something to say, feeling careless how it is said; or we write to stop the mouth of a correspondent, and as we know he must swallow the sop we throw him, are not overnice about kneading it to his taste. But things were different in the days of our grandfathers. They wrote to do themselves credit, and keep up their literary reputation. The good letter-writer had a distinct and recognized place in society, as much as the good dancer or dresser. The perfect gentleman had to acquire an elegant style, which he must exhibit as a mark of his standing, as he did his rapier and his well-trimmed wig. His mind had to wear a court-dress as well as his body, and he

would have as soon thought of seizing his sovereign by the hand as of presenting himself to a correspondent without the epistolary bows and flourishes which good breeding demanded. Letter-writing was made an art; and the epistles of a great letter-writer of the last century had not a merely general and remote connection with his character and history, but served him as a field on which he might display and exercise his powers. To succeed in the literary effort was the primary object, and to please or inform the friend addressed was the subsidiary one.

This art had a peculiar history of its own; its course may be marked off into characteristic epochs; it rose, grew, and faded away. Fully to trace this history

would carry us far beyond the limits of our present purpose; and we must content ourselves with noticing only one or two of the most eminent of those whose letters mark each of the different stages through which the art passed in England. Pope must necessarily begin the series; in his hands letter-writing was an instrument by which the writer strove to adopt and preserve the tone of an exclusive artificial society, a means of establishing a sort of freemasonry between those whom birth or the privilege of genius entitled to speak a peculiar kind of language, denied to the vulgar. The literary man assumed in the days of Pope a new position, and Pope himself assumed it more completely than any of his contemporaries. The man of genius asserted himself the equal of the man of rank; but he did so on the condition of adopting the manners and morals of his superior in worldly position. It thus became necessary, or at least natural, that acquaintances holding such a relation to each other should seek a mode of interchanging their thoughts that should bear a perpetual testimony and tribute to the excellences appreciated in good society. And such a mode Pope introduced in the epistolary style he made current. With Pope we may couple Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, as a specimen of a writer whose letters exhibited the high-bred ease and wit that suggested a corresponding display in men of literary reputation. The art of letter-writing passed into a second stage when from this beginning epistolary graces came to be cultivated as a requisite for high standing among the upper classes of society. It grew to be a study with the most refined members of these classes, how to say everything to their correspondents in the most pointed and elegant way. Of such writers we may take Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield as sufficient examples. Lastly, that which had been confined to the higher circles spread downwards, and all educated men imbibed something of the love, and in some measure used the style, current in the world of fashion. Letter-writing then attained its highest perfection. It lost its forced and hot-house character, and retained all its beauty and grace. The style adopted was more elevated and sustained than would be employed in the present day; but still it was perfectly easy, natural, and simple. Of the writers whose letters exhibited this perfection, Gray and Cowper are, perhaps, the most conspicuous.

In the days of Queen Anne, the position

of the leading wits, as men of literary pretensions were then termed, was a very remarkable one. The great fish were quite separated from the lesser ones, and the heroes of the *Dunciad* were forbidden even to swim in the same waters as their more successful rivals. Pope and Addison, Garth, Arbuthnot, Swift, Gay, Prior, and a few others, stood at an elevation which raised them into the envied circles of the rich and powerful, and kept them at a safe distance from the *ignobile vulgus*. The courtiers of Charles and James, while indulging in the licence that showed at once the danger and the worth of the Puritanism to which it succeeded, needed some vent for the impulses of intellectual power. They found what they wanted in the drama, in light verses, in epigrams, and in the sallies of a lively repartee. The gayety and the graces of France were sedulously cultivated. But wit and dramatic talent cannot be always commanded, even by the favorites of a court. The faculties of obscure auxiliaries must be called in aid, if the desired aim is to be attained; and thus a class of wits grew up, whose claims were felt and acknowledged by the rulers of fashion. In France or in England, before the Civil Wars, these allies might have been condemned to be the very humble servants of the men they stimulated, amused, or enlightened. But the clown and the noble had been brought together too closely in that great collision to permit Englishmen, at the head of any class so important as the literary, to be thereafter the abject dependants of the great. Something of the spirit of liberty imperceptibly pervaded all the relations of society. Gradually a kind of coalition was formed, and the result in its perfect form was seen in the days of Pope, to whose exertions it was indeed greatly owing. The literary class sent a few representatives into the assembly of the *beau monde*, but the representatives, when elected, or rather promoted, were cut off from the body to which they belonged. They had, too, to conform to the standard, to adopt the language, and breathe the sentiments of the circle to which they were raised. Being men of genius, they of course themselves affected in turn those who thus colored their own minds and expressions; but certainly the influence of society on literature in the early part of the eighteenth century is more observable than the influence of literature on society; and it is more observable in Pope than in any other writer.

We have already said that Pope used the

art of letter-writing as a powerful engine in binding together this intercourse between the gifted and the great; and in proportion as he thinks the full force of this engine ought to be brought into play does he aim at the greater artistic excellence in his letters. It is true that what is meant to be most excellent is often less so than that which is more simple and unpremeditated. But the presence of the effort is very apparent, according as the demand for it is greater, and we may trace in Pope's letters three distinct styles, or rather three distinct points to which the style is wound up. The lowest is that in which he writes to ordinary acquaintances, on business, and for a direct purpose. There is, of course, nothing remarkable in such of his letters couched in this style as have been preserved. The wording has the neatness of a practised pen, but that is all. We need take no further notice of it. But two styles remain: in the one, the inferior, he does justice to himself and his pretensions when writing to those of his own class, to the great wits of his acquaintance, and to those in the world of fashion with whom he was on too familiar a footing to talk long in his supreme and Olympian mode. This mode was reserved for very great people, for ladies of rank, and for what may be termed "show-letters"—letters, that is, which were written on a theme or particular subject, and with great care and study, and which were evidently intended to be passed from hand to hand through a large circle of admirers. We will bestow a little attention on each of these styles separately, beginning with the last.

It places us at an immeasurable distance from the letter-writers of the last century, to know that they wrote rough copies of their letters. When we open a well-edited volume of Pope's Correspondence, we find appended, as a running commentary, the first draft of the composition. Words were inserted or erased, sentences compressed or expanded; the *limæ labor* was as severe as when a poem or an ode was to be polished. If this toil had been a sacrifice on the altar of friendship, the offering would have been one unrivalled since the days of Pylades and Orestes. But it was nothing of the sort. It was a sacrifice of the kind made by court beauties in the days when they would sit for hours with their hair built into pyramids, waiting till night brought the season of display. It was a means to a great end—a means of astonishing and delighting others, and of gratifying the author's vanity; a

means, too, we ought in justice to add, of satisfying his own artistic fastidiousness. Pope bestowed this kind of compliment more freely on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu than on any other of his correspondents. She had every claim upon his epistolary powers. She was the daughter of a duke; was a beauty, a wit, an excellent letter-writer herself, and the object of that vague kind of devotion on the part of Pope, which is frequently excited towards a person of different sex and rank by a community of tastes and studies. To her, therefore, he always writes his best. He never starts the subjects which he intends to make the ground-work of his letter without the most carefully turned flourishes and preludes.

Pope's show-letters were modelled on the writings of Addison in the *Spectator*. He did not contribute to a periodical collection printed and laid before the public, but he had private correspondents who were very happy to receive descriptions and essays such as those which have made Addison immortal, and were sure to let others enjoy the pleasure they themselves received. Elaborate and careful sketches of great houses and country residences were the specimens which Pope most delighted to give of his power to walk in the path of Addison. Sometimes the whole interest is intended to be centred in the fidelity, minuteness, and liveliness of the delineations; sometimes little touches of Addisonian humor, irony, and satire are added. The Duke of Buckingham, to take a conspicuous instance, had sent Pope a long-winded account of Buckingham House; and Pope, in return, gave a picture of a house where he tells the Duke he was then living, but which the critics rightly conjecture to have existed only in his own mind. He diverts himself with the ingenuity of construction which had built up such beautiful edifices in the *Spectator*. Every thing is touched so as to be seemingly consistent, and yet the result of a scarcely concealed whim.

You must excuse me (he begins) if I say nothing of the front; indeed I do not know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who endeavored to get into this house the right way. One would reasonably expect after the entry through the porch to be let into the hall; alas! nothing less! you find yourself in an office. From the parlor you think to step into the drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nailed door you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come

into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoking, but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

And the description of every part of the house is given in the same style, and is crowned with the portrait of an old steward, who is, in fact, the very counterpart of an old steward painted by Addison, and we might fancy we had the *Spectator* in our hands as we read that—

He entertained us as we passed from room to room with several relations of the family, but his observations were particularly curious when we came to the cellar; he informed us where stood the triple row of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of Tent for toasts in a morning; then, stepping to a corner, he tugged out the tattered fragments of an unframed picture. "This," says he, with tears, "was poor Sir Thomas, once master of all this drink."

When Pope descended to the regions of ordinary letter-writing, and addressed his brother wits in the terms of familiar intercourse, he naturally adopted a style much more simple and unaffected, and one that, in our opinion, is a far better specimen of his skill. Still, the habit and love of seeming elegant, polished, and refined, could not forsake him; and although he felt himself at ease and unconstrained, yet he had his literary reputation to maintain among those who were his most discerning and critical admirers. If we compare Swift's letters with his, we cannot but be struck with the differences of thought, manners, and mode of living they betray. Swift writes in a vigorous, manly, and rather caustic style, while Pope cannot feel quite comfortable without one or two fine sentences at the beginning—a few sentences of telling description, and a due proportion of general remarks, mildly hinting the depravity of the world, and illustrating the calm and serene philosophy of the writer himself. The letters of Pope and Swift were published in their lifetime, certainly against the inclination of Swift, but perhaps not contrary to the real wishes of Pope. Not that Pope consciously wrote for posterity and the public. He would have taken as much pains to maintain what he thought his proper position in the eyes of Swift, as to be studied a hundred years after as a model letter-writer. But he was not a man ever really to dislike publicity, where he could be as sure that the public would not find him off his guard as in his letters to his distinguished friends. These letters abound

with the fruits of his painstaking vigilance, and are replete with passages which, even detached from their context, and brought forward as unconnected quotations, must be allowed to contain much that is graceful and charming.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has left behind her a collection of letters too remarkable for excellences of the most varied kind to allow us to pass her over in silence. Yet many of her letters have so unstudied and unpremeditated an air, and seem to shine, not from the care that has been bestowed upon them, but because they have emanated from a bright and humorous mind, that it may seem unnatural to treat her as belonging to and representing an epoch when letter-writing was an art. A closer examination of her correspondence will, however, considerably modify the impression which a first perusal conveys. The writer is almost violent in her denunciations of the smooth and florid style of Pope and Bolingbroke; but she very carefully cultivates the style to which she herself gives the preference, and even hints that she moulds it on that of Addison. In her letters to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, she speaks much more freely of herself, and of her own opinions and tastes, than in the letters she addressed to her friends; and when she is writing to her daughter, and the subject of the letter is, as is very often the case, the education of her grand-daughters, she honestly discloses the pains she had herself taken to gain the pen of a ready writer.

It is often the surest method of estimating taste, to notice antipathies, especially where we find a strong judgment pronounced against something which, beforehand, we should have thought would be as probably liked as disliked. After her quarrel with Pope, Lady Mary was most severe in her criticisms on the wits. She was affronted at their arrogance, and refused to accede to the standard of merit they upheld. "Well-turned periods," she says, "or smooth lines, are not the perfection of either prose or verse; they may serve to adorn, but can never stand in the place of good sense." And laughing at the way in which Pope and his friends played into each other's hands, she remarks that the confederacy of Bolingbroke with Swift and Pope puts her in mind of that of Bessus and his swordsmen in the *King and no King*, who endeavored to support themselves by giving certificates of each other's merit

"Pope," she continues, "has triumphantly declared that they may do and say whatever silly things they please, they will still be the greatest geniuses nature ever exhibited." There was undoubtedly something of pique in her sentiments on the subject, and she was a good hater; and, hating the wits for Pope's sake, loved to sting them when she could. There was also a feeling of apprehension, not unnatural to one born within an exclusive circle, lest the barrier of that circle should give way if the intrusion of literary eminence were permitted. "It is pleasant," she tells her daughter, "to consider that, had it not been for the good-nature of those very mortals they condemn, these two superior beings (Pope and Swift) were entitled by their birth and hereditary fortune to be only a couple of link-boys." But we must also add that, though she derived more than she was pleased to own from the men she thus sneered at, she was perfectly right in protesting against the enervating influence of Pope and Bolingbroke upon those who used their style as a means, not of conveying thought, but of concealing the absence of it. "Smooth lines," she protests, in indignation at the court paid by Lord Orrery to Pope's circle, "have as much influence over some people as the authority of the Church in those countries where it cannot only excuse, but sanctify any absurdity or villany whatever."

Lady Mary was equally determined in her disapproval of another model of easy writing, and one whose charms have hitherto defied time and a complete change of manners and tastes. She could not endure Madame de Sevigné. She even carries her adverse opinion so far as to assert that Madame de Sevigné only gives, in a lively manner and fashionable phrases, "mean sentiments, vulgar prejudices, and endless repetitions; sometimes the tittle-tattle of a fine lady, sometimes that of an old nurse, always tittle-tattle—yet well gilt over by airy expressions and a glowing style." She seems to have been insensible to that which constitutes the great fascination of Madame de Sevigné's letters,—the faithfulness and simplicity, and at the same time the truth with which home scenes are painted, and the manner in which the reader is transported to the interior life of a family, and made as it were an inmate of the house. Lady Mary treated this as a violation of the rules of good taste; there was not sufficient reserve, sufficient consciousness of the necessity so often felt and acted on in society, of preserving a distance even

between those most intimately connected. There was a want of force in the artless communications of the French lady, and she felt a desire for something of the vigor and point that characterized her own mode of writing.

We may gather, then, that it was Lady Mary's aim to escape, in her letters, equally from all that was conventional and artificial, as from what she thought paltry and twaddling minuteness; and her genius and assiduity enabled her to attain a style which leaves us hardly any thing to wish for. She makes the communication of facts personal to herself, and yet of a general interest, the groundwork of her writing. By doing so she gained a great aid towards preserving herself from the labored nothings that disfigure the letters of Pope; and the varied course of her life supplied her with a succession of personal adventures, the recital of which gave ample scope for her powers of lively narration. She intersperses remarks abounding in sterling good sense, and allusions to individuals, always pointed and sometimes severe. The only defect that we have to notice is a certain hardness and dryness of thought and feeling, though never of language. Even in the first letters she wrote on her way to Constantinople, when her marriage was still a recent event, we feel that, exquisite as is both the matter and the manner, there is something which betrays the coolness and waywardness of disposition that led her to separate from her husband and her daughter, and spend the last twenty years of her life in the solitude of an Italian villa. But her letters are so perfect, they are so shrewd, so easy, so entertaining and graceful, that it seems almost captious to find fault with any thing in them; and it is not only the great success which she attained in letter-writing, but the position she holds in the series of great letter-writers, that deserves to be remarked. On the one hand she acted as a stimulant, as a check, and, to some extent, an example to those in the literary world with whom she corresponded. Pope, for instance, wrote what he considered his very best for her; and she elicited all that he was capable of in the particular line he considered most excellent. On the other hand, she contributed largely to diffuse through the aristocratic circles the notion that elegance in letter-writing was a desirable accomplishment. She may thus be looked on as the precursor of those who represent the next great stage of the art of letter-writing when it became the study, and received the impression, of the exclusive circles.

We must say, before parting from her, that she far outshone, in our opinion, those whom she thus preceded, and that neither Horace Walpole nor Lord Chesterfield ever produced a letter to be compared with the best of those which she sent from Constantinople and Italy.

Horace Walpole has, perhaps, a greater name as a letter-writer than any other Englishman. His letters are a valuable source of historical information for a time with respect to which information is scanty; and their liveliness, their point, wit, malice, gossip, and store of anecdote make them pleasant reading for those who have no relish for history. His wit does not seek to conceal itself, or if it throws a veil over the means employed, it affects no disguise as to the end desired. He laid himself out honestly, indefatigably, and openly, to be the letter-writer of his day. He has no real self to which he need pay the tribute of occasional recognition beneath the self which he paraded in court dress before the world. Pope and he both wrote letters as a serious business, in the effective discharge of which their reputation was involved; but they viewed their business in a very different light. Pope, as we have said, sought to establish a neutral ground on which the man of letters and the man of fashion might meet. Horace Walpole aimed only at delighting, amusing, and satisfying the portion of the fashionable world with which he was acquainted. He writes from within the circle which bounds his ambition. He perceived that a style of composition which should be on paper what the conversation of their circle was, if taken at its best, in spoken words, would be closely akin to the aspirations of those with whom he lived, and whom he sought most anxiously to please. Letter-writing in his hands was the written voice of the gay world, and of the most educated and witty of its members. He embraced all that world approved, and nothing it shunned. He did not, like Pope, ask it to make concessions; he did not employ its polished language to express independent thought, keen observation, and original reflection, like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. He wished to think as his world thought, to write as it wrote, but to give his thoughts a scope, and his language a grace which that world could permit and appreciate. He felt that he could make a new toy for his playmates, and he knew how society pets and rewards its toymakers; and to make the pretty gilded structure, he racked a fertile brain, and labored long and hard. He

made foul copies of his gossiping letters, he studied the French models, he collected stories, he stored up *bon mots*, he noted the whims, he treasured the oddities, and made a harvest of the follies of his contemporaries.

That his success was great no one can pretend to deny. Looking at the art of letter-writing from the point of view from which he regarded it, we must pronounce his letters masterpieces of skill and ingenuity. But we suspect that few readers could sincerely avow that they have not found them wearisome. We have the sensation after reading a few dozen pages, as if we had been at a ball all night and were not allowed to go home to bed. All is unimpeachable in its elegance, gayety, and effectiveness. But the music will keep jingling in our ears, and the lamps glaring in our eyes, when we long for a backroom and a rushlight. All writing that is produced and adapted for a small and exclusive circle, however it may dazzle and fascinate, must eventually tire us. There is nothing to like, and, apart from his skill in reflecting the feelings and wishes of his associates, nothing to admire in Horace Walpole. He had not even a genuine love of good company, and an unaffected delight in the pleasures of society. He was but the caterer for the tastes of those whom he thought it worth his while to please; and having provided a great variety of smart sentences and piquant stories, and having served them up with much taste and discretion, he sends in his little account, and expects immediate payment in flattery and social applause.

Examples serve but very feebly to illustrate his peculiar manner, as it is by a combination of little things well put together, and not by the excellence of detached passages, that his letters impress us. He dovetails his mosaic so skilfully, that we are struck with admiration at the work when completed, but each component fragment is nearly worthless by itself. All that we can arrive at by the most careful examination of his style, is the more accurate perception of the labor and the success with which he aimed at writing as fine folks talk. It is true that French letter-writing has so far furnished him with an example, that his style has in some measure the appearance of being borrowed and not original. But he borrowed because what he thus acquired was the most ready aid he could have in the task he set himself. Paris gave the laws of society to the circle in which he moved, and he was too wise to neglect the obvious aid to be derived

from cultivating the acquaintance of the law-giver; but it is exaggeration to speak of him as a copyist. He did but faithfully reflect the current language, manners, and thoughts of a society which was colored by the influence of a near neighbor, and if he had not been the favorite of Madame du Deffand; and an ardent reader of French literature, he would not have been an adequate exponent of English society in the circles of the *beau monde*. He never was, and never wished to be, an exponent of English society at large—the society which included all the educated, the wealthy, and the noble; society in its wider sense; the society of Chatham, of Lord Chesterfield, Johnson, Churchill, of the better bishops, and of the country gentlemen who could write and read and keep sober once or twice a week; this society was *caviare* to the dapper little antiquarian of Twickenham, who had, however, sense enough to feel there was something in the world above him, though he had vanity enough to believe there was a great deal beneath him. He was the Hierophant of the few, the spokesman of the initiated, and eacheword all who spoke the vulgar tongue, and who had other interests and acquaintances than his own.

The decade from 1755 to 1765 may perhaps be taken as the period in which his powers were at their best, although long afterwards he wrote with scarcely any diminution of vivacity and neatness. Taking up the volumes of his correspondence which contain the letters written during these ten years, we find amid the greatest diversity of matter, the utmost uniformity of manner. Every letter is conceived in the same spirit, and is planned to produce the same effect. His style never or seldom alters. He was remarkably fond of short sentences and rapid transitions from one subject to another, the cunning of his art being displayed in the skill with which abruptness was avoided in the passage. Not to fatigue, not to bore, to be various, smart, and short, is the *acme* of the kind of conversational success which he admired, and it was the success that he sought to rival on paper. He inserted touches of malice and irony; he insinuated, guessed, supposed, invented, and related, so that no letter he wrote could possibly be thought dull. He possessed in perfection the secret of pleasing a correspondent by speaking of men and things as if he were superior to all except the person he addresses. He knew how men were tickled by this tacit compliment, and how obliged they felt to the writer who placed them on this

imaginary elevation. He always writes as if he were an observer from the outside of the subjects of his comments. He lets the pageant pass and notes its various scenes, admitting his correspondent to the spectacle. Sometimes he speaks as if he were moved by public events and felt indignation, interest, sympathy, and other emotions of honest men; and indeed he was in all sincerity possessed of a few good feelings, being a pious son and a staunch friend. But his political and public cares sat very lightly on him. When he writes of foreign affairs, of the war, and of the measures of ministers, he uses the strongest language, and fires up and blazes with indignant virtue; for good society expects that a party man should talk like his party. But when he has to speak of the proceedings of the House of Commons, of which he was a member, he is again the careless observer, amusing and amused; for if he wrote more warmly he might be expected to act more energetically, and good society is timid, and distrusts energy unless overpoweringly triumphant. In short, he lived and wrote for the narrow society he moved in, and any one who thus limits himself must be what Bishop Warburton termed him, "a coxcomb." Warburton indeed said "an insufferable coxcomb;" but we, who cannot be annoyed by him, and are amused and entertained with his writings, must allow him at least to be "sufferable."

When we turn from the letters of Horace Walpole to those of Lord Chesterfield, it is hardly too much to say that we pass from the littleness of the great world to its greatness. Both writers cultivated the art of letter-writing as one properly belonging to the station of a gentleman. Both wrote for a limited circle; both loved to impress upon their correspondents and the world at large that their literary success was a mere accident of, and accessory to, their advantages of birth. But Chesterfield always wrote as if he were above the world to which he bowed, and could contemplate the splendid crowd he strove to eclipse with a complacent indifference. He was, in reality, of a mind and character far above the level of those to whose opinions and pursuits he lent the sanction of his approval. He plays with the world as with a gilded toy, proud of his right to take the plaything in his familiar grasp, but still contriving to let spectators know that he could pull it to pieces if he had a mind. He worked out for himself a theory of living, determined the end he thought it worth while to pursue, ascertained by keen

observation the most appropriate means, and applied them with happy natural tact and unflinching resolution and perseverance. Of these means he perceived that the power of writing letters that should combine elegance, worldly wisdom and good sense was among the most prominent; and that the art of letter-writing formed a distinguishing barrier to separate his microcosm from the larger and more vulgar world without. It is manner, and not matter, that places a Rubicon between the provinces of the elegant and the inelegant: it is not that the *urbanus* does different things from the *rusticus*, but he does them in a different way. It is said that in an examination for various fellowships at an Oxford College, where good breeding is the test of excellence, the crucial experiment is made by cunningly contriving that the candidates, being asked to dinner by the electors, shall eat cherry or damson pie. Amidst the flow of pleasant small-talk, the electors secretly watch with the keenest accuracy how the candidates severally dispose of the stones; and he who drops them like pearls from his mouth, or still better, makes them seem like the world in the system of the Eleatics, at once to be and not to be, is rewarded with £100 a-year. Letter-writing was the cherry pie of Lord Chesterfield, or at any rate, one of his cherry pies. All the world eats cherry pies, but only a few can manage the stones; all the world writes letters, but only a few can write letters that satisfy the rules of art. And, if we may pursue the comparison, as, in the case of the college of which we have spoken, this stone-disposing skill gives the admission into a corporate society, the members of which are attached and bound to each other by the consciousness that all belong to the same society, and by mutual respect for each other's adroitness, so the letter-writers of high society would, in the opinion of Lord Chesterfield, gain the feeling of a brotherhood by the recognition on the part of every writer of the elegancies of his correspondent. To write a good letter was to be a gentleman on paper, and though the excellence of letter-writing must, in one sense, be unavoidably a literary one, yet the art was, in the phase it assumed under Lord Chesterfield, regarded in an aspect as far from its literary one as possible.

The most characteristic of Lord Chesterfield's letters are undoubtedly those to his son, for he expounded the whole of his social and moral scheme with much precision and openness for the benefit of the dull, deceitful, awkward youth whom he hoped to train into

a model of elegance. We cannot help suspecting that Lord Chesterfield, in these famous letters, is sometimes soliloquizing when he pretends to be addressing his correspondent, and that he would have owned, if hard pressed, that he himself was the imaginary object to whom those stately and graceful periods were directed. He can hardly make-believe sufficiently strong to persuade us or himself that he is writing to less than another Chesterfield. But whatever were his real feelings in addressing his hopeless son, it is certain that he never neglected to write in a manner that should do justice to himself. He never descends beneath the dignity of a great nobleman; he carefully avoids any thing like the petulance, the gossiping, the small littlenesses of Horace Walpole. If we do not find his letters absolutely to our taste, it is because we cannot now feel as the society of his day felt, and as he wished his son should feel; it is not that, if we could throw ourselves into the atmosphere of that society, we should detect any point in which Lord Chesterfield fell below it, or indeed any point in which he did not resolutely keep himself and his little world up to the very highest pitch which was compatible with the principles on which that society was based. Perhaps the very essence of all the letters to Mr. Stanhope, the best specimen of all that is good and all that is bad in Lord Chesterfield's correspondence, is to be found in the letters addressed to his son when at Paris in 1751. Let any one read the letters of that year, who wishes to catch truly the destinies of Lord Chesterfield's mental portrait. He will find much, perhaps, to make him congratulate himself that the past is past, that the days of George II. are no more; but he will confess that here, if anywhere, is the success attained which that society admired, that here the most faithful reflection of the spirit of those times is offered, and that many great qualities of the intellect and some of the heart must be united before such thoughts can be clothed in such language.

We must hasten on to the last of the stages of letter-writing which we have pointed out, and speak of the art as it appears in the hands of those who, building their success on the labors of their predecessors, but having no direct or conscious aim, carry into simple and natural life the beauties and graces we have hitherto seen blooming in an artificial soil. That which has been premeditated, becomes unpremeditated and spontaneous. The art is lost, but yet the fruits of the art are perpetually present. We seem

to escape from all necessity of criticism, and may indulge ourselves in the pure pleasure of unalloyed admiration. The letter-writer no longer wishes to approach the great world, or to ward off those who are ambitious of its supremacy; there is no humoring of the caprices of a narrow set—no seeking to devise means how a system, philosophically commented on, may be sustained and preserved in its integrity. At the same time the writer does not write like one of a careless generation, anxious to save the tenth post of the day, and inclosing in an adhesive envelope, the crude thoughts and hasty expressions he blots upon a sheet of note-paper the size of a crown-piece. These artless artists, these consummate performers of the last century, wrote with deliberate dignity and a proper choice of words, although a certain natural happiness of expression, and the advantage they derived from following more artificial writers, enable them to handle their craft so divinely. But when we speak of their being preceded by the writer whom we have noticed above, and of this being a subsequent stage of the art, we must not let our readers suppose that we use these terms according to strict chronology. We do not mean that the historical date of the third class of letter-writers is necessarily posterior to that of the second. Gray was a year older than Horace Walpole, and was long outlived by him. We speak of the one type of letter-writing as subsequent to the other, because it must have been preceded by the state of society which only received its expression contemporaneously with, or perhaps even later than, its own manifestation. Looking at the whole history of the century, we may say that the narrow but highly-trained society of the times of George II. expanded into the wider and more natural society of the days of Johnson and Burke, although there were men in the times of George II. who seem much more akin to those of the later date than to those who were, strictly speaking, their contemporaries. After the letter-writers of the times of George II., a class succeeded who wrote with more ease and less affectation, and yet received from those who had gone before them the traditional notion that letter-writing was an art. Among these Gray is conspicuous, and we need not hesitate to adopt him as a representative. Every day in real life we see how the accidents of worldly position determine a man's chronology. The nominee of a peer is in Parliament before his beard begins to grow, and has an official air and an inflexible

political creed by the time he is twenty-five, while his school or college contemporary struggles through a profession, and at fifty they meet on the arena of public life, the one almost a generation younger than the other.

Gray was neither wholly in the world nor wholly out of it. He wrote from the calm retreat of a Cambridge college, but he had personal friends who mixed in the busy and the fashionable world, and he himself occasionally quitted his retirement to spread his wings in the gayety of the metropolis. His letters reflect his manner of living. They are full of the *savoir vivre* which can only be attained by intercourse with society, and yet they bear constant witness to the dignified reserve of the literary recluse, and the grace and knowledge of the student and the philosopher. Above all, they delight us by their perfect freedom from any thing like a conscious aim. They breathe an elegance and are inspired with a vivacity such as is found in the Odes of Horace, where we know how great the art is, but where the sense of art is lost in the sense of its perfection. Gray had, indeed, every qualification for a letter-writer, and his letters are, we venture to think, unrivalled in the English language. He is grave and gay, humorous, learned, satirical, tender, by turns, and he passes from one mood to another with the most unflinching ease, and by the most imperceptible transitions. He writes, indeed, as if he knew that he could write a letter well, and wished to do what he did successfully; but the feeling that prompts him to exert himself is not vanity, but merely the consciousness of power.

Whatever Gray wrote was written with the utmost labor. He toiled at a verse; he cast and recast it; he criticized it as ruthlessly as if it were the offspring of another's brain; he let it lie by, and then, years after, took it from the drawer where it slumbered, and dispassionately analyzed its constitution, and pronounced judgment upon its defects and merits. The man who can bear to work so slowly is sure to write nothing inferior to himself; we get his best when we get any thing. But how few men can thus become their own critics without losing fire, point, energy, the rough and unpremeditated graces of a careless and vigorous scribbler. Perhaps we must allow that Gray did, in some measure, fall short of his possibilities, and unfavorably affect the writings of other poets, by the anxious care he cultivated and inculcated. But in his letters we seem to have all the good and none of the bad attending

his habits of composition. He relaxes his grim watchfulness over himself and his style, and still we may trace, in the most hasty of these effusions, the fruits of his habitual vigilance. He is impelled, by the very nature of his task, to write with speed, and to abandon himself to the impulse of the moment. But in the propriety of every expression, in the restraint he exercises over his pen, so as never to fall into any excess or redundancy, and in the position of self-respect, not to say of authority, which he occupies towards his correspondent, we trace the *limæ labor*, the habits of patience and stern self-denial, the dignity that abhors meretricious effect of every kind, which eminently characterize his more studied compositions.

Gray was what would ordinarily be called a cold man: he was overshadowed by a perpetual melancholy, and his path, even in youth, was darkened by the faintly-revealed presence of the fatal disease which bore him, in the ripeness of his faculties, to the grave. But, though he loved solitude, and resolutely intrenched himself within a hallowed ground of privacy, into which the world was not suffered to intrude, his letters reveal how much there was in his nature that was genial and even gay. On fitting occasions he could write with a tender and manly pathos, and a depth of sympathizing affection, that dispel effectually any notion of his melancholy being of a morbid and selfish cast. Nor are there wanting passages in his correspondence where his sense of the ludicrous, his desire to interest the friend he is addressing, and the animation inspired by near approximation to stirring events, wake him to a light and free gayety, and prompt him to paint the minor details of a subject that tickles his fancy. When we come upon such passages, we experience none of the counterbalancing sensations with which the somewhat parallel writing of Horace Walpole is sure to fill us. Gray is without the air of the *petit-maitre*, and the smallness of mind and purpose which are apparent in all that Walpole ever wrote.

When we pass to the letters of Cowper, we pass entirely away from the direct influence of the great world. Gray was on the borders, but Cowper lived altogether in another region. It was the peculiar marvel of his position—the peculiar triumph of his epistolary powers—that from the seclusion of an insignificant country town, where he lived among middle-aged ladies and low-church clergymen, he could find materials for letters so beautiful, so interesting, and so varied. The art of letter-writing has reached the point

in which it becomes part of the mental furniture of a literary man whose natural tastes led him to love and cultivate all that was gentle and graceful in thought and language. Criticism seems to resign its envious office when it views these pure effusions of a sweet and loving soul. We may, indeed, find defects in them, but it is hard to feel these defects critically, for the general atmosphere of soft and warm emotion and tenderness prevents us from even noticing what might elsewhere annoy us. The greatest number of readers would find the greatest pleasure in Cowper's letters of any letters in the language, and though we venture to think that the superior manliness apparent in those of Gray is a sufficient reason for withholding our assent to this as a final test of superiority, yet it needs but the perusal of a very few of Cowper's fascinating pages to make us, for the moment, sure that his must be of all letters the best.

Cowper had one advantage that was denied to Gray. He numbered among his correspondents ladies near enough in kinship to permit complete unreserve, and remote enough to make an air of subdued gallantry sit naturally on him as he wrote. His cousin, Lady Hesketh, drew out all his powers. He could tell her the minutest details of his Olney life; he could freely confide to her the touching incidents of his own melancholy history, and at the same time she was a kind and discerning critic of his poetical efforts. As he built up story after story of his poetical edifices, what so natural as to report progress to this dear cousin, and to find, or pretend to find, in her taste a canon which should regulate his performance? Then if she were absent—and if she were not there would be no occasion for a letter at all—how delightful to sketch schemes for a visit, to spend leisure hours in looking for a suitable abode throughout the wide extent of Olney, and to send off graphic pictures of this and that little room which would make a fitting residence for her ladyship when the summer came. Accounts of his advance in translating the *Iliad* and descriptions of Olney lodgings literally fill page after page of perhaps the most delightful part of his correspondence, and continue to give pleasure to thousands of readers now that the translation is forgotten, and the houses in Olney are, as we may presume, falling or fallen. It is the presence of this admired, this loved, this inspiring cousin that seems to float through the exquisitely-framed periods of the poet, and let all who can picture what such a cousin

must be, confess that they do not wonder Cowper outshines himself when he writes to Lady Hesketh.

Perhaps the greatest drawback to our pleasure in Cowper's letters is the display of vanity, a fault from which it is scarcely possible that any one should be free who acquires fame and lives in a village. Nothing but contact with the world can keep a successful author humble. Cowper tried conscientiously to smother an emotion he thought reprehensible, but it is easy to see that the snake is scotched and not killed. The imperfection of his attempts is apparent in his anxiety to impress upon his correspondents that he is utterly careless of literary success. He describes himself as a writer *sans reproche*, a bright example to the tribe, a man proof against the stings of sarcasm and the whispers of flattery. And perhaps in the next sentence he tells us that Olney laurels are worthless, but that he may perhaps mention what my neighbor Mr. So-and-so has said of *The Task*, or he acknowledges with fervent gratitude any scrap of favorable criticism which his correspondent has communicated to him. These are the smallnesses which creep over almost every recluse, and we may say of the life of a genius in a country circle what Touchstone remarks of his shepherd's life, that "in respect that it is solitary it may be liked very well, but in respect that it is private it is a very vile life."

There is in this as in other ways an absence of thorough self-dependence, force, and energy, manifested in Cowper's letters, that contrasts unfavorably with Gray's resolute, reserved, dignified bearing. But with this allowance we see no deduction that has to be made in speaking of Cowper as a perfect letter-writer. The grace of his English is magical; it seems hardly possible that a writer should have had such language at command without any apparent exertion requisite for its production. There is a more

perfect absence of studied effect and a more sustained felicity of language in Cowper than in Gray. Cowper, too, writes from a home, with far more of domestic feeling and domestic interest than was possible for the isolated student at Cambridge. This lends a charm to correspondence, the absence of which it is not easy to compensate. Cowper's letters will always be the more popular, and if we wished to show a stranger to the literature of the last century how letters can be written, we should refer him to a chosen volume of Cowper's correspondence.

With Cowper our list is closed. There were many of his contemporaries, and there have been many since, who have written letters that are full of all that makes letters delightful. But so far as they may have been unconsciously acted on by the notion of letter-writing as an art worked out by, and handed down through, a series of successive artists, they may be represented by Cowper as far the most eminent and skilful of them. After the time of Cowper the art of letter-writing may be said to have quickly perished. How this happened must be obvious to any one who reflects on the change undergone towards the close of the century throughout the whole structure of society, and on the causes, political and moral, that conduced to this alteration. Society changed, and the art that suited and belonged to the old society did not suit the new. That we can thus fix the end as well as the beginning of the period within which the art flourished, makes it much easier to ascertain the relation it bore to the general character of the times. We have been forced by the narrow limits of our space to treat this relation in a somewhat cursory manner, but we are convinced that the more closely the subject is examined, the more clearly will the correspondence of its great letter-writers be recognized as an exponent of much that was most peculiar in the eighteenth century.

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LITERARY LABOR.—The American author, Alcott, has written 100 volumes; Wesley wrote 30 octavo volumes; Baxter wrote several hundred volumes; and Lopez de Vega, the Spanish poet, published 21,300,000 lines, which is equal to more than 2,660 volumes as large as Milton's *Paradise Lost*! Lopez

de Vega was the most voluminous of writers. But it is not the quantity so much as the quality of literary matter that insures immortality, for long after the millions of Lopez de Vega's lines are buried in oblivion, the few simple verses of Gray's *Elegy* will live to delight mankind.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## A TALK ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

THE modern civilized man, in England, or France, or America, regards his newspaper as the most important and necessary of the individual contributories to his comfort. However devoted he may be to pleasure, indolence, or luxury, it is very probable that he would sacrifice any one particular indulgence which could be named, rather than consent to be deprived permanently of access to a newspaper. The journal is in truth become a necessary of daily life—of nearly as much consequence as the quality of the food we eat; of much more consequence than the fashion of the clothes we wear. In like manner, with some other artificially created necessities, it seems to have become more essential to men's comfort than those pointed out by nature. Water and bread are plainly indicated by nature as staffs and essentials to life; but we will answer for it, that nineteen out of twenty citizens, gentlemen, and Englishmen of all ranks above the very meanest, would dispense with bread and water, that is to say, would put up with any one of the substitutes therefor devised by cookery, rather than lose their newspaper, or submit to any material falling off in the amount and variety of its contents.

Yet this all-important necessity of the nineteenth century is a thing almost wholly of our own day—it scarcely dates from yesterday in the great roll-book of time. The father of a man with a round score years of life now before him, may have been living at a time when a daily newspaper was unknown; nay, a very, very old man—an old Parr or Henry Jenkins—living as this essay is penned, may have been born before the first number of the *Daily Courant* (the earliest daily newspaper), consisting of a single page of octavo (not printed on the back), appeared.

How folks managed before newspapers were published, forms a somewhat puzzling conjecture to a man who lives in the odor of the dailies, tri-weeklies, weeklies, and monthlies which now so abound. But that they did manage to get on without the ever-recurrent broadsheets is certain enough; and they would probably have been as much puzzled

to imagine what possible use a man could have for such an "intolerable deal" of close print, as people now-a-days are in conceiving how it could have been dispensed with. Up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, though newspapers—such as they were—had then been in existence since early in the seventeenth, a great proportion of country gentlemen and persons living in remote districts adhered generally to the ancient plan of employing news-writers, who, from time to time, sent down written letters advertising their patrons of important occurrences. It took at least a century after the establishment of the first diminutive printed news-sheet (which again was a century prior to the first daily, the *Courant* just mentioned), before the printed paper was substituted for the written one.

Many of our readers have doubtless been amused with anecdotes of "the first English newspaper." *The English Mercurie*, which that fond discoverer of mares'-nests—that most laborious and most credulous of literary antiquaries, George Chalmers, so enthusiastically attributes to "the genius of Elizabeth, and sagacity of Burleigh." The way in which the mistake happened was as follows:—Poking about in the labyrinthal recesses of the old British Museum, Mr. Chalmers alighted on a volume containing some printed papers bearing the title of *The English Mercurie*, and purporting to have been printed in 1588, during the crisis of the Spanish Armada alarm, and to contain accounts of the earlier conflicts between our admirals and the enemy. Chalmers, who was a man of unusually capacious "swallow" for any thing novel or surprising, jumped at the bait, and published his wonderful discovery, which was too hastily taken for granted by the elder D'Israeli and other British writers of note, and from them by literary men abroad, until the *English Mercurie* became quite a *clerum et venerabile nomen* as the precursor of that mighty organ, the newspaper press, all over the world.

Great, therefore, was the astonishment, and not less the reluctance, with which, after forty or fifty years' currency, the discovery turned

out to be a delusion, and the *English Mercurie* a forgery of the most impudent kind. It was not even a dexterous or clever forgery; it was as clumsy and palpable a piece of botching as ever was seen. A man of average care and perspicacity, which Chalmers was not when his antiquarian enthusiasm was inflamed, would have detected the fraud in an instant. The paper and printing of the documents turned out to be of the eighteenth, not the sixteenth century. The orthography and other matters of detail contain internal evidences of the attempt, and frequent failure, of a modern forger to simulate ancient peculiarities; and the pretended items of news contained blunders about dates and places, which could not possibly have been made by a contemporaneous writer. The very manuscripts from which some of the "numbers" had been evidently printed were found, and the paper on which it was written bore the water-mark of the royal arms, with the initials "G. R."

To Mr. Thomas Watt, whose name is well known in association with the British Museum, belongs the merit of having detected this, one of the most flagrant frauds, though for a long time one of the most successful, in the history of forgery. It had passed into acceptance all over the world; and in the cyclopædias of every nation, from St. Petersburg to Madrid, from Warsaw to Washington, might be found articles mentioning the "venerable *English Mercurie*, or the patriarch of printed Journals." It was by the merest chance, while prosecuting another inquiry, that Mr. Watt happened to consult its veracious pages, and he saw through the imposture at once. Like many other objects of curiosity, it had previously been more written about and described than inspected, and had thus escaped detection. Subsequent inquiries rendered it probable that the forgery originated in a whim of the second Lord Hardwicke, who, it is to be hoped, for the sake of his memory, intended it merely for a toy to amuse or mystify his private friends for a while, and then be cast aside. The nobleman in question died suddenly, perhaps before he had time to show the paper, and to explain the manner of its "getting up;" and so, at last, it found its way, with other books and manuscripts, amongst which it was overlooked, to the British Museum, whence it, in course of time, was unearthed, and dragged into false repute by the plodding and dupeable Chalmers.

Mr. D'Israeli, in explaining a little before his death the way in which he, in common with all the *literati* of his time, had been im-

posed on by Mr. Chalmers's "discovery," observes, "I witnessed fifty years ago that laborious researcher (George Chalmers) busied along the long, dusty shelves of our periodical papers, which then reposed in the antechamber of the former reading-room of the British Museum. To the industry which I had witnessed I confided, and such positive and precise evidence could not fail to be accepted of all. In the British Museum, indeed, George Chalmers found the printed *English Mercurie*; but there also, it now appears, he might have seen the *original*, with all its corrections before it was sent to the press, written on paper of modern fabric." The truth is, the "positive and precise evidence" was "accepted by all," merely because it was not tested, and, being a lie, circumstantiated; and, moreover, being just one of the kind which people would feel more pleasure in believing than in disbelieving, went down with much unctiousness. If it had been one less palatable and interesting, it would have been scarcely accepted on the mere opinion of Mr. Chalmers. That it should have gone on so long imposing on the world, described so minutely on hearsay by antiquarians living within half-an-hour's walk of the Museum, but who did not think it necessary to step in there and pass a few minutes in examining that which they held up to the admiration of their readers, is a circumstance which suggests the necessity of caution as a general rule in the recognition of "venerable relics" of the kind.

The real date of the first newspaper appears, beyond all doubt, to belong to the reign of King James the First; and the patriarch of the extensive and important family of journalists was Nathaniel Butler, who, having long plied the avocation of a writer of manuscript letters, or packets of news, to persons who paid him for his trouble, hit off the idea of printing such intelligence periodically, and selling it to all comers for a fixed sum. Occasional sheets of "news" of a status almost equal to that of those which in our days are sometimes, on the occurrence of a remarkable murder or execution, hawked about the streets for a halfpenny, were known before this time; but he and his associates were the first periodical chroniclers in print. The speculation was called *The Weekly News*, and appeared in May, 1622; numerous rivals soon started up to compete with it, and the little flimsy periodical sheets, seldom or never consisting of more matter than is contained in half a page of *Sharpe's Magazine*, were pretty freely circulated during the reign of James, though the works of certain poets and dra-

matists of the period abound with contemptuous caricatures of the poverty and mean character of the news publishers.

The troubled era of Charles the First brought downfall and tribulation to the race of journalists; they were, in fact, completely trampled under foot. Whilst men of high mark, wealth, and influence were subjected to the barbarities of ear-cropping, nose-slitting, flogging, excessive fines, and indefinite imprisonment for questioning arbitrary right, the humble professional news-caterers did not escape; and if we do not hear of many of them suffering such punishments as were inflicted on Lilburne, and Prynne, and Bastwick, it was because they did not dare to express their opinions so freely. In fact, every thing was punished and suppressed except what was agreeable to the feelings of the party dominant for the time being. Those who wrote or printed any thing else, did so at a peril more formidable than that of the soldier who charges a masked battery.

More liberty of expression existed during the Commonwealth; but even Cromwell is found more than once complaining of the license of the news-writers and pamphleteers, and calling for measures of repression. At this time, however, and down to the Restoration, public affairs continued to be discussed very warmly in printed publications of all kinds, and there were pretty regular, though very meagre, accounts of the proceedings in parliament.

But with the Restoration came a long scene of persecution and oppression for the journalists. In the reign of Charles the Second they were almost entirely suppressed. The old papers disappeared, and the new ones which succeeded them had individually but a brief and precarious existence, although it did so happen, that the journal which is now the oldest in the kingdom was first published in this reign for the amusement of the king and his courtiers, when they fled to Oxford from the plague. Whenever the court had an object to gain, some few ephemeral publications were suffered to appear, in order to work on the public mind; but no opposition prints were permitted, or rather, any print which ventured to reply brought down ferocious vengeance on its authors; and the licensed prints were discontinued as soon as the particular object for which they had been issued had been obtained. The licensing act, which existed so long, enabled the successive parties who swayed the mind of the vacillating Charles, to deal as they pleased with the

press, and their power was unscrupulously exercised.

Mr. Macaulay, in his florid *History of England*, gives a sketch—written with his usual view to scenic effect, but, in this case, probably nearly resembling the actual facts—of the efforts of the public to get news during the suspension of newspapers:—"Whitehall," says this author, "naturally became the chief staple of news. Whenever there was a rumor that any thing important had happened, or was about to happen, people hastened thither to obtain intelligence from the fountain-head. The galleries presented the appearance of a modern club-room at an anxious time; they were full of people, arguing whether the Dutch mail was in?—What tidings the express from France had brought?—Whether John Sobiesky had beaten the Turks?—Whether the Doge of Genoa was really at Paris? These were matters which it was safe to talk about; but there were subjects concerning which information was asked and given in whispers: Had Halifax got the better of Rochester?—Was there to be a parliament?—Was the Duke of York really going to Scotland?—Had Monmouth been really summoned from the Hague? Men tried to read the countenance of every minister as he went through the throng to and from the royal closet. All sorts of auguries were drawn from the tone in which his majesty spoke to the Lord President, or from the laugh with which his majesty honored a jest of the Lord Privy Seal; and in a few hours the hopes and fears inspired by such indications had spread to all the coffee-houses from St. James's to the Tower." The little newspapers of the seventeenth century were often compelled, and, especially, too, at the periods when home news would have been particularly interesting, to confine themselves to scraps of foreign intelligence, and refrain from giving any English news, bearing, no matter how remotely, on politics, unless, peradventure, it were some glozing eulogium of the persons in power.

Mr. J. K. Knight Hunt, the present editor of the *Daily News*, observes, in his able work *The Fourth Estate*, to which we are indebted for some of the dates and facts contained in this article, that the very earliest newspapers only communicated intelligence, without giving comment; subsequently we find papers giving political discussions without news; but in the publications subsequent to 1700, we find these two elements of a journal more frequently united. It was not

in reality, until after the period last mentioned, that there appeared any thing like a regular continuance of papers possessing the main characteristic of the journals of the present day; and Mr. Hallam is nearly right when he says in his *Constitutional History*, that the publication of regular newspapers partly designed for the communication of intelligence, partly for the discussion of political topics, may be referred, upon the whole, to the reign of Anne, when they obtained great circulation, and became the accredited organs of different factions."

Thus, the birth of the *Fourth Estate*, so far as regards the uses to which it is applied in modern times, can hardly claim a more ancient date than the eighteenth century. This circumstance would seem to present some color of argument against those who ascribe modern political freedom to the liberty of the press; to whose views it may be replied that instead of political freedom having been achieved by a free press, the free press was produced by political freedom. A great deal may be said on both sides; for though some periods of our history in which the press was most harshly persecuted, were those in which the community was making persistent advances towards freedom, it is probable that the efforts of the press, and the spectacle of its wrongs, tended to keep alive a stubborn and indignant spirit of resistance to oppressors. Perhaps truth may lie between, and political freedom and press freedom react on each other—doubtless favorably. It is certain, at all events, that the enfranchisement of the English people commenced its slow but certain march forward, ages before newspapers existed either in embryo or in development.

Simultaneously, it may be said, with the fall of the Stuarts, the newspaper press began to take that active and open part in public affairs which was afterwards to become developed in results of such important good, mingled with certain proportions of inconveniences. Just one hundred years before the *Times* was started, appeared the *Orange Intelligencer*, a paper, as the title indicates, devoted to the Prince of Orange. This was in 1688. The *Intelligencer* was published twice a week. It was a single leaf of two pages, and contained as much matter, perhaps, as one page and a half of the magazine now in the hands of the reader. Mr. Hunt informs us, that a copy which he had seen, dated December 9th, 1688, has the imposing number of two advertisements. But from this time forward, the increase of newspapers

was rapid, though the press was still kept under very stringent restrictions. In the reign of Queen Anne, as has been above observed, newspapers began to fight party battles, which have ever since formed a principal part of their staple material. Some of the most famous men in history, whether as statesmen or *littérateurs*, contributed to them. Lord Bolingbroke supported his party in letters to the Tory *Examiner*, and was vigorously replied to by Lord Chancellor Cowper in the *Tatler*.

But these great men were, when it pleased them, very summary in their manner of dealing with the instruments which they used. We find, for example, Mr. Secretary St. John (Lord Bolingbroke), the newspaper contributor, sending off to Newgate batches, by the dozen, of editors, printers, and publishers. In few cases does it appear that statesmen or politicians recognized the journalists in any other light than as tools to be employed or kicked off at pleasure; and this is perhaps not so much to be wondered at, seeing that men so eminent as Addison (who, after all, was himself a journalist—for the *Spectator* and kindred publications originally gave some news and advertisements as well as essays) made the occupation the theme of unmeasurable ridicule.

In the reign of Queen Anne, when the first daily paper started, manifold are the complaints made of the liberties taken by the press; and the allusions to the persons who conducted these newspapers are very far from partaking of that respectful tone which is now preserved in the high places, whenever the conduct or privileges of the "gentlemen of the press" become subject-matter of discussion. We find the House of Commons compelling news-writers "who had presumed to take notice of the proceedings" to kneel at the bar, after acknowledging their culpability, whilst the Speaker reprimanded them for their great presumption. The doctrine of the House of Commons was, in the words of their own resolution, "That no news-writers do, in their letters or other papers that they disperse, presume to intermeddle with the debates or any other proceedings of the House."

Later still, in 1729, and again in 1738, the Commons passed resolutions to this effect: "That it is an indignity to, and a breach of the privilege of this House for any persons to presume to give, in written or printed newspapers, any account or minutes of the debates or other proceedings of this House, or of any committee thereof; and that, upon discovery of the authors, &c., this House

will proceed against the offenders with the utmost severity." In fact, the contest between publicity and non-publicity was kept up in various forms, until it was at length decided finally in the affirmative in the reign of George the Third.

The severities of the Stuart times were sometimes fearfully reproduced in the earlier Georgian era. Thus, in 1719, an unfortunate youth named John Mathews was hanged at Tyburn for publishing, not a Jacobite newspaper, but a Jacobite pamphlet. A narrator describes the poor lad as "a conceited youngster, whose vanity led him to seek notoriety by issuing opinions which the majority of the people had grown out of." There is no reason to suppose that the first two Georges would have had any insurmountable objection to treat after a similar fashion many more of their literary opponents; and there is no room at all for doubting that, if the improved spirit of the age had not made such high-handed measures of blood unsafe, and even impossible, many of the writers who rendered themselves "obnoxious" between 1760 and 1820 would have had a hard tussle for the safety of their necks.

It is not necessary to follow in detail the history of the conflicts between the press and the political authorities; the expulsion of Steele from the House of Commons, and, two generations afterwards, the expulsion of the more unscrupulous Wilkes; the fight between the House of Commons and the corporation, on the memorable occasion of the arrest of the printers; and the struggles through which the long-denied privilege of publishing the reports of Parliament was at length virtually conceded. These matters are interesting; but as they belong as much to the general annals of the nation as to the particular story of the newspaper press, and are dwelt on at some length in several histories of England, we may pass them by with the remark that, in the middle of the eighteenth century, men who rose to the highest eminence, amongst whom were Burke, Johnson, and a host of great names, were contributors for their livelihood to the journals—a circumstance which did not prevent editors and printers from being sometimes punished ignominiously for writing what was not in all cases perhaps far from the truth.

Whilst the newspapers were expanding in intelligence, influence, and prosperity, and whilst the power of government was exerted from time to time in attempts to keep them under, men who had themselves played the part of journalists were often found ungenerous enough to aid official hostility by draw-

ing scandalous pictures of the personal character of their brethren. Conspicuous amongst the revilers was Dr. Johnson. "An ambassador," he tells us in his *Idler*, "is said to be a man of virtue sent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country; a news-writer is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit. For these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness; but *contempt of shame and indifference to truth* are absolutely necessary." Could it be that the latter section of this sentence was spoken feelingly by the great moralist under the influence of the recollection of his own performances in connection with reporting? The conjecture is at all events not discountenanced by his own acknowledgment, that he was in the habit of writing "reports" of debates, of which he never heard a word. If it were not scandal against the doctor, one might be inclined to think it possible that such proceedings had some share in provoking the storm of indignation which sprung up in the House of Commons, in consequence of the false and fabricated reports which sometimes appeared in the newspapers and journals.

The history of the *Public Advertiser*, in which the seventy letters of Junius appeared, has been told so repeatedly in connection with the controversies respecting the authorship of those celebrated pieces of invective, that it is quite unnecessary to say any thing about it here. The career of the modern daily newspaper press of the metropolis may be said to commence with the publication of the *Morning Chronicle*, in 1769. The *Chronicle* was started in great measure for the purpose of publishing the parliamentary debates, in defiance of the standing orders and resolutions of the two Houses. Such scanty reports as appeared had previously been chiefly confined to "allegorical" sketches in monthly and annual publications. The mainstay of the *Morning Chronicle* was William Woodfall, whose memory was of a quality which Major Beniowski himself might envy. Mr. Woodfall used to go down to the House, and after standing listening for hours, with no sort of accommodation, retire to his office and write out a report of the proceedings. His reports were necessarily very brief, and sometimes did not appear for a day or two after the delivery of the speeches. This, however, was rapidity and completeness compared with the old plan of publishing the debates in an allegorical form (through fear of the penalties) in monthly and annual periodicals.

After some time, Woodfall left the *Chronicle*, and established a paper of his own, called the *Diary*, which failed in consequence of Perry—the famous “Perry of the *Chronicle*”—having struck out the new and superior system of reporting “in turns,” whereby the debating was reported in parts by several persons. This plan enabled the printers to produce the paper with the debate in a few hours after the delivery of the speeches—a vast step in advance, which established the prosperity of the *Morning Chronicle*, but would have been impossible before the standing orders against reporting had been suffered to become a dead letter.

The introduction of systematic reporting, and of free and independent comments on public men and events, soon brought the newspaper press into unprecedented repute and prosperity. The *Morning Post*, which, dating from 1772, is, amongst the daily journals, next in seniority after the *Chronicle*, was for a long time rather a sporting than a fashionable paper. Fifty years ago the *Post* was probably at the head of the London press in point of circulation. Its income from sale of copies was large, its receipts from advertisements something enormous; and it is said that the *British Press*, morning paper, long since defunct, and the *Globe*, evening paper, which still maintains a prosperous existence, were set up by the bookselling interest in opposition to the *Morning Post* and *Courier*, because these two journals, owned by the brothers Dan and Peter Stuart, did not please the powerful biblioplists in the mode of writing their advertisements. Coleridge and Charles Lamb are amongst the notabilities who contributed to the *Morning Post*. This paper was directly or indirectly the parent of several; amongst others, of the *Morning Herald*, which was started in 1780, by the too notorious, duel-fighting clergyman, Dudley Ball, in consequence of his disagreeing with his co-conductors of the former paper.

That great event in the newspaper annals, the first publication of the *Times*, took place on the 1st of January, 1788. It is therefore approaching the round age of sixty-seven years. Mr. John Walter, father of Mr. John Walter who made the fortune of the paper, and grandfather of Mr. John Walter, its present proprietor, was the original projector and proprietor. It consisted of four small pages, each containing, on an average, less than half the quantity of matter comprised in a page of the *Times* of 1854. There were sixty-three advertisements, a fair mis-

cellany of general news, poetry, and light gossip. Its full title was “*The Times, or Daily Universal Register*, printed logographically;” and the imprint informs us that it was “Printed for J. Walter, at the Logographic Press, Printing-House Square, near Apothecaries’ Hall, Blackfriars, where advertisements, essays, letters, and articles of intelligence will be taken in; also at Mr. Metteneus’s, confectioner, Charing Cross; Mr. Whitecarese’s, No. 30, opposite St. Dunstan’s Church, Fleet Street; Mr. Axtell’s, No. 1, Finch Lane, Cornhill; at Mr. Bushby’s, No. 1, Catharine Street, Strand; Mr. Rose’s, silk-dyer, Spring Gardens; and Mr. Grives’s, stationer, No. 103, corner of Fountain Court, Strand.” This humble and anxious direction, to the silk-dyers and the other shops where the paper could be heard of, presents an amusing contrast to its high tone at the present time. The outlandish expression, “logographic printing,” refers to a peculiar system which Mr. Walker had taken up, and which he made strenuous, but ultimately unsuccessful, attempts to bring into favor, though it is once more, after a sleep of fifty or sixty years, again made the subject of agitation under the auspices of Mr. Greene, the member for Kilkenny.

The original name of the paper had been the *Universal Register*, and the reason for the change of title is given in an elaborate essay of very labored facetiousness, of which the following extracts are specimens. We retain the italics, in which the writer indicates his shrewd jokes:

The *Universal Register* has been a name as injurious to the logographic newspaper as Tristram was to Mr. Shandy’s son. But Old Shandy forgot he might have rectified by confirmation the mistake of the parson at baptism—with the touch of a bishop, turn Tristram to Tristmegegestus.

The *Times*!—what a monstrous name! Granted—for the *Times* is a many-headed monster, that speaks with an hundred tongues, and displays a thousand characters; and, in the course of its transformations in life, assumes innumerable shapes and humors.

The critical reader will observe we personify our new name, but as we give it no distinction of sex, and though it will be active in its vocations, yet we apply to it the neuter gender.

The *Times*, being formed of materials and possessing qualities of opposite and heterogeneous natures, cannot be classed either in the animal or vegetable genus, but, like the polypus, is doubtful, and in the discussion, description, dissection, and illustration, will employ the pens of the most celebrated amongst the literati.”

The indefatigable joker, not content with treating his readers to these laughter-com-

selling specimens of his wit, must take a fling at his contemporaries, whom he "wakes up" in this brisk fashion :

The alteration we have made in our head is not without precedents. The *World* has parted with half its *caput mortuum*, and a moiety of its brains. The *Herald* has cut off half its head, and has lost its original humor. The *Post*, it is true, retains its whole head, and its old features ; and as to the other public prints, they appear as having neither heads nor tails.

To people accustomed to regard with a reverential awe the majestic mystery which now enwraps the commanding "we" of the leading journal, these gentle artifices of the good old printer to woo the smiles of his "noble and generous patrons," will sound strangely enough. The enemies of the paper will probably be ready to admit that one portion, at least, of the prospectus has been borne out by results—that which announces that "The *political head* of the *Times*, like that of *Janus*, the Roman deity (erudite explanation!), is double-faced," whilst its admirers will be equally ready to accept the description interpreting it in a sense complimentary to the patriotism and independence of the paper.

It was in the hands of the second John Walter that the *Times* attained its popularity and its decided lead amongst the morning papers. In its course towards this goal it had undergone many vicissitudes. Mr. Walter, senior, was repeatedly fined heavily for libel, and underwent lengthened imprisonment, besides being sentenced to stand in the pillory for saying sundry unpleasant things about the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Clarence, and other scions of royalty. On one occasion, he was sixteen months in Newgate ; but it is said the pillory sentence was never carried out. He made many efforts, and almost exhausted his pecuniary resources, in the introduction of machine-printing, and at length had the satisfaction of effecting his object.

Several morning papers have been set on foot since the establishment of the *Times*, some of them, the *New Times* in particular, for the avowed purpose of competing with it ; but though enormous sums were expended on the new journals, none of them succeeded, with the exception of the *Morning Advertiser*, which has thriven on the support of the licensed victuallers ; and the *Daily News*, established about eight years ago, with an unprecedented phalanx of literary genius. But literary genius alone will not

sustain a morning paper, as was tried and proved in the *Daily News*, which long hung doubtfully in the scales of life or death, and, after sundry Protean evolutions, and an expenditure (it has been said) of some £80,000, only succeeded in placing itself on a sound basis by strengthening its commercial character, at the sacrifice of some of its peculiar literary pretensions.

The evening papers at present in existence are (besides the *Shipping Gazette*, a purely class publication) the *Globe*, to which allusion has already been made, the *Sun*, the *Express*, which is nearly an abbreviated reprint of the *Daily News*, and the *Standard*, which is chiefly a reprint of the *Morning Herald*. The *Sun* and *Express* are of Liberal politics, whilst the *Standard* takes the extreme Conservative side. The *Courier* was formerly a leading evening paper, and enjoyed an enormous circulation ; but it changed sides so repeatedly as to disgust the public, and some years ago ceased to exist. One of the curious reminiscences of the early history of the defunct *Courier*, is the occasion on which the law officers of the Crown came forward with plethoric zeal to prosecute it for criticizing the conduct of the Russian Autocrat of the day. The *Courier* had said, that "the Emperor of Russia was a tyrant among his subjects, and ridiculous to the rest of Europe." For this the proprietor was prosecuted by the British Government lawyers, and sentenced to pay a fine of £100, to be imprisoned for six months, and to find bail for his good behavior for five years. But editors have on innumerable occasions undergone severe punishment on pretexts still more unsubstantial than this. Indeed, the history of newspaper progress, down so late as the close of the reign of George IV., is continually varied by passages illustrative of the efforts of governments to check, intimidate, and put down free expression of thought ; with what success is confessed in the fact that such a thing as a government prosecution of a newspaper, or indeed of any printed publication, is now virtually unknown.

Springing from very humble beginnings, the newspaper press has, within a century, but more especially within the last half-century, risen into a power which, but for those internal divisions amongst its component members, which is its inseparable characteristic, would be stronger than all the other estates of the realm put together. Public opinion, it is abundantly certain, is the all-potent lever in England ; and a united newspaper press could weld and wield public opinion at its

pleasure. Happily, however—and we use the adverb in a strong conviction of its truth—happily, we say, there never has been, and never can be, in an age of rational freedom, such a thing as a united or unanimous newspaper press. Discussion—discord if you will—is the food on which it thrives. Potent as is the engine of newspaper advocacy, it is an engine which, more certainly than almost any other, is always to be created, purchased, and commanded by talent and capital; so that different principles, and parties, and opinions, will always have their representatives in the press.

To say this, is not to impute corruption or dishonesty to the writers of newspapers, any more than to run into the fulsome cant of ascribing to them any peculiar degree of magnanimity and purity greater than is possessed by other people. There is no reason to suppose that newspaper conductors are more or less anxious than their neighbors of other callings to make the most of their opportunities of self-advancement and aggrandizement; there is no reason to think that in this respect they are more or less scrupulous than others. The rational probability is, that with respect to their political course, they find themselves as individuals generally arrayed on the side which their sincere predilections would induce them to take, though there are signal instances on record in which it requires a liberal expenditure of charity to admit that this could have been the case.

In fine, nothing in the world is a more settled law of cause and effect than the truism, that the amount of "talent" which a news-

paper proprietor can enlist for the advocacy or denunciation of any particular views, is regulated inexorably by that of the money which he is prepared to pay for it.

These very characteristics are amongst the circumstances which impart to the power exercised by the press, a greater degree of safety than could accompany the working of any other engine of equal aggregate force. It is a system of balance and counterbalance, in which the effect of irregularities and vagaries is, in the long run, controlled and moderated as certainly as the mobility of water tends to a quiet level, or as the exceptions in a mortality table are brought into harmony with whole results by the infallible operation of the general law of averages. The empire of the press will ever be a divided empire—an empire of rival and vigilant interests; and in such rivalry and mutual watchfulness lies a well-proved guarantee of its working on the whole for good.

For the present, we conclude our notes on the newspaper press. This article might be extended by a vast variety of interesting information, which would refer, amongst other subjects, to many of the most celebrated journalists who have occupied in their day a prominent place in the public attention; but we have already somewhat exceeded our prescribed limits. These personal anecdotes and sketches, as well as certain illustrations of the causes which have led to the recent enormous impulse to the circulation of newspapers, including that powerful and talented body, the "weeklies," must be reserved for a future opportunity.

#### BRITISH INMATES OF LUNATIC ASYLUMS.—

At the period of the Census, there were in the various lunatic asylums and other institutions for the reception of the insane in Great Britain, 18,803 persons; 8990 males, and 9804 females. The proportion which the lunatics in asylums bears to the general population, is 1 in every 1115 inhabitants in Great Britain. To every 100,000 males and 100,000 females living, there were 88 males and 91 females in these institutions. The former occupations of lunatics will be examined

with interest. It will be seen that the educated and professional classes furnish many cases of insanity: of clergymen and ministers, 84 are returned; barristers and solicitors, 88; physicians and surgeons, 108; officers of the army and navy, 95; the East India service, 118; schoolmasters and teachers, 258. Amongst the largest items are, laborers, 1794; female domestic servants, 1763; shoemakers, 364; weavers, 240; and tailors, 224.—*Census Report.*

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## ANNE OF AUSTRIA, AND VOLTAIRE.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA, eldest daughter of Philip III. of Spain, and Queen of Louis XIII. of France, appears to have been a very ambiguous character. Some historians contend for her immaculate virtue, while others speak freely of her to an opposite extreme. Perhaps, as in many other cases, the truth lies in a medium. Born in 1601, she was married at fifteen, to a spouse five days younger than herself—a precocious union, in which all thought of mutual liking was more completely set aside than is usual, even in royal alliances. The natural consequence was, that they led an unhappy life, and in a short time seldom met, except upon public occasions. When, after a nominal union of twenty-three years, Louis XIV. was born, the event was so extraordinary and unlooked for, that the ready tongue of scandal whispered more than doubts of the royal infant's legitimacy. The Queen was suspected of an undue partiality for Gaston of Orleans, her husband's brother; but no evidence was ever produced beyond her affable demeanor. This of itself was sufficient to rouse the King's jealousy, which he thought became his dignity, although his heart had no interest in the matter. There was reasonable color for the suspicion, notwithstanding, for when the King fell dangerously ill in 1630, and his life was despaired of, a marriage by mutual consent was talked of between the widow expectant and the heir presumptive. Cardinal Richelieu hated the Queen, did all in his power to ruin her, and for a series of years subjected her to a harassing and unmanly persecution. If we could believe secret anecdotes, and the court gossip of the day, he had been treated with contempt, and exposed to ridicule in a manner which a haughty and vindictive spirit, such as he possessed, was not likely to forgive. Whatever might be her imperfections or weaknesses, the Queen was endowed with beauty, grace, gentleness of manner, a sweet temper, and an amiable disposition. The king-minister—who, as he

said himself, covered all scruples of conscience with his cardinal's robe—fell in love with the Queen, and committed himself so far as unequivocally to declare his passion. Anne appeared to encourage his hopes, merely to turn him into ridicule. Such was her ascendancy over that strong mind, and the influence of the passion which he suffered to obscure his reason, that he was persuaded to appear in the presence of her majesty, and dance a saraband in the costume of Scaramouch. At the appointed time, he caused himself to be conveyed secretly to the palace in a sedan-chair,\* masked, and enveloped in a large cloak. The exhibition was to be perfectly private, and the Queen the only spectator; but when the infatuated politician was executing one of his happiest pirouettes, and the Queen imperfectly endeavored to suppress her laughter, his quick ears caught an accompanying titter, which proceeded from the ladies in waiting and maids of honor, concealed purposely behind the arras. He saw at once that he had been made a dupe and a victim. With unutterable vexation at his heart, and a deep scowl of malignity on his countenance, he rushed from the apartment to concoct plans of vengeance, from which he never afterwards relented for a moment. Thenceforward the unhappy Queen was constantly exposed to visits of scrutiny from the chancellor, and examinations before the presidents of the Parliament, on the pretence of being concerned in Spanish plots against the existing administration. These inflictions were enforced with personal rudeness, under the alleged sanction of the King's authority. Her strong box was broken open; her presses forced and searched; the daring insolence

\* So called from Sedan on the Meuse, in France, where they were originally fabricated. The Duke of Buckingham imported the first to England in the reign of James I. His appearance in it created great indignation amongst the lower orders, who exclaimed that he was employing his fellow-creatures to do the service of beasts.

was even carried so far as to ransack her pockets, and to look under her neckhandkerchief. The most faithful domestics were torn away from her, some immured in dungeons, and others treated with savage barbarity. On one of these trying occasions, when Richelieu himself superintended the proceedings, she lost her habitual self-command, and, bursting into an ecstasy of tears, exclaimed, "*Monseigneur le Cardinal, Dieu ne paye pas toutes les semaines, mais enfin il paye.*" ("My Lord Cardinal, God does not settle his accounts with mankind every week, but at last he winds them up effectually.") Yet this princess, in spite of the cruel treatment she received from Richelieu, was still so conscious of his great talents for legislation, that, on seeing a picture of him soon after she became regent of France, she remarked, "If Richelieu had lived till this time, he would have been more powerful than ever."

Nothing is more certain than that Anne of Austria treated the overtures of Richelieu with contempt and derision. It is not so clear that she was equally deaf to George Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham, who, by his influence with two successive monarchs—James and Charles,—ruled over Great Britain as despotically as the Cardinal governed France. We are so accustomed to associate with this celebrated favorite the idea of a worthless court-minion, swayed by caprice and evil passions, caring for nothing but his own selfish pleasures, and regardless of the public interest, that we are scarcely prepared for the eulogium pronounced on his character by a grave and conscientious historian, Lord Clarendon, who, in a comparison between this nobleman and the Earl of Essex, observes, after praising the Duke's extreme affability and gentleness to all men, "He had, besides, such a tenderness and compassion in his nature, that such as think the laws dead if they are not severely executed, censured him for being too merciful; but his charity was grounded upon a wiser maxim of state: *Non minus turpe principi multa supplicia, quam medico multa funera.* He believed, doubtless, that hanging was the worst use man could be put to."<sup>\*</sup> Buckingham, on his last fatal journey to Portsmouth, was intercepted on the road by an old woman, who told him she had heard some desperate persons vow to

kill him. He laughed, and disregarded the intelligence, as Cæsar neglected the augury respecting the ides of March. His nephew, Lord Fielding, riding in company with him, desired him to exchange doublets, and to let him have his blue ribbon; and undertook to muffle himself up in such a manner that he should be mistaken for the Duke. The Duke immediately caught him in his arms, saying that he could not accept of such an offer from a nephew whose life he valued as highly as his own. Yet the unbridled passions of Buckingham involved two great nations in war, and occasioned the loss of many thousand lives. Being sent to Paris with a complimentary embassy on the occasion of his master's marriage with Henrietta Maria, and to conduct the bride elect to England, he was bold enough to fall in love with the Queen of Louis XIII., and had the hardihood to declare himself, plainly, in an interview which he obtained by artifice. The Marchioness de Senecy, lady of honor, who was present, thinking the conversation too long, placed herself in the Queen's armchair, who that day was in bed, only with a view of preventing the Duke from approaching too closely; and when she saw that he had entirely lost all self-command, and burst forth into the rhapsodies of a passionate lover, she interrupted him with a severe look, saying, "Hold your tongue, sir, and remember that a Queen of France is not to be spoken to in that strain." This fact, which seems somewhat romantic, is attested by Giovanni Battista Nani, an Italian historian of good repute, who distinguished himself in an important mission from the Republic of Venice to the French Court. Madame de Motteville seems to confirm it in her Memoirs, for she says, that when the court went as far as Amiens, to accompany Madame Henrietta Maria, who was going to marry the King of England, the Duke of Buckingham found an opportunity to obtain a moment's private conversation with the Queen, during which that princess was obliged to exclaim and call for her equerry. She adds, also, that when the audacious envoy took leave of the Queen, he kissed her gown, and let fall some tears. According to this retailer of court gossip, it was Madame de Launay, and not the Marchioness de Senecy, who was seated near the Queen's bed, when the Duke, transported beyond reason with his passion, having left Henrietta Maria at Boulogne, came back under pretence of some forgotten affairs, but in reality to see her majesty. Other authorities say

<sup>\*</sup> This saying has been borrowed from Clarendon by recent penmen of note, without acknowledgment.

that the King, who, when the royal cortège returned from the journey, was informed of every minute transaction that had taken place, and a great deal more which never occurred, discharged several of the Queen's servants, including her equerry, physician, and secretary, Laporte, who has also contributed some curious memoirs.

Richelieu, who received intelligence of all that happened within the court circle sooner than the King himself, conceived an inordinate jealousy of the pretensions of Buckingham, and before long made his rival feel the weight of his power. The Duke having shortly after got himself named to a second embassy for France, merely to have an opportunity of again pressing his suit to the Queen, he was peremptorily forbidden to set his foot within the kingdom. Hence the succors granted by the English to the Huguenots of Rochelle. Nani, mentioned above, says of this fact, "Richelieu and Buckingham were appointed one against the other, barefacedly, for reasons kept so much more under secret as they were rash in themselves; and afterwards the people had to pay out of their pockets for the follies and quarrels of these two rivals." Hume, without hesitation, ascribes the rupture between England and France to the personal rivalry of the two ministers. The jealousy of the Cardinal became the more inflamed as he knew the Duke had been seen and received with favorable eyes. Our English historian maintains that the apparent merit of Buckingham made some impression on the Queen, and created "that attachment of the soul which conceals so many dangers under a delicious surface." The list is almost endless, of public calamities emanating from private jealousy, where women are concerned, and passion is seconded by power. The next compiler should remember to include this memorable instance in the amended catalogue.

Buckingham "swore a great oath" that he would see the Queen, in spite of all the power of France. Accordingly, he excited a war, very much against the wishes of the nation, the consequences of which neither enabled him to fulfil his vow, nor add anything to his honor. Beaten in an attempt to take the Isle of Rhé, and losing many of his troops, he was compelled to return to England, a baffled commander, and found himself, in consequence, a little more hated than he was before. (The Parliament, already at variance with the King, spoke out plainly, and expressed the most unqualified indignation at seeing the people made "the victims

of the frivolous gallantries of a favorite, and of his childish caprices."

Soon after this, Richelieu laid siege to Rochelle. The beleaguered Huguenots sent to England, imploring fresh assistance. Buckingham, animated by the keenest stimulants—love and jealousy, and even more by the ambition of repairing his recent defeat, prepared quickly a considerable fleet, which, had it been despatched at once, might have destroyed the Cardinal's schemes, overthrown his great enterprise, and ruined his fortune. In this crisis, the Queen was compelled to use her individual influence, and to write to the Duke, begging of him to suspend his armament. He received the missive with the obedience of a lover, countermanded the sailing of the ships, and suffered the glory of his antagonist to be consummated by the conquest of Rochelle. Anne of Austria must have given some tokens that the gallantry of Buckingham was not offensive to her, or Voiture\* would hardly have dared to allude to the subject in an impromptu which he addressed to her when, one day, seeing him walking alone in a gallery of the palace, she asked him of what he was thinking. The rhyming wit answered, without hesitation:—

"Je pensois (car nous autres poëtes  
Nous pensons extravagamment),  
Ce que, dans l'humeur où vous êtes,  
Vous fieriez, si dans ce moment  
Vous aviez en cette place  
Venir le Duc de Buckingham;  
Et lequel seroit en disgrâce,  
De lui, ou du Père Vincent."<sup>†</sup>

Wherever Anne of Austria inspired love, she was so unfortunate as to bring disaster also, as in the earlier case of Mary of Scotland. The Marquis de Jarsay, who united with his personal graces all the talents and ornaments of the most accomplished mind, and was, besides, a favorite of the great Condé, was imprudent enough to suffer himself to be seized with a foolish *penchant* for the Queen, and had the additional fatuity to persuade himself that she looked upon him with a partial eye. He was bold enough to speak, even to write; and, in short, in a fit of his frenetic passion, carried things so far as to bide himself behind the curtains of her majesty's bed. Full of indignation, she forbade him ever again to appear before her—

\* A celebrated poet and *littérateur* of his day as well as an accomplished courtier. He became master of the ceremonies to Gaston, Duke of Orleans, the King's brother.

† The Queen's confessor.

a punishment singularly mild, when compared to the audacity of the offence. Nevertheless, the Prince de Condé, proud, absolute, and who paid respect to nothing but his own will, took openly the part of his favorite. It is said that he insisted, in the most imperative manner, that the Queen should admit De Jarsay to her presence. But even Condé here exceeded the verge of his influence. The Queen resisted, and the Prince was imprisoned, as a consequence of persevering in his disloyal interference.

According to the conflicting anecdotes of the day, which are to be ferreted out by those patient investigators who have time, leisure, and taste for the examination of family history, Anne of Austria was not always so severe as she is here represented. The libellous pamphlets which were published at the time of the Fronde, accuse her of having exceeded ordinary good nature and friendship in her intercourse with Cardinal Mazarin. But it would be cruel injustice to give implicit credit to hired partisans, who, from political animosity, crusade against every thing but their own avowed principles and objects, and are ever ready to change white into black, or to displace truth for falsehood, to serve a political purpose. That the attachment of the Queen for this cardinal, successor to Richelieu (who possessed all the cunning and finesse of his predecessor, with much of his ability, and very little of his boldness), was carried to a great extreme, is certain; but the quality of the *liaison* is not so easily determined—it might be Platonic, criminal, or matrimonial. The weight of evidence inclines to the latter solution; but, in either case, the attachment was absolute and enduring, and led to all the misfortunes which beset France during the minority of Louis XIV., and especially to the civil wars of the Fronde. Madame the Duchess de Baviere says in her letters, "The Abbé — was detected in an intrigue. Anne of Austria, however, did much worse—she was not contented with intriguing with Cardinal Mazarin, she married him." This she could do, if she pleased, without infringing the ordinances of the Church, for Mazarin was only a secular cardinal, and had never taken priest's orders. Whatever might be their relative position, he soon quarrelled with the Queen, and used her as ill as if they had been actually married, and he was tired of her. Yet, in opposition to this deduction, when Mazarin sounded her respecting the marriage of Louis XIV. with one of his nieces, she rejected the idea with becoming indignation.

"I am afraid," says the Cardinal, fencing, as he approached the subject, "that the King's passion will hurry him on to marry my niece." The Queen, who knew every movement of the minister's mind, was not cajoled by this affectation, but saw at once that in his heart he wished what he pretended to fear. The wily Italian had already married another niece to the Prince de Conti (brother of Condé, but far from being of the same reputation); a second to the Duc de Mercœur; and this, the third, of whom Louis XIV. was enamored, had been refused to Charles II., when in exile, and half proposed to Richard Cromwell, during the protectorate of his father. Voltaire plainly calls all these young ladies the daughters of the Cardinal; and although his general veracity as a historian is of the lowest order, the chances are, that in this particular instance he speaks the truth. The Queen replied to the suggestion of Mazarin with the dignity of a princess of the Austrian blood, who was the daughter, wife, and mother of a sovereign; and with the contempt she had now conceived for the man and the minister, who had forgotten his obligations, and affected no longer to depend on her. "If the King," said she, "should show himself capable of committing such a dishonorable and degrading action, I would put myself and my second son at the head of the whole French nation against him and you!" Mazarin never pardoned her; but he was too prudent not to conform to her sentiments, so powerfully expressed. He made a merit of necessity, and assumed credit for opposing, from that time forward, the King's passion. In fact, he feared the haughty character of his niece, who was very capable, when raised to the summit of power, of forgetting the ladder by which she had ascended. Mazarin was never honest; his life was a tissue of falsehood; and his last act, of giving his accumulated wealth to the King, was done under the impression that his majesty would restore the gift, which he did, after three days' deliberation.\* To be invariably deceitful, is as great an error in politics as to be systematically straightforward. So says Machiavelli, a great master in the complicated science. Mazarin bequeathed to Louis a better legacy than money—namely, his dying

\* Mazarin had contrived to amass above 200,000,000 of livres, nearly eight millions and a half sterling (£8,500,000)! This enormous sum was supposed to be acquired by indirect means. In his avarice he was the opposite of Richelieu, who was prodigal of money, and only valued it as a means by which to accomplish his ends.

advice, never again to have a prime minister to rule over him.

Richelieu, the bitter and persevering enemy of Anne of Austria, died in December, 1642. The King, Louis XIII., who was attacked by a mortal disease nearly at the same time, followed him to the grave in May, 1643. When on his death-bed, not having summoned the Queen to a parting adieu, she despatched Monsieur de Chavigny to demand pardon for all that had ever offended him in her conduct, and to implore him to believe that she had no participation in the conspiracy of Chalais against his life, and that she never contemplated a marriage with his brother. Louis received her ambassador with coldness. "In the state to which I am reduced," said he, "it is my duty to pardon, but I cannot believe her." The Cardinal, though hated and feared, was admired in life, and remembered long after his death. The King, whom he had reduced to a nonentity, was forgotten almost before he was buried. As he disliked and despised his wife, he was determined, if possible, to leave her no power over his infant heir, and by his last will appointed a Regency, in which (although she was not totally excluded) her power was so limited as to be little better than nominal. But the monarch, who was ill obeyed when living, was not likely to be treated with much respect when numbered with the things which had been. His widow had interest enough to cause the will of her deceased husband to be annulled, within four and twenty hours after his death, by a decree of the parliament of Paris. She had the precedent of Mary de Medicis, who, after the death of Henry IV., had been declared unlimited regent during the minority of her son. The precedent was admitted, and custom, by which the Regency was bestowed on the King's mother, passed into a law almost as fundamental as the Salic ordinance by which women were excluded entirely from the succession. Riencourt, in his "History of Louis XIV.," says the will of Louis XIII. was confirmed in parliament for so much of it as related to the Queen being named in the Regency, but that portion was entirely abrogated which limited her authority, or encumbered with a council. Thus the only act of justice which this unamiable monarch, mis-called by strange perversion, *Louis the Just*, had ever executed, was set aside, while the evils he had done the state remained in full activity, and prepared the way for heavier calamities, under which the nation was doomed to suffer for the next century and a half.

The infant king was only four years and a half old when his mother commenced her Regency. The ceremony of her installation, according to the then existing forms, carried with it an air of inexpressible absurdity. A solemn *bed of justice* (the highest court held under the old French monarchy) was convened; the royal child was placed on an elevated throne, surrounded by all the magnates of the land; he was made to say, that he accorded the regency to his mother, and to go through a form of signing his name to a document. A chancellor on his knees received the sovereign's ordinance, and repeated aloud the express command of the king. Then all bent their heads and knees in token of obedience, the little puppet was carried away to the nursery, and the Queen assumed her seat. The farce seemed almost as preposterous as the elevation of Caligula's charger to the senate and consulship.

According to Voltaire, Anne at the same time made Mazarin master of France and of herself. He had previously obtained that power over her which an artful man will readily acquire over a woman, born without strength sufficient to govern, yet with constancy enough to make a choice and persist in it. Other memoirs state that Mazarin owed his elevation to the failure of Potier, Bishop of Beauvais, whom she had at first chosen for minister, but who broke down under the arduous office for want of capacity. He retained the name of minister for some time, that the nation might not be shocked too suddenly by an immediate choice of a duplicate cardinal, who was also a foreigner. But whatever might be the deficiencies of Potier, he could scarcely have been such a fool as to commence his short ministry by declaring to the Hollanders, that the only terms on which they could hope to continue in alliance with France would be by the entire nation becoming Roman Catholics. To have been consistent, he must have announced the same ultimatum to the Swedes. Yet grave historians have repeated this absurdity, and adopted it as a fact. So much for trusting popular reports, which are either invented altogether, or purposely exaggerated.

It is too difficult for decision to state what Mazarin was—all that posterity can be sure of is, what he did. At first he affected moderation, and appeared with a retinue as modest as that of Richelieu had been ostentatious. He assumed, in his manner, affability and complaisance on all those occasions where his great predecessor had displayed inflexible pride and haughtiness. The Queen

was anxious to render her government popular, and in this she was supported by Gaston, Duke of Orleans, brother to the late King, and the renowned Prince de Condé, for the present her friends, and who appeared to have no emulation but in serving the state. But matters did not long go on harmoniously. Taxes became necessary to support the wars against Spain and the Emperor, and places were created to feed the patronage of the court. The parliament refused to ratify the claims of the ministry, and a *casus belli civilis* was very soon established. As usual, the immediate cause arose out of a trifle. Broussell, Counsellor-clerk of the great Chamber of Peers, a man without capacity, note, or merit, known only for his unvarying opposition to the court, being seized on a slight pretence, the people rose in insurrection, and gave way to more violent grief than if the best monarch in the world had been suddenly snatched from them by death. To this they were stirred up by the coadjutor to the Archbishop of Paris, John Francis Paul de Gondi, afterwards Cardinal de Retz, a remarkable, though unscrupulous man, daring, turbulent, and ambitious; a sort of Catiline in the seventeenth century, and the first bishop who carried on a civil war without the convenient mask of religion. At twenty-three he headed a conspiracy against the life of Richelieu, and after engaging in many intrigues, amatory as well as political, and fighting several duels, preached to the people as a reformer, repented of his debaucheries, which had injured his constitution, became Archbishop of Corinth, and a Prince of the Church. His latter years were tolerably respectable, and made some atonement for his early irregularities. He died in 1679, having written his Memoirs, in which he delineates his own character and actions with more impartiality than autobiographers usually display when writing of themselves. At the period of which we are treating, he set himself up as a popular demagogue, excited the parliament and the people against the court and the government, and led the way to the domestic troubles which so long harassed and depopulated France, under the designation of the war of the *Fronde*; a congenial successor to the earlier rebellion of the *League*.

Two authorities, expressly established to maintain peace—an archbishop and a parliament—having declared war, the people naturally considered every description of violence as not only tolerated but commanded. The Queen dared not appear in public for fear of outrageous insult. She was universally

called "Dame Anne;" and if any other epithet was added, it never failed to be coarse and unmannerly. Songs and ballads derogatory to her virtue were sung under the palace windows; and all the scurrilous wit of the time was lavished in lampoons on her and her reputed paramour, the Cardinal. In these disturbances, the royal family fled from Paris, and returned; fled a second time, and a second time came back again. Condé was their spear and shield for a while; but, disgusted with Mazarin, he ridiculed him, and changed sides when persecuted in his turn. Some of the conflicts that took place would have been utterly ridiculous but for the great names that were mixed up on either side. De Retz had a regiment under his own command, which was denominated the "Regiment of Corinth," because their colonel was titular Archbishop of Corinth. These Parisian John Gilpins numbered one thousand men, gayly caparisoned, and fluttering in feathers and embroidery. The Prince de Condé besieged three hundred thousand citizens with eight thousand regular soldiers. The former came out to fight, but their hearts quailed, and they fled upon the approach of only two hundred of the royal army. The valorous Regiment of Corinth gave way before a section of forty, commanded by a sub-lieutenant. The profane wits christened this defeat, "*The First Epistle to the Corinthians*." The coadjutor-archbishop took his seat in parliament with the handle of a poniard peeping from out the pocket of his cassock. "See!" said some lookers-on, "there is our archbishop's breviary!" In the midst of all this confusion, the nobility assembled in a body at the monastery of the Augustines, and could find nothing more important to occupy their attention than a debate on a *tubaret*, or permission of sitting down before the Queen, which her majesty had granted to Madame de Pons. The national levity was never more strongly characterized. Voltaire, though questionable in his facts, is acute in his observations. He says, "The civil dissensions which raged in England precisely at the same time, may serve extremely well to show the distinctive features of the two nations. The English, in their domestic discords, exhibited a sombre cruelty and a sensible madness; their battles were bloody; they decided all things by a direct appeal to the sword; scaffolds were erected for the vanquished; their king, being seized as a prisoner, was

brought before a court of justice, questioned concerning the abuse of his power, of which he had been before accused, condemned to lose his head, and was executed in presence of his people, with great order, and the same formality of justice as if it had been the execution of one of his subjects; nor was London, in the course of these sad disorders, ever in the least sensible of, or affected by, the calamities which are the ordinary concomitants and consequences of civil wars."

The French, on the contrary, precipitated themselves into seditions through mere wantonness and caprice; women were ever at the head of factions, and cabals were formed and dissipated by love. The Duchesse de Longueville engaged Turenne, then just made a marshal of France by Mazarin, to cause the army, which he commanded for the King, to revolt. Turenne failed in this, and quitted that army, of which he was general, to please a woman who sought only to make him a political tool, and laughed at his passion. As a just retribution, he was afterwards defeated at Rhétel by the Marshal Du Plessis-Praslin. When the Marshal d'Hocquincourt took Peronne, he dedicated his conquest to the Duchesse de Montbazou in these words—"Peronne is surrendered to the fairest of the fair." The Duke de la Rochefacault, wounded in the battle of the Faubourg de St. Antoine, and temporarily deprived of his sight, addressed the following couplet to the Duchesse de Longueville:—

"To please her bright eyes, gain the heaven of  
her love,  
I have warr'd against kings, and would war  
against Jove."

The effects, immediate and remote—the memorials of all these troubles, have passed away with succeeding races and new institutions. Two phrases still perpetuate them, which were created at the time. The partisans of Condé were called *Petits-Maitres*, because they desired to become masters of the state; the name is now applied to finical, conceited youths of good families, with slenderly furnished brains. The Parliamentarians and populace were denominated *Frondeurs*, from *fronde*, a sling, as if they hurled opposition in the teeth of the Government. The term at present is used to signify the grumblers and dissatisfied, who find fault with every thing, and resemble the drunken chartist who, not

many years ago, paraded the streets of London, vociferating, "No Queen!—no Constitution!—no nothing at all!"

When peace was restored, the Queen-Regent sacrificed Mazarin to the clamors of the people, as Charles I. had surrendered Strafford and Laud to the same senseless but controlling outcry. When the young King attained his majority, he recalled him, as if so long accustomed to fetters, that unscrewing them was a punishment. He came back more powerful than ever, and the Queen-mother, no longer regent, felt that he had got beyond her. Mazarin died in 1661. Anne of Austria survived him five years, and died in 1666, aged sixty-five. She had long suffered under the agony of an incurable cancer. When her son assumed the reins of government, on the death of the Cardinal, she quitted the bustling arena of politics, on which she had played such an active part, and dedicated the remainder of her days to pious exercises and charitable practice. Her character has been summed up, perhaps with too much severity, by a bitter republican, Louis Prudhomme,\* who promoted the first Revolution by his writings, yet was denounced by Robespierre as a Royalist, and with difficulty made his escape to England. While in London, he published a volume, entitled "The Crimes of the Queens of France, from the Commencement of the Monarchy to Marie Antoinette." This is his portraiture of Anne of Austria, which must be received with due qualification, when we remember the source from whence it emanates:—"Anne of Austria died tranquilly at the court, in her sixty-fifth year, without ever having done any good, while, at the same time, she committed less evil than many others. We cannot discover in her a single virtue, but an abundance of vices and defects; her whole life was passed in intrigues and quarrels, and we may presume she would have been more detestable had her feeble genius not been subjected to the ascendancy of two able men, who felt no disposition to let her participate in the harvest of their own crimes."

\* Prudhomme's mind seems to have had no bias except for the examination of abuses and misdeeds. He wrote innumerable pamphlets, all against the Government; "A General History of the Crimes committed during the Revolution;" and in 1789 established a paper called *The Journals of the Revolutions of Paris*. His selected motto was, "The great seem to us to be great only because we are on our knees—let us rise!" Prudhomme, in spite of his ultra principles, escaped the guillotine, and lived up to eighty-two, dying as recently as 1830.

## VOLTAIRE.

THERE are very few men who have been so much written about, or talked of, as Voltaire; scarcely any who have composed so voluminously themselves, and none whose writings have produced the same amount of mischief. We may safely place him in the front rank of those who have misemployed brilliant talents in the dissemination of unqualified evil. Turn over his seventy volumes, and what can we extract from them that increases our veneration for the Deity, or our respect for man? His philosophy is a compound of glittering, shallow sophistries; his histories are fabulous exaggerations; and his fables are a string of the grossest indecencies, seasoned up to congenial palates by sarcastic wit. His style is the more dangerous and seductive, from being always clear, plausible, and pleasant. He sneers away a moral system in a few pointed words, and shakes a religious creed by a sparkling allegory. He affects no mysticism, and determines to be understood by all who read him. He has no depth of learning, but an infinity of invention, a quick power of applying what he knows, and an unlimited command of language, without effort or study. Dr. Johnson said of him truly, to his antagonist Freron, that "he was a shallow scholar, endowed with a most bitter genius;" and Warburton observed, with no less pleasantry than truth, that "he writes indifferently well upon every thing." Warton and Lord Holland, on the other hand, while eulogizing his unquestioned ability, pronounce him a writer of deep research. He has no belief in honesty or disinterestedness, and laughs at the chimera of moral responsibility. Such a man was admirably adapted, by the general turn of his mind, and the power of his versatile abilities, to ruin a kingdom, overthrow a government, and foment a revolution. Voltaire, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists, accelerated a crisis which would have taken place without them, but was hurried rapidly on by their pernicious doctrines. Voltaire treated of many subjects—history, philosophy, theology; poetry, dramatic, epic, and burlesque; biography, didactic disputation, and romance. On the most opposite topics he displays ever the same want of feeling and absence of human sympathy, the constant sting of sarcasm, the monotonous repetition of dreary unbelief, the constitutional disregard of truth, and the love of startling paradoxes, which he is determined to establish at any cost. His own nature was devoid of generous emotions, and

rendered him skeptical of their existence in others; thus, because the privileged priesthood of his day were corrupt and hypocritical, he rejected the Christianity which they libelled and misrepresented. Madame de Talmond once said to him, "I think, sir, that a true philosopher should never write but to render mankind less vicious and unhappy than they are. Now you do quite the contrary. You are perpetually exclaiming against that religion which alone is able to restrain wickedness, and afford us consolation under the calamities of life." According to Brotier, the infidel was much struck with what the lady had said to him, and replied in excuse, "that he wrote only for those who were of the same opinion with himself." The evasion was as weak as it was insincere. He wrote to gain converts, and unhappily succeeded in drawing thousands to his own views. But this inveterate scoffer, who laughed through a long life at what free-thinkers call superstitious prejudices, trembled in apprehension of the future, when finally summoned to his account. According to the author of the *Galerie de l'Ancienne Cour*, his friend and physician, Tronchin, declared that Voltaire died in a state of despairing perturbation. "*Je meurs abandonné de Dieu et des Hommes!*" exclaimed he, in those awful moments when truth will force its way, and man's boasted pride succumbs to inward conviction. "I could have wished," added Tronchin, "that those who had been perverted by his writings had been present at his death; it was a sight too horrible to support. *On ne pouvoit pas se tenir contre un pareil spectacle!*" Shakespeare's death-bed of Cardinal Beaufort is not a poetical imagination. Cardinal Dubois, the preceptor and minister of the Regent Orleans, died, as Voltaire died after him, in the most horrible tortures of mind and body. This Dubois was a fearful swearer. His papers were always in confusion, and when searching for any particular document, which he never could find, he thundered out anathemas which made the listeners shudder. One of his clerks once had the boldness to say to him, "I wonder your eminence does not engage a man to swear for you—only think how much time you would thus gain for business." Duclos, who filled the office of historiographer of France after Voltaire had resigned it, evidently pointed at his predecessor when he wrote as follows: "I am under the necessity of finding fault with those authors who, on the pretence of combating superstitions (which would be a very

laudable motive if it were restrained within the bounds of virtue and prudence), endeavor to sap the foundations of morality, and loosen the bands of society; the more senseless, as they themselves would be in the most danger, if they were to succeed in making proselytes. The pernicious effects which they produce upon their converts is to render them, in their youth, useless and dangerous citizens and scandalous criminals, and in advanced age wretched and miserable men; for there can be but few of them who, at that time of life, can possess the infamous advantage over their fellows of becoming so completely abandoned as to be careless about the future consequences of their past lives; for, as Juvenal has finely observed—

“Exemplo quodcumque malo committitur, ipsi  
Displacet auctori, prima est hæc ultio, quod æ  
Judice nemo nocens absolvitur.”

Whoe'er commits a crime is sure to feel  
Displeasure at himself; nor can he steel  
His mind 'gainst those compunctions which are  
sent

By guilt itself, as its own punishment;  
Whilst, to increase the anguish of his heart,  
Accusing conscience acts the judge's part.

Voltaire was fond of money, and although he had an ample income, he wrote as much for gain as fame. He brought out a tragedy called *Brutus*, and had a share in a merchant vessel of that name. His tragedy was damned (owing, as he said, to the bad acting of Mademoiselle Dangeville), and his ship made a successful voyage. “Well,” said the wit, “one of my Brutuses has made amends for the other.” He was one of the most extreme sycophants and cringers to kings and the great that ever existed. To their faces, and in his epistolary correspondence with them, he flattered and fawned. Behind their backs he sneered and affected republicanism. “Thanks to fortune,” he wrote to a friend, from Ferney, “I am here without care and without kings.” He published verses in praise of the Duc de Choiseul when he was in power, and afterwards warmly complimented M. de Maupeou who displaced him. M. de Choiseul, to show his contempt at this double-dealing, placed a representation of the head of Voltaire upon a weathercock on one of the wings of his chateau at Chanteloup. When the Emperor Joseph travelled through Switzerland, he neglected to visit Voltaire. He was asked by the learned Baron Haller why he had not called upon that celebrated writer. The Emperor replied, “Had I travelled merely

as a sovereign, I should most assuredly have paid my respects to so distinguished an individual; but I travel as a private gentleman, and am anxious to preserve all the punctilios that are annexed to that character. A gentleman cannot go to see a man who has been caned, and who has been still further disgraced by some decisions of the courts of justice against him.”

The first of his publications which got Voltaire into mischief was the volume entitled “*Lettres Philosophiques*,” which gave such offence by its profanity, that the Parliament of Paris ordered the book to be burnt, and warrants were issued for apprehending the author. He had already been imprisoned in the Bastille for a libel on the government, of which he was guiltless. His heroic poem of the “*Henriade*” recovered his popularity with the court, and brought him a large subscription. This once lauded, but cold, declamatory epic, is now forgotten; few attempt to read it, and a very small proportion have patience to wade through to the end. One of his most detestable productions is the ribald burlesque called “*La Pucelle d'Orleans*,” in which he endeavors to degrade, by ridicule and impurity, the memory of one of the noblest heroines the world has ever produced. No subject is sacred from the lampooner; and such are the lamentable eccentricities of public taste, that educated readers and polite audiences are found to encourage, listen to, and laugh at the most coarse and vulgar travesties of Shakspeare himself.

“*Candide*” is, perhaps, the wittiest book that ever was written. Neither Rabelais nor Swift have any thing to equal it; but the intolerable indecency can only be attractive to incipient rakes, or worn-out sensualists. The ostensible object is the same as that of “*Rasselas*,” but treated with as wide a contrast as the minds and principles of the writers diverged. Dr. Johnson shows the inevitable calamities of life, and reconciles man to them by pious resignation. Voltaire turns every thing into ridicule, and laughs at the decrees of Providence, as if existence was one continued farce, and all the transactions of men a comic pantomime. Every chapter in “*Rasselas*” is a moral; every section of “*Candide*” works up to a heartless jest. In the first work we are taught the important lesson, to be contented within the sphere in which we are placed by the ordinance of an infinite wisdom; in the latter, we are told that we are the helpless victims of caprice or accident. In “*Rasselas*,” the reader is arrested and instructed by reflections

equally awful and profound, often new, and always just; in "Candide," his power of thought is bewildered by provoking mirth; and sympathy for misfortune, pain, suffering, poverty, starvation, and all the deadly evils that can be heaped upon the race of man, is swept away before a torrent of ludicrous associations, and a constant repetition of the most piercing, pungent, and malignant sarcasms on human nature, which must have puzzled even profligacy itself to invent and multiply in such endless variations. Man's weakness and his wants can neither be strengthened nor relieved by unfeeling humor, although his natural preference may be to laugh rather than to weep. It may appear strange, but it is no less true, that there are not wanting critics of fair literary pretension, who have compared "Rasselas" and "Candide," and have given the palm of general merit to the latter.

During the period of Voltaire's intimacy with Frederick the Great, he was intrusted with the task of correcting the monarch's works. When they quarrelled, in due course, and he was commanded to leave the kingdom, he purloined the heavy volumes, intending to make such use of them as might gratify his spleen. The king discovered the theft, and ordered him to be arrested before he reached the frontier. "Get back my books," said he, in his instructions, "and then let him go to the devil." In the "History of his own Times," Frederick had spoken the truth, quite contrary to the usual practice of kings and conquerors, when commenting on their own actions. "I was led away by ambition," said he, "by interest, and by a desire to make myself talked of, and so I entered Silesia. Add, then, to these considerations, an excellent body of troops, ready for action, my treasury full, and the spirit of my character, and who will wonder that I made war against Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary?" The mind of Voltaire was tortuous as a corkscrew; he found this confession too honest and straightforward, and persuaded his royal patron to expunge it. Yet afterwards, when he wanted a moral reflection to wind up a particular subject, he expressed his regret for having given this advice. "For," adds he, "since there have been in the world either conquerors, or men of ardent minds who wished to be conquerors, I believe the King of Prussia is the only person that has fairly entered into the reasons of his conduct. So rare and so open a confession should have gone down to posterity, and have served to make known the grounds of all our wars.

We blockheads, men of letters, poets, historians, makers of academical harangues, celebrate by our pens these great exploits; yet, observe, there is a monarch who performs them, and is the only person to pronounce their condemnation."

Voltaire passed a considerable time in England, and took much trouble to acquire the language, which he spoke fluently, and occasionally ventured to write. We subjoin a letter to Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, as a specimen of his English style. The sentiments go for nothing, as they are evidently tricked up for the occasion:—

"A Monrion pres de Lausanne,  
4 Fevrier, 1756.

"SIR,—I was very sick in the month of January, at the foot of the Alps, when a handsome youth did appear in my cabin, next to Lausanne, and favored me with your kind letter, written in September; the date from Eastbury . . . . The country about Geneva, which you have seen, is now much improved; noble houses are built, large gardens are planted. Those who say the world impairs every day are quite in the wrong—are quite in the wrong as to the natural world; 'tis not the like in the moral and political one. Be what it will, I have pitched upon two retreats on the banks of that lake you are pleased to mention in your letter. Such a country would not, perhaps, agree with a Frenchman of twenty-five; but it is most convenient to old age: when one is past sixty, the place of reason is a private station. Yet, though I am mightily pleased with these lands of peace and freedom, I would gladly visit another land of liberty again before I die. I would have the honor to see you again, and renew to you my sincere and everlasting gratitude for all the tokens of kindness I received from you when I was in London.

"My good countrymen have sometimes upbraided me for having too much of the English spirit in my way of thinking; it should be but just I should pay a visit to those who have drawn that reproach upon me; be sure, dear sir, none was more guilty than you. I hope I should find you in good health, for you are born as sound and strong as nature made me weak and unhealthy. I hope the evening of your day is serene and calm; 'tis the best lot of that hour; you have enjoyed all the rest.

"I am, with the tenderest respect, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

"VOLTAIRE."

All professed letter-writers have an eye to posthumous fame, and indite their epistles with a view to their being kept and circulated by those to whom they are written—a mode of publication which escapes expense and direct responsibility. The apparent ease and light discursive variety of these compositions are laboriously studied; their telling points are arranged and calculated with mathematical precision, and their spontaneous sentiments are elaborately artificial. Madame de Sevigné may be named as an eminent example; Pope supplies another; Swift and Horace Walpole must be added to the list; Gray bestowed more painful corrections on his letters than even on his few poems; and Voltaire never took pen in hand, even to exchange the ordinary compliments of the day, without a determination to astonish and produce an effect. In 1768, when in his seventy-fourth year, he courted a correspondence with Horace Walpole, by requesting a present of "Historic Doubts;" and some oily letters passed between them, mutually insincere, but teeming, on both sides, with ostensible respect and admiration. In one of these letters, the French wit propitiates and cajoles the English courtier, by endeavoring to exculpate himself from the long-continued charge of undervaluing Shakspeare; with what amount of success the reader must judge for himself. This remarkable epistle exhibits a "picture in little," of all the writer's auctorial peculiarities; the facility of language, the critical acumen, the happy irony, the looseness of morals, and disrespect for religion, by which he is invariably distinguished. In such an encounter he would not venture to use a foreign tongue, but confined himself to the language in which his thoughts and expressions flowed more naturally. The letter is, in fact, an epitome of the man, a compendium of his mind, and a cabinet edition of his literary opinions. It has reference also to subjects of English literature in general, and the standard rules of dramatic composition. We are not aware that it has been before translated, although printed in the original in several "Colectanea,"\* and therefore venture to give it as follows:†—

"Forty years have passed since I dared to speak English, and you speak our language very fluently. I have seen some of your letters; they are written just as you think. For my part, my age and infirmities refuse the use of my hand; but you shall have my thoughts in my own tongue. I

have been reading the preface to your *Richard the Third*. It appears to me too short. When a man has so good an argument, and has joined to his knowledge reflections so sound, and a style so vigorous, it is to be wished that he had spoken at greater length. Your father was a great minister, and a most convincing speaker, but I question if he could have written as well as you. I have always thought with you, sir, that we ought ever to receive ancient historians with caution. Fontenelle, the only man of the age of Louis XIV. who was at once a poet, philosopher, and sage, used to say, 'their relations were convenient fables;' and it must be acknowledged that Rollin has but too often introduced chimeras and contradictions.\* After reading the preface to your 'History,' I turned to that of your romance ('The Castle of Otranto'). You just a little with me; we Frenchmen understand and enjoy raillery, but I shall answer you gravely. You have almost persuaded your nation that I undervalue Shakspeare. On the contrary, I am the first who has made Shakspeare known in France. I translated detached portions of his works forty years since; as also of Milton, Waller, Rochester, Dryden, and Pope. I can assure you that, previous to this, Frenchmen knew nothing of English poetry. I was persecuted thirty years by a swarm of bigots, for having asserted that Locke is the Hercules of metaphysics, who has prescribed the boundaries of the human understanding.

"My ambition was always to be the first who should explain to my countrymen the discoveries of the great Newton, which some amongst us even yet call an hypothesis. I have been your apostle and your martyr; in truth, the English complain of me unjustly. I have always said that if Shakspeare had lived in the time of Addison, he would have united with his genius the elegance and purity that rendered Addison so estimable. I have said that his genius is his own praise, and his faults are to be attributed to the age in which he flourished. He resembles, in my mind, Lope de Vega, of Spain, and Calderon. There are the charms of nature, but rude and uncultivated; no regularity, no discrimination, no art; the despicable associated with the lofty, the ludicrous with the terrible: it is a chaos of tragedy, in which there are a hundred rays of light. The Italians, who restored tragedy an age before the English and the Spaniards, have not fallen into this error: they wisely imitated the Greeks. There are no buffoons in the *Electra* and *Edipus* of Sophocles. I greatly suspect that this rude custom had its origin in our 'court fools.' We were all tinctured with barbarism on this side the Alps. Every noble had a fool in his establishment. Illiterate princes, the nurslings of ignorance, were incapable of appreciating the sublime pleasures of intellect; they degraded human nature even to the paying knaves for abusing them. Hence came our *Mère Sotte*; and till the time of Molière they had a court fool in nearly all their comedies. The practice is abominable. I have said, it is true, as

\* See, among others, "Bibliothèque de Levisac."

† For Horace Walpole's "Letters to Voltaire," see his "Correspondence," published by Bentley (1840), in six volumes, 8vo.

\* But very sparingly, when compared with the practice of his critics.

you relate it, that there are some serious comedies, such as the *Misanthrope*, which are masterpieces; that there are very humorous ones, like *George Dandin*—that the comic, the serious, and the pathetic, may very rationally meet in the same play. I have said that every style is good, except the drowsy, but grossness is not a style. I have never presumed that it was proper to introduce in the same situation Charles V. and Don Japhet of Armenia; Augustus and a drunken sailor; Marcus Aurelius and a street buffoon. It appears to me that Horace thought so in the most refined of ages. Consult his 'Art of Poetry.' Enlightened Europe thinks so at this day, and Spain begins to escape from bad taste, at the same time that it proscribes the Inquisition; for good sense is alike hostile to both.

"You so acutely perceive how greatly tragedy is debased by the mean and the low, that you reproach Racine for making Antiochus say, in *Berenice*,—

"Hither the emperor's apartments lay,  
And this to Berenice's leads the way."

"These, certainly, are not lofty verses; but have the goodness to remember that they form part of an expository scene, which ought to be simple. Here is no beauty of poetry, but there is the beauty of exactitude, which ascertains the situations of the characters, and at once fixes the attention of the spectator to the scene before him, while it informs him that all the persons will meet in a saloon, which is common to all the apartments; and without this intimation it would scarcely appear probable how Titus, Berenice, and Antiochus should always speak in the same chamber.

"Clear and determinate be the scenic ground," says the judicious Boileau, the oracle of good taste, in his 'Art of Poetry,' equal at least to that of Horace. Our excellent Racine has scarcely ever violated this rule; and it is worth observing, that Athaliah appears in the temple of the Jews, and in the same place where we have just before seen the high priest, without any offence to probability. You will rather pardon Racine when you reflect that the play of *Berenice* was, in some measure, the history of Louis XIV., and your English princess, the sister of Charles II. They both lodged on the same floor at St. Germain's, and a saloon alone divided their bed-chambers.

"Allow me to observe, *en passant*, that Racine introduced on the stage the amours of Louis XIV. with his sister-in-law, and yet the monarch took it in good part. A weak tyrant would have punished him. It must be remembered, also, that this same Berenice, so soft, so amiable, so disinterested, to whom Racine insinuates that Titus owed all his virtues, and whom he was on the point of making empress, was nothing better than an insolent and debauched Jewess, whom Juvenal calls an incestuous barbarian.\* I shall again ob-

serve, in the third place, that she was forty-four years old when Titus repudiated her; and a fourth remark is, that this Hebrew mistress of Titus is spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles. She was then young, when she came, according to the recorder of the 'Acts,' to see the governor of Judea, Festus; and when Paul, being accused of having polluted the temple, defended himself, maintaining that he had been always a good Pharisee.\*

"But, quitting the pharisaism of Paul, and the gallantries of Berenice, let us return to the rules of the theatre, which are more interesting to men of letters.

"You disregard, you *free Britons*, all the unities of place, time, and action. In truth, your works are not the better for it; probability ought surely to stand for something. The art is certainly rendered the more difficult by these observances, but infinitely more praise and pleasure arise when they are successfully combated. Permit me, altogether English as you are, to take, in some degree, the part of my own country. I have so often told her of her faults, that it is but fair to praise her, when there is sound reason for doing so. I have ever thought, I do think, and shall continue to think, that Paris is superior to Athens in the composition of tragedies and comedies. Molière, and even Regnard, appear to my mind as much to surpass Aristophanes, as Demosthenes is superior to our bawling advocates. I tell you boldly, that all the Greek tragedies appear to me the works of schoolboys, compared with the sublime scenes of Corneille and the perfect tragedies of Racine. It was so Boileau thought, admirer as he was of the ancients; he did not hesitate to write under the portrait of Racine, that this great man had surpassed Euripides, and equalled Corneille. Yes, I think it proved that there are more men of judgment in Paris than in Athens. We have more than thirty thousand admirers of the fine arts, and Athens had but six thousand. The lower class in Athens were never admitted to the spectacles, nor indeed with us, except when an exhibition is allowed them *gratis*, on some solemn or ridiculous occasion. Our continual intercourse with the other sex has imparted greater elegance to our sentiments, much refinement to our manners, and peculiar delicacy to our taste. Leave us, then, our theatre; leave the Italians their rustic fables (*favole boschereccie*); you are still rich enough in better things. It must not be denied that wretched pieces, barbarously constructed and ignorantly written, have attained extraordinary success at Paris, supported by a cabal, the spirit of party, fashion, and the temporary protection of men who had talked themselves into the importance of oracles. This was the intoxication of the moment, but in a few years the illusion vanished. *Don Japhet of Armenia* and *Jodelet*† are returned to the vulgar, and the *Siege of Calais*‡ is esteemed only at Calais. It is necessary I should say a

\* Berenice is introduced by Juvenal (Sat. vi. v. 156), incidentally, to illustrate the extravagance of Bibula. Racine, in his perversion of historical fact, has been followed, amongst others, by Mason, in his "Elfrida."

\* "Graces au ciel!" exclaims the President Montesquieu, exultingly, "l'esprit ne m'a pas corrompu le cœur." Voltaire desired not to make the same boast.

† By the celebrated Scarron.

‡ By De Belloy.

few words on the subject of rhyme, with which you reproach us. Almost all Dryden's works are in rhyme, and they are so much the more difficult. Those verses which are perpetually quoted from memory are in rhyme; and I maintain that the *Cinnia*, *Athaliah*, *Phædra*, and *Iphigenia*, being all written in rhyme, whoever should endeavor to cast off the burden in France, would be regarded as a feeble artist, unable to wield its power.

"With the garrulous characteristic of an old man, I will relate to you an anecdote. I one day demanded of Pope why Milton had not written his '*Paradise Lost*' in rhyme, while other poets used that style in imitation of the Italian? His answer was, '*Because he could not.*'"

"I have now opened my heart to you; but I confess that I am guilty of a heinous fault in not remarking that the Earl of Leicester was originally called Dudley; but if you have an inclination to enter the House of Peers, and change your title, I shall ever remember the name of Walpole with the highest respect! Before the departure of my letter, I have had an opportunity of reading your *Richard III.* You make an excellent *attorney-general*;—you calculate all the probabilities, but it is evident you have a secret partiality for the hunchback. You insist that he was a handsome, and, at the same time, a very gallant man. [Here follows in the original a profane allusion, dragged in for the sake of a sneer at Christianity.] I am inclined to think with you, that the third Richard was neither so ugly nor so wicked as he is reported; but I cannot say I should have volunteered to have had any dealings with him. Your red rose and your white rose had terrible thorns for the nation—

'Those gracious kings are all a pack of rogues.'

To say the truth, when reading the history of York and Lancaster, and many other dynasties, we are tempted to think we are perusing the lives of robbers on the highway. As to your Henry VII., he was little better than a pickpocket. And now, whether you are a minister or an anti-minister, a lord or a philosopher, I shall, with an equal respect, subscribe myself, &c., &c., &c."

The manner in which Voltaire, in this letter, tries to "back out" of his scurrilous attack on Shakspeare, will appear ludicrously palpable to those who remember his perverted analysis of *Hamlet*. But Walpole was either unable or unwilling to pursue the argument, and closed the correspondence with a few fulsome compliments. "When Shakspeare lived," says he, in reply, "there had not been a Voltaire both to give laws to the stage and to show on what good sense those laws were founded. It was my interest, perhaps, to defend barbarism and irregularity. I am much more proud of receiving laws from you than of contesting them. The admirable letter you have been so good as to

send me, is a proof that you are one of those truly great and rare men, who know at once how to conquer or to pardon."

It is rather a curious feature in Voltaire's character, that he never appears to represent religion or virtue favorably, except in his plays. We cannot give him the credit of supposing that in this he was biassed by conviction; he sought rather novelty and variety. Corneille had exhausted the grand and sublime; Racine, the tender and pathetic; Crebillon, the startling and terrible. Voltaire sought to combine the several styles in blended, although unequal, proportions, and to recommend proprieties rather than to hold up to execration gigantic crimes. But his dramas do not keep possession of the stage, and are seldom revived, while those of his two greatest predecessors are constantly in requisition. This variegated genius lived in three reigns, and reached the patriarchal age of eighty-four; he is supposed to have hastened his death unintentionally, even at that advanced period, by taking a large dose of opium, contrary to the advice of his physician. He died in May, 1778, eleven years before the breaking out of the terrible revolution, of which he sowed the seeds, but lived not to witness the fruit. The same year also disposed of Rousseau, a congenial spirit, and coadjutor in all that could pervert or influence the public mind.

We conclude our brief notice with a school anecdote. At the seminary where the writer received his early education, there was a select library, exclusively intended for the use of the scholars. Amongst the collection there had crept in, somehow or other, a strange book for such a place—the Abbé Barruel's "*Memoirs for a History of Jacobinism, Impiety, and Anarchy.*" The title is alarming, but there is no great harm in the five volumes, except that they contain rather more of fiction than fact, and the subject is somewhat above the mark of boys from eight to thirteen years of age. One day, the head-master (who was a clergyman) happened to be turning over the work for some reference, and found a scrap of paper between the leaves, on which the following lines were written:—

"Against the Majesty Divine

Voltaire his reason rears:

Against the sacred lives of kings,

The poison'd bowl prepares.

And was this beauteous world then form'd,

And fashion'd out by chance?

Is there no Power that rules above,

As they pretend in France?

Ah! foolish thoughts! too late thou'lt find,  
Voltaire,  
There is a God 'fore whom thou must appear."

The master was much struck by the power of thought contained in this short effusion, and commanding general silence and attention by three raps of his ferula, read it aloud, with a brief exordium, and then called upon the author to step from his desk and acknowledge himself. After much hesitation and repeated demands, a smallish urchin (of twelve years old) was pushed forward, in fear and trembling, and in expectation of some horrible punishment. "Did you write these lines?" "Ye—s, sir." "By yourself, without assistance or suggestion from any one else?" "Ye—s, sir." "They do great credit both to your head and heart, and you shall have any reasonable reward you ask. Now, what would you like to have?" "A holiday for the whole school," was the ready answer. "Granted," said the potentate; and in five minutes there were more joyous spirits bounding over that

play-ground, and a greater burst of genuine merriment than Voltaire and Barruel had ever dreamed of producing through their indirect and unintentional agency.

We have no wish to deny the talents of Voltaire, while lamenting their perversion and expressing our disgust at his indelicacy and irreligion. Lord Byron, in a comparison between him and Gibbon, discriminates the French author with vigor, poetic beauty, and sajjacious judgment. The portrait inclines to the favorable side, but there are those who may think the features are not delineated with a too partial hand:—

"The one was fire and fickleness—a child  
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind  
A wit as various—gay, grave, sage, or wild;  
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined.  
He multiplied himself amongst mankind,  
The Proteus of their talents; but his own  
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind  
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone—  
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake  
a throne."

From the North British Review.

## THE WONDERS OF THE SHORE.\*

THE study of Natural History has become, nowadays, an honorable one; and the successful investigator of the minutest animals takes his place unquestioned among the men of genius, and, like the philosopher of old Greece, is considered, by virtue of his science, fit company for dukes and princes. Nay, the study is now more than honorable; it is even fashionable. Thanks to the works which give occasion for this article, and to innumerable others on kindred branches of

science, which have appeared of late, every well-educated person is bound to know somewhat, at least, of the wondrous organic forms which surround him in every sunbeam and every pebble; and if Mr. Gosse's pre-sages be correct, a few years more will see every clever young lady with her "aquarium;" and live sea-anemones and algæ will supplant "crochet" and Berlin wool. Happy consummation!—when women's imagination shall be content with admiring Nature's real beauties, instead of concealing their own idleness, to the injury of poor starving needle-women, by creating ghastly and unartistic caricatures of them.

What a change from the temper of two generations since, when the naturalist was looked on as a harmless enthusiast, who went "bug-hunting," simply because he had not spirit to follow a fox. There are those now alive who can recollect an

\* 1. *A Popular History of British Zoöphytes or Corallines*. By the Rev. D. LANDBOROUGH, D.D., A.L.S., &c., &c. London. 1852.

2. *A Popular History of British Sea-Weeds, comprising their Structure, Fructification, Specific Characters, Arrangement, and General Distribution, with Notices of some of the Fresh-water Alga*. By the Rev. D. LANDBOROUGH, A.L.S., &c., &c. London. 1851.

3. *Gosse's Rambles of a Naturalist on the Devonshire Coast*. (Van Voort.) London. 1852.

amiable man being literally bullied out of the New Forest, because he dared to make a collection (now, we believe, in some unknown abyss of that great Avernus, the British Museum) of fossil shells from those very Hordle Cliffs, for exploring which there is now established a society of subscribers and correspondents. They can remember, too, when, on the first appearance of Bewick's "British Birds," the excellent sportsman who brought it down to the forest, was asked, Why on earth he had bought a book about "cock-sparrows?" and had to justify himself again and again, simply by lending the book to his brother sportsmen, to convince them that there were rather more than a dozen sorts of birds (as they then held) indigenous to Hampshire. But the book, perhaps, which turned the tide in favor of natural history, among the higher classes, at least, in the south of England, was White's "History of Selbourne." A Hampshire gentleman and sportsman, whom everybody knew, had taken the trouble to write a book about the birds and the weeds in his own parish, and the every-day things which went on under his eyes, and every one else's. And all gentlemen, from the Weald of Kent to the Vale of Blackmoor, shrugged their shoulders mysteriously, and said, "Poor fellow!" till they opened the book itself, and discovered, to their surprise, that it read like any novel. And then came a burst of confused, but honest admiration—from the young squire's "Bless me! who would have thought that there were so many wonderful things to be seen in one's own park?" to the old squire's more morally valuable "Bless me! why, I have seen that and that a hundred times, and never thought till now how wonderful they were!"

Natural History, if not fifty years ago, certainly a hundred years ago, was hardly worthy of men of practical common sense. After, indeed, Linné, by his invention of generic and specific names, had made classification possible, and by his own enormous labors had shown how much could be done when once a method was established, the science has grown rapidly enough. But before him, little or nothing had been put into form definite enough to allure those who (as the many always will) prefer to profit by others' discoveries, than to discover for themselves; and natural history was attractive only to a few earnest seekers, who found too much trouble in disencumbering their own minds of the dreams of bygone generations, whether facts, like cockatrices, basi-

liks, and krakens, the breeding of bees out of a dead ox, and of geese from barnacles; or theories, like those of the four elements, the *vis plastrix* in nature, animal spirits, and the other musty heirlooms of Aristotelsism and Neo-platonism—to try to make a science popular, which as yet was not even a science at all. Honor to them, nevertheless. Honor to Ray and his illustrious contemporaries in Holland and France. Honor to Seba and Aldrovandus; to Pomet, with his "Historie of Drugges;" even to the ingenious Don Saltero, and his tavern-museum in Cheyne Walk. Where all was chaos, every man was useful who could contribute a single spot of organized standing-ground in the shape of a fact or a specimen. But it is a question, whether natural history would have ever attained its present honors, had not geology arisen, to connect every other branch of natural history with problems as vast and awful as they are captivating to the imagination. Nay, the very opposition with which geology met was of as great benefit to the sister sciences as to itself. For, when questions belonging to the most sacred hereditary beliefs of Christendom were supposed to be affected by the verification of a fossil shell, or the proving that the Maestricht "*homo diluvii testis*" was, after all, a monstrous eft, it became necessary to work upon conchology, botany, and comparative anatomy, with a care and a reverence, a caution and a severe induction, which had never before been applied to them; and thus, gradually, in the last half century, the whole quire of cosmical sciences have acquired a soundness, severity, and fulness, which render them, as mere intellectual exercises, as valuable to a manly mind as mathematics and metaphysics.

And how very lately have they attained that firm and honorable standing-ground! It is a question whether, even twenty years ago, geology, as it then stood, was worth troubling one's head about, so little had been really proved. And heavy and up-hill was the work, even within the last fifteen years, of those who steadfastly set themselves to the task of proving, and of asserting at all risks, that the Maker of the coal seam and the diluvial cave could not be a "*Deus quidam deceptor*," and that the facts which the rock and the silt revealed were sacred, not to be warped or trifled with, for the sake of any cowardly and hasty notion that they contradicted His other messages. When a few more years are past, Buckland and Sedgwick, Lyell and Jameson, and the group of

brave men who accompanied and followed them, will be looked back to as moral benefactors to their race, and almost as martyrs, also, when it is remembered how much misunderstanding, obloquy, and plausible folly they had to endure from well-meaning fanatics, like Fairholme or Granville Penn, and the respectable mob at their heels, who tried (as is the fashion in such cases) to make a hollow compromise between fact and the Bible, by twisting facts just enough to make them fit the fancied meaning of the Bible, and the Bible just enough to make them fit the fancied meaning of the facts. But there were a few who would have no compromise; who labored on with a noble recklessness, determined to speak the thing which they had seen, and neither more nor less, sure that God could take better care than they of his own everlasting truth; and now they have conquered; and the facts which were, twenty years ago, denounced as contrary to Revelation, are now accepted, not merely as consonant with, but as corroborative thereof; and sound practical geologists, like Hugh Miller, in his "Footprints of the Creator," and Professor Sedgwick, in the invaluable notes to his "Discourse on the Studies of Cambridge," are wielding in defence of Christianity the very science which was faithlessly and cowardly expected to subvert it.

But of all the branches of cosmic science which owe a debt to geology, marine zoology and botany owe most; and the tiny zoöphytes and microscopic animalcules which people every shore and every drop of water, have been now raised to a rank in the human mind, more important, perhaps, than even those gigantic monsters whose models fill the lake at the New Crystal Palace. The research which has been bestowed, for the last century, upon these once unnoticed atomies, has well repaid itself; for from no branch of physical science has more been learnt of the *scientia scientiarum*, the priceless art of learning; no branch of science has more utterly confounded the wisdom of the wise, shattered to pieces systems and theories, and the idolatry of arbitrary names, and taught man to be silent while his Maker speaks, than this apparent pendency of zoöphytology, in which our old distinctions of "animal," "vegetable," and "mineral" are trembling in the balance, seemingly ready to vanish like their fellows, "the four elements," of fire, air, earth, and water. No branch of science has helped so much to sweep away that sensuous

idolatry of mere size, which tempts man to admire and respect objects in proportion to the number of feet or inches which they occupy in space. And no branch, moreover, has been more humbling to the boasted rapidity and omnipotence of the human reason, and taught those who have eyes to see, and hearts to understand, how weak and wayward, staggering and slow, are the steps of our fallen race (rapid and triumphant enough in that broad road of theories which leads to intellectual destruction), whenever they tread the narrow path of true science, which leads (if we may be allowed to transfer our Lord's great parable from moral to intellectual matters) to life; to the living and permanent knowledge of living things, and the laws of their existence. Without our improved microscopes, and while the sciences of comparative anatomy and chemistry were yet infantile, it was difficult to believe what was the truth; and for this simple reason that, as usual, the truth, when discovered, turned out far more startling and prodigious than the dreams which men had hastily substituted for it; more strange than Ovid's old story that the coral was soft under the sea, and hardened by exposure to air; than Marsigli's notion, that the coral-polypes were its flowers; than Dr. Parsons' contemptuous denial, that these complicated forms could be "the operations of little, poor, helpless, jelly-like animals, and not the work of more sure vegetation;" than Baker the microscopist's detailed theory of their being produced by the crystallization of the mineral salts in the sea-water, just as he had seen "the particles of mercury and copper in aquafortis assume tree-like forms, or curious delineations of mosses and minute shrubs on slates and stones, owing to the shooting of salts intermixed with mineral particles:"—one smiles at it now, yet these men were no less sensible than we of the year 1854, and if we know better, it is only because other men, and those few and far between, have labored amid disbelief, ridicule, and error, having again and again to retrace their steps, and to unlearn more than they learned, seeming to go backwards when they were really progressing most; and we have entered into their labors, and find them, as we have just said, more wondrous than all the poetic dreams of a Bonnet or a Darwin. For who, after all, to take a few broad instances (not to enlarge on the great root-wonder of a number of distinct individuals connected by a common

life, and forming a seeming plant, invariable in each species), would have dreamed of the "bizarries" which these very zoöphytes present in their classification? You go down to Leith shore after a gale of wind, and pick up a few of those delicate little sea-ferns. You have two in your hand, which probably look to you, even under a good pocket magnifier, identical, or nearly so.\* You are told, to your surprise, that however like the dead, horny polypidoms which you hold may be, the two species of animal which have formed them are at least as far apart in the scale of creation as a quadruped is from a fish. You see in some Musselburgh dredger's boat the phosphorescent sea-pen (unknown in England), a living feather, of the look and consistency of a cock's comb; or the still stranger sea-rush (*Virgularia mirabilis*), a spine two feet long, with hundreds of rosy flowerets arranged in half-rings round it from end to end; and you are told that these are the congeners of the great stony Venus's fan, which hangs in seamen's cottages, brought home from the West Indies. And ere you have done wondering, you hear that all three are congeners of the ugly, shapeless white "dead man's hand," which you may pick up after a storm on any shore. You have a beautiful madrepore or brainstone on your mantelpiece, brought home from some Pacific coral-reef. You are to believe that it has no more to do with the beautiful tubular corals among which it was growing, than a bird has with a worm; and that its first cousins are the soft, slimy sea-anemones, which you see expanding their living flowers in every pool at the back of Musselburgh pier—bags of sea-water, without a trace of bone or stone. You must believe it; for in science, as in higher matters, he who will walk surely, must "walk by faith and not by sight."

These are but a few of the wonders which the classification of marine animals afford; and only drawn from one class of them, though almost as common among every other family of that submarine world whereof Spenser sang:—

"Oh, what an endless work have I in hand,  
To count the sea's abundant progeny!  
Whose fruitful seed far passeth those in land,  
And also those which won in th' azure sky.  
For much more eath to tell the stars on high,

\* *Sertularia operculata*, and *Gemellaria lorica*; or any of the small *Sertularia*, compared with *Crisia* and *Cellularia*, are very good examples.

Albe they endless seem in estimation,  
Than to recount the sea's posterity;  
So fertile be the floods in generation,  
So huge their numbers, and so numberless their nation."

Torbay is a place which should be as much endeared to the naturalist as to the patriot and to the artist. We cannot gaze on its blue ring of water, and the great limestone bluffs which bound it to the north and south, without a glow passing through our hearts, as we remember the terrible and glorious pageant which passed by in the bright July days of 1588, when the Spanish Armada ventured slowly past Berry Head, with Elizabeth's gallant pack of Devon captains (for the London fleet had not yet joined) following fast in its wake, and dashing into the midst of the vast line, undismayed by size and numbers, while their kin and friends stood watching and praying on the cliffs, spectators of Britain's Salamis. The white line of houses, too, on the other side of the bay, is Brixham, famed as the landing-place of William of Orange; and the stone on the pier-head, which marks his first footsteps on British ground, is sacred in the eyes of all true English Whigs; and close by stands the castle of the settler of Newfoundland, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half-brother, most learned of all Elizabeth's admirals in life, most pious and heroic in death. And as for scenery, though it can boast of neither mountain-peak or dark fiord, and would seem tame enough in the eyes of a western Scot or Irishman, yet Torbay, surely, has a soft beauty of its own, in the rounded hills which slope into the sea, spotted with parks full of stately timber trees, with squares of emerald grass and rich red fallow field, each parted from the other by the long line of tall elms, just flushing green in the spring hedges, which run down to the very water's edge, their boughs unwarped by any blast, and here and there apple-orchards, just bursting into flower in the spring sunshine, and narrow strips of water meadow, where the red cattle are already lounging knee-deep in richest grass, within ten yards of the rocky pebble beach, which six hours hence will be hurling columns of rosy foam high into the sunlight, and sprinkling passengers, and cattle, and trim gardens, which hardly know what frost and snow may be, but see the flowers of autumn meet the flowers of spring, and the old year linger smilingly to twine a garland for the new.

Follow us, then, reader, in imagination, out of the gay watering-place, with its Lon-

don shops and London equipages, along the broad road beneath the sunny limestone cliff, tufted with golden furze, and past the huge oaks and green slopes of Tor Abbey, and the fantastic rocks of Livermead, scooped by the waves into a labyrinth of double and triple caves, like Hindoo temples, upborne on pillars banded with yellow, and white, and red, a week's study, in form and color and chiaro-oscuro, for any artist; and a mile or so farther along a pleasant road, with land-locked glimpses of the bay, to the broad sheet of sand which lies between the village of Paignton and the sea—sands trodden a hundred times by Montagu and Turton, perhaps by Dillwyn and Gaertner, and many another pioneer of science. And once there, before we look at any thing else, come down straight to the sea marge; for yonder lies, just left by the retiring tide, a mass of life, such as you will seldom see again. It is somewhat ugly, perhaps, at first sight; for ankle-deep are spread, for some ten yards long, by five broad, huge dirty shells, as large as the hand, each with its loathly gray and black tongue hanging out, a confused mass of slimy death. Let us walk on to some cleaner heap, and leave these, the great *Lutraria Elliptica*, which have been lying buried by thousands in the sandy mud, each with the point of its long siphon above the surface, sucking in and driving out again the salt water on which it feeds, till last night's ground-swell shifted the sea-bottom, and drove them up hither to perish helpless, but not useless, on the beach.

See, close by is another shell-bed, quite as large, but comely enough to please any eye. What a variety of forms and colors are there, amid the purple and olive wreaths of wrack, and bladder-weed, and tangle (oar-weed, as they call it in the south), and the delicate green ribbons of the *Zostera* (the only English flowering plant which grows beneath the sea), contradicting (as do a hundred other forms) that hasty assertion of hasty Mr. Ruskin, that nature makes no ribbons, unless with a midrib, and I know not what other limitations, which exist only in Mr. Ruskin's most fastidious fancy. What are they all? What are the long white razors? What are the delicate green-gray scimitars? What are the tapering brown spires? What, the tufts of delicate yellow plants, like squirrels' tails, and lobsters' horns, and tamarisks, and fir-trees, and all other finely cut animal and vegetable forms? What are the groups of gray bladders, with something like a little bud at the tip? What are

the hundreds of little pink-striped pears? What, those tiny babies' heads, covered with gray prickles instead of hair? The great red star-fish which Ulster children call "the bad man's hands;" and the great whelks, which the youth of Musselburgh know as roaring buckies; these we have seen; but what, oh what, are the red capsicums?

Yes, what are the red capsicums? and why are they poking, snapping, starting, crawling, tumbling, wildly over each other, rattling about the huge mahogany cockles, as big as a man's two fists, out of which they are protruded? Mark them well, for you will perhaps never see them again. They are a Mediterranean species, or rather three species, left behind upon these extreme south western coasts, probably at the vanishing of the same warmer ancient epoch, which clothed the Lizard point with the Cornish heath, and the Killarney mountains with Spanish saxifrages, and other relics of a flora whose home is now the Iberian peninsula, and the sunny cliffs of the Riviera. Rare in every other shore, even in the west, it abounds in Torbay to so prodigious an amount, that the dredge, after five minutes' scrape, will often come up choke-full of this great cockle only. You will see tens of thousands of them in every cove for miles this day, and every heavy winter's tide brings up an equal multitude,—a seeming waste of life, which would be awful in our eyes, were not the Divine Ruler, as His custom is, making this destruction the means of fresh creation, by burying them in the sands, as soon as washed on shore, to fertilize the strata of some future world. It is but a shell-fish, truly; but the great Cuvier thought it remarkable enough to devote to its anatomy elaborate descriptions and drawings, which have done more, perhaps, than any others to illustrate the curious economy of the whole class of bivalve, or double-shelled, mollusca. If you wish to know more about it than we can tell you, open Mr. Gosse's last book, the *Aquarium*, at p. 222.

Many persons are aware that the common cockle can perform gymnastic feats of no mean celebrity; but the evolutions of *Signor Tuberculato* are worth seeing. Some of the troupe I had put into a pan of sea-water; others I had turned out into a dish dry, as knowing that an occasional exposure to the air is a contingency that they are not unused to. By and by, as we were quietly reading, our attention was attracted to the table, where the dish was placed, by a rattling uproar, as if flint-stones were rolling one over the other about the dish. "Oh, look at the cockles!" was the exclamation; and they were indeed displaying

their agility, and their beauty, too, in fine style. The valves of the largest were gaping to the extent of three quarters of an inch; but the intermediate space was filled up by the spongy-looking, fleshy mantle, of a semi-pulchid orange hue. At one end protruded the siphons, two thick short tubes, soldered, as it were, into one, and enveloped on all sides in a shaggy fringe of *cirri*, or tentacles. The circular orifices of these tubes—small holes, perfectly round, with a white border—had a curious appearance, as we looked at the heart-shaped end of the valves. The discharging orifices, however, were but rarely visible, being usually closed, while the other remained constantly open. But these things were what we afterwards saw. For some time we could look at nothing but the magnificent foot, and the curious manner in which it was used.

The two lips of the mantle suddenly separate, and, gaping widely all along the front, recede nearly to the valves; while, at the same moment, a huge organ is thrust out, somewhat like a tongue, nearly cylindrical, but a little flattened, and tapering to a point. Its surface is smooth and brilliantly glossy, and its color a fine rich scarlet, approaching to orange; but a better idea of it than can be conveyed by any description, will be obtained by supposing it to be made of polished carnelian.

Hardly that, most amiable and amusing of naturalists; it is too opaque for carnelian, and the true symbol is, as we said before, in form, size, and color, one of those great red capsicums which hang drying in every Covent-garden seedsman's window. Yet is your simile better than the guess of a certain Countess, who, entering a room wherein a couple of *Cardium Tuberculatum* were waltzing about a plate, exclaimed, "Oh dear! I always heard that my pretty red coral came out of a fish, and here it is all alive!"

This beautiful and versatile foot, continues Mr. Gosse, is suddenly thrust out sideways, to the distance of four inches from the shell; then its point being curved backwards, the animal pushes it strongly against any opposing object, by the resistance of which the whole animal, shell and all, makes a considerable step forwards. If the cockle were on its native sands, the leaps thus made would doubtless be more precise in their direction, and much more effective; but cooped up with its fellows, in a deep dish, all these Herculean efforts availed only to knock the massive shells against the sides, or roll them irregularly over each other.

It was curious to notice the extent to which the interior of the cockle was revealed, when the mouth gaped, and the foot was thrust out. By the aid of a candle we could see the interior surfaces of both valves, as it seemed, almost to the very backs. I say as it seemed, for so thin is the mantle where it lines the shell, and so closely does it adhere to it; yet every character of the valves, whether as regards color or irregularity of

surface, was distinctly visible; and thus we were able to distinguish the species, not only by their external marks, but by one character drawn from the interior—the ribs in *tuberculatum* extending only half way across the valves, while in *aculeatum* they reach back to the beaks. . . . The former is much the finer species; the valves are more globose, and of a warmer color; those that I have seen are even more spinous. The mantle is of a rich, deep orange, with elevated ribs, corresponding to those of the valves, of a yellow hue. These ribs of the mantle are visible in *aculeatum* also, but in *tuberculatum* they are much more strongly marked, both in form and color. The siphons display the same orange hue as the mantle-lips, and have a finer appearance than in the other species; the interior of the orifices in both is covered with a layer of white, pearly substance, almost luminous. In the foot of *tuberculatum*, which agrees, in the particulars already mentioned, with that of its congener, I observed a beautiful opalescent gleam when under water.

"*C. tuberculatum*," continues Mr. Gosse, "is far the finest species. The valves are more globose and of a warmer color; those that I have seen are even more spinous." Such may have been the case in his specimens; but it has occurred to us, now and then, to dredge specimens of *C. aculeatum*, which had escaped that rolling on the sand fatal in old age to his delicate spines, and equalled in color, size, and perfectness, the noble one figured in poor dear old Dr. Turton's "British Bivalves." Besides, *aculeatum* is a far thinner and more delicate shell. And a third species, *C. echinatum*, with curves more graceful and continuous, is to be found now and then with the two former, in which each point, instead of degenerating into a knot, as in *tuberculatum*, or developing from delicate, flat, briar-prickles, into long, straight thorns, as in *aculeatum*, is close set to its fellow, and curved at the point transversely to the shell, the whole being thus horrid with hundreds of strong tenterhooks, making his castle impregnable to the raveners of the deep. For we can hardly doubt that these prickles are meant as weapons of defense, without which so savory a morsel as the mollusc within (cooked and eaten largely on some parts of our south coast) would be a staple article of food for sea-beasts of prey. And it is noteworthy, first, that the defensive thorns, which are permanent on the two thinner species, *aculeatum* and *echinatum*, disappear altogether on the thicker one, *tuberculatum*, as old age gives him a solid and heavy globose shell, and next, that he, too, while young and tender, and liable therefore to be bored through by "buckies" and such murderous univalves, does actually possess the same

brier-prickles, which his thinner cousins keep throughout life. Nevertheless (and here is a curious fact, which makes, like most other facts, pretty strongly against the transmutation of species, and the production of organs by circumstances demanding them), prickles, in all three species, are, as far as we can see, useless in Torbay, where no seal or sea-wolf (*Anarhicas lupus*), or other shell-crushing pairs of jaws wander, terrible to lobster and to cockle. Originally intended, as we suppose, to face the strong-toothed monsters of the Mediterranean, these foreigners have settled in shores where their armor is not needed; and yet centuries of idleness and security have not been able to persuade them to lay it by, as it is written, "They continue this day as at the beginning; Thou hast given them a law which shall never be broken."

Enough of *Cardium tuberculatum*. What are the names of the other shells which you have gathered, any introduction to Conchology will tell you; and the Sea-side Book will give you many a curious fact as to their habits. If you wish to know more, you must consult that new collection of true fairy tales, Dr. Johnston's "Lectures on Conchology." But the little pink pears are rare, hundreds of them as there happen to be here to-day. They are a delicate sea-anemone,\* whose beautiful disc you may see well engraved in Gosse's "Naturalist in Devon." They adhere by thousands to the under side of loose stones among the sand, and some colony of them has been uprooted by the pitiless roll of the groundswell, and drifted in here, sick and sad, but not so far gone but that each, in a jar of salt-water, will expand again into a delicate compound flower, whose "snake-locked" arms are all marbled with pellucid grays and browns, till they look like a living mist, hovering above the pink-striped cylinder of the body.

There are a hundred more things to be talked of here: but we must defer the examination of them till our return; for it wants an hour yet of the dead low spring tide; and ere we go home, we will spend a few minutes at least on the rocks at Livermead, where awaits us a strong-backed quarryman, with a strong-backed crowbar, as we hope (for we and he snapped one right across there yesterday, falling miserably on our backs into a pool thereby), and we will verify Mr. Gosse's observation, that—

When once we have begun to look with

\* *Actinia anguicoma*.

curiosity on the strange things that ordinary people pass over without notice, our wonder is continually excited by the variety of phase, and often by the uncouthness of form, under which some of the meaner creatures are presented to us. And this is very specially the case with the inhabitants of the sea. We can scarcely poke or pry for an hour among the rocks, at low-water mark, or walk, with an observant, downcast eye, along the beach after a gale, without finding some oddly fashioned, suspicious-looking being, unlike any form of life that we have seen before. The dark, concealed interior of the sea becomes thus invested with a fresh mystery; its vast recesses appear to be stored with all imaginable forms, and we are tempted to think there must be multitudes of living creatures whose very figure and structure have never yet been suspected.

O sea! old sea! who yet knows half  
Of thy wonders or thy pride!

Gosse's *Aquarium*, pp. 226, 227.

But, first, as, after descending the gap in the sea-wall, we walk along the ribbed floor of hard yellow sand, be so kind as to keep a sharp look-out for a round gray disc, about as big as a penny-piece, peeping out at the surface of the sand. No; that is not it, that little lump: open it, and you will find within one of the common little *Venus gallina*.—(They have given it some new name now, and no thanks to them: they are always changing the names, those closet collectors, instead of studying the live animals where Nature has put them, in which case they would have no time for word-inventing. And we verily believe that the names grow, like other things; at least, they get longer and longer, and more jaw-breaking, every year.) The little bivalve, however, finding itself left by the tide, has wisely shut up its siphons, and, with its foot and its edges, buried itself in a comfortable bath of cool, wet sand, till the sea shall come back, and make it safe to crawl and lounge about on the surface, smoking the sea-water instead of tobacco. Neither is that lump what we seek. Touch it, and out poke a pair of astonished and inquiring horns, and a little sharp muzzle: it is a long-armed crab, who saw us coming, and wisely shovelled himself into the sand by means of his nether-end. Neither is that; though it might be the hole down which what we seek has vanished: but that burrow contains one of the long, white razors which you saw cast on shore at Paignton. The boys close by are boring for them with iron rods, armed with a screw, and taking them in to sell in Torquay market, as excellent food. But there is one, at last! A gray disc pouting up through the sand. Touch it, and it is gone down, quick as light. We must dig it out, and carefully,

for it is a delicate monster. At last, after ten minutes' careful work, we have brought up, from a foot depth or more—what? A thick, dirty, slimy worm, without head or tail, form or color. A slug has more artistic beauty about him. Be it so. At home in the aquarium (where, alas! he will live but for a day or two), he will make a very different figure. That is one of the rarest of British sea-animals, *Actinia chrysanthellum*, though really he is no *Actinia*, and his value consists, not merely in his beauty (though that is not small), but in his belonging to what the long-word-makers call an "interosculant" group, a party of genera and species which connect families scientifically far apart, filling up a fresh link in the great chain, or rather the great network of zoological classification. And here we have a simple, and, as it were, crude form, of which, if we dared to indulge in reveries, we might say, that the Divine Word realized before either sea-anemones or holothurians, and then went on to perfect the idea contained in it in two different directions, dividing it into two different families, and making on its model, by adding new organs, and taking away old ones, in one direction, the whole family of *Actinæ* (sea-anemones), and in a quite opposite one, the *Holothuriæ*, those strange sea-cucumbers, with their mouth-fringe of feathery gills, of which you shall see some anon. Not (understand well) that there has been any "transmutation or development of species" (of individuals, as it ought honestly to be called, if the notion is intended to represent a supposed fact)—a theory as unsupported by experiment and induction, as it is by *a priori* reason: but that there has been, in the Creative Mind, as it gave life to new species, a development of the idea on which older species were created, in order that every mesh of the great net might gradually be supplied, and there should be no gaps in the perfect variety of Nature's forms. This development is the only one of which we can conceive, if we allow that a Mind presides over the universe, and not a mere brute necessity—a law (absurd misnomer) without a Lawgiver; and to it (strangely enough coinciding, here and there, with the Platonic doctrine of Eternal Ideas existing in the Divine Mind) all fresh inductive discovery seems to point more and more; and especially Professor Owen's invaluable tracts on the Homology of the Vertebrate Skeleton.

But here we are at the old banks of boulders, the ruins of an antique pier, which the monks of Tor Abbey built for their conveni-

ence, while Torquay was but a knot of fishing huts within a lonely limestone cove. To get to it, though, we have passed many a hidden treasure; for every ledge of these flat New-red-sandstone-rocks, if torn up with the crowbar, discloses in its cracks and crannies nests of strange form, which shun the light of day; beautiful *Actinæ* fill the tiny caverns with living flowers; great *Pholades* bore by hundreds in the softer strata; and wherever a thin layer of muddy sand intervenes between two slabs, long Annelid worms, of quaintest forms and colors, have their horizontal burrows, among those of that curious and rare radiate animal, the spoon worm,\* a bag about an inch long, half bluish gray, half pink, with a strange scalloped and wrinkled proboscis of saffron color, which serves, in some mysterious way, soft as it is, to collect food, and clear its dark passage through the rock.

See, at the extreme low-water mark, where the broad olive fronds of the *Laminariæ*, like fan-palms, droop and wave gracefully in the retiring ripples, a great boulder which will serve our purpose. Its upper side is a whole forest of sea-weeds, large and small; and that forest, if you examined it closely, as full of inhabitants as those of the Amazon or the Gambia. To "beat" that dense cover would be an endless task; but on the under side, where no sea-weeds grow, we shall find, full in view, enough to occupy us till the tide returns. For the slab, see, is such a one as sea-beasts love to haunt. Its weed-covered surface shows that the surge has not shifted it for years past. It lies on other boulders clear of sand and mud, so that there is no fear of dead sea-weed having lodged and decayed under it, destructive to animal life. We can see dark crannies and caves beneath; yet too narrow to allow the surge to wash in, and keep the surface clean. It will be a fine menagerie of *Nereus*, if we can but turn it.

Now, the crowbar is well under it; heave, and with a will; and so, after five minutes' tugging, propping, slipping, and splashing, the boulder gradually tips over, and we rush greedily upon the spoil.

A muddy, dripping surface it is, truly, full of cracks and hollows, uninviting enough at first sight: let us look it round leisurely, to see if there are not materials enough there for an hour's lecture.

The first object which strikes the eye is

\* *Thalassema neptuni*, (Forbes' British Star Fishes, p. 259).

probably a group of milk-white slugs, from two to six inches long, cuddling snugly together. You try to pull them off, and find that they give you some trouble, such a firm hold have the delicate white sucking arms, which fringe each of their fine edges. You see at the head nothing but a yellow dimple; for eating and breathing are suspended till the return of tide: but once settled in a jar of salt-water, each will protrude a large primrose-colored head, tipped with a ring of ten feathery gills, looking very much like a head of "curled kale," but of the loveliest white and dark chocolate; in the centre whereof lies *perdu* a mouth with sturdy teeth—if indeed they, as well as the whole inside of the worthy fellow, have not been lately got rid of, and what you see be not a mere bag, without intestine or other organ—but only for the time being. For hear it, worn-out epicures, and old Indians who bemoan your livers, this little *Holothuria* knows a secret which, if he could tell it, you would be glad to buy of him for thousands sterling. For to him blue-pill and muriatic acid are superfluous, and travels to German Brunnen a waste of time. Happy *Holothuria*! who possesses really that secret of everlasting youth, which ancient fable bestowed on the serpent and the eagle. For when his teeth ache, or his digestive organs trouble him, all he has to do is just to cast up forthwith his entire inside, and *faisant maigre* for a month or so, grow a fresh set, and eat away as merrily as ever. His name, if you wish to consult so triumphant a hygieist, is *Cucumaria Hyndmanni*, named after Mr. Hyndman of Belfast, his first discoverer; but he has many a stout cousin round the Scotch coast, who knows the antibilious panacea as well as he, and submits, among the northern fisherman, to the rather rude and undeserved name of sea-puddings, one of which grows in Shetland, to the enormous length of three feet, rivalling there his huge congeners, who display their exquisite plumes on every tropic coral reef.

Next, what are those bright little buds, like salmon-colored *Banksia* roses half expanded, sitting closely on the stone? Touch them, and the soft, fleshy part is retracted, and the orange flower of flesh is transformed into a pale pink flower of stone. That is the Madrepore, *Caryophyllia smithii*, one of our south coast rarities; and see, on the lip of the last one, which we have carefully scooped off with the chisel, two little pink towers, delicately striated; drop them into this small bottle of sea-water, and from the top of each

tower issues, every half-second—what shall we call it?—a hand or a net of finest hairs, clutching at something invisible to our grosser sense. That is the *Pyrgoma*, parasitic only (as far as we know) on the lip of this same rare Madrepore; a little "cirrhipod," the cousin of those tiny barnacles which roughen every rock, and of those larger ones, also, who burrow in the thick hide of the whale, and borne about upon his mighty sides, throw out there tiny casting nets, as this *Pyrgoma* does, to catch every passing animalcule, and sweep them into the jaws concealed within its shell. And this creature, rooted to one spot through life and death, was in its infancy a free swimming animal, hovering from place to place upon delicate cilia, till having sown its wild oats, it settled down in life, and became a landowner, and a *glebe adscriptus*, for ever and a day. Mysterious destiny—yet not so mysterious as that of the free medusoids of every polype and coral, which ends as a rooted tree of horn or stone, and seems to the eye of sensuous fancy to have literally degenerated into a vegetable. Of them you must read for yourselves in Mr. Gosse's book; in the meanwhile he shall tell you something of the beautiful Madrepores themselves. His description,\* by far the best yet published, should be read in full: we must content ourselves with extracts.

Doubtless you are familiar with the stony skeleton of our Madrepore, as it appears in museums. It consists of a number of thin, calcareous plates, standing up edgewise, and arranged in a radiating manner round a low centre. A little below the margin, their individuality is lost in the deposition of rough calcareous matter. . . . The general form, more or less cylindrical, commonly wider at the top than just above the bottom. . . . This is but the skeleton; and though it is a very pretty object, those who are acquainted with it alone, can form but a very poor idea of the beauty of the living animal. . . . Let it, after being torn from the rock, recover its equanimity; then you will see a pellucid, gelatinous flesh emerging from between the plates, and little exquisitely formed and colored tentacula, with white clabbed tips fringing the sides of the cup-shaped cavity in the centre, across which stretches the oval disc marked with a star of some rich and brilliant color, surrounding this central mouth, a slit with white crenated lips, like the orifice of one of those elegant cowry shells which we put upon our mantelpieces. The mouth is always more or less prominent, and can be protruded and expanded to an astonishing extent. The space surrounding the lips is commonly fawn

\* A Naturalist's Rambles in the Devonshire Coast, p. 110.

color, or rich chestnut-brown; the star or vandyked circle rich red, pale vermillion, and sometimes the most brilliant emerald green, as brilliant as the gorget of a humming-bird.

And what does this exquisitely delicate creature do with its pretty mouth? Alas for fact! It sips no honey-dew, or fruits from paradise.

I put a minute spider, as large as a pin's head, into the water, pushing it down to the coral. The instant it touched the tip of a tentacle it adhered, and was drawn in with the surrounding tentacles between the plates. With a lens I saw the small mouth slowly open, and move over to that side, the lips gaping unsymmetrically, while, with a movement as imperceptible as that of the hour hand of a watch, the tiny prey was carried along between the plates to the corner of the mouth. The mouth, however, moved most, and at length reached the edges of the plates, and gradually closed upon the insect, and then returned to its usual place in the centre.

Mr. Gosse next tried the fairy of the walking mouth with a house-fly, who escaped only by hard fighting; after which, the gentle creature, after swallowing and disgorging various large pieces of shell-fish, found viands to its taste in "the lean of cooked meat, and portions of earth-worms," filling up the intervals by a perpetual dessert of microscopic animalcules, whirled into that lovely haven, its mouth, by the currents of the delicate cilia which clothe every tentacle. The fact is, that the Madre-pore, like those glorious sea-anemones whose living flowers stud every pool, is by profession a scavenger, and a feeder on carrion; and being as useful as he is beautiful, really comes under the rule which he seems at first to break, that handsome is who handsome does.

Another species of Madre-pore\* was discovered on our Devon coast by Mr. Gosse, more gaudy, though not so delicate in hue, as our *Caryophyllia*; three of which are at this moment pouting out their conical orange mouths and pointed golden tentacles in a vase on our table, at once grumbling and entreating for something to eat. Mr. Gosse's locality, for this and numberless other curiosities, is Ilfracombe, on the north coast of Devon. Our specimens came from Lundy Island, in the mouth of the Bristol Channel, or, more properly, that curious "Rat Island" to the south of it, where still lingers the black long-tailed English rat, exterminated

everywhere else by his sturdier brown cousin of the Hanoverian dynasty.

Look, now, at these tiny saucers of the thinnest ivory, the largest not bigger than a silver threepence, which contain in their centres a milk-white crust of stone, pierced, under the magnifier, into a thousand cells, each with its living architect within. You see two sorts; in one the tubular cells radiate from the centre, giving it the appearance of a tiny compound flower, daisy or groundsel; in the other they are crossed with waving grooves, giving the whole a peculiar fretted look, even more beautiful than that of the former species. They are *Tubulipora patina* and *Tubulipora hispida*;—and stay—break off that tiny rough red wart, and look at its cells also under the magnifier: it is *Cellepora pumicosa*; and now, with the Madre-pore you hold in your hand the principal, at least the commonest, British types of those famed coral insects, which in the tropics are the architects of continents, and the conquerors of the ocean surge. All the world, since the publication of Darwin's delightful "Voyage of the Beagle," and of Williams's "Missionary Enterprises," knows, or ought to know, enough about them: for those who do not, there are a few pages in the beginning of Dr. Landsborough's "British Zoophytes," well worth perusal.

There are a few other true cellepore corals round the coast. The largest of all, *Cervicornia*, may be dredged a few miles outside, on the Exmouth bank, and a few more *Tubulipores*; but all tiny things, the lingering, and, as it were, expiring remnants of that great coral-world, which, through the abysmal depths of past ages, formed here in Britain our limestone hills, storing up for generations yet unborn the materials of agriculture and architecture. Inexpressibly interesting, even solemn, to those who will think, is the sight of these puny parasites, which, as it were, connect the ages and the zones; yet not so solemn and full of meaning as that tiny relic of an older world, the little pear-shaped *Turbinolia* (cousin of the Madre-pores and Sea-anemones), found fossil in the Suffolk Crag, and yet still lingering here and there alive in the deep water off Scilly and the west coast of Ireland, possessor of a pedigree which dates, perhaps, from ages before the day in which it was said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." To think that the whole human race, its joys and its sorrows, its virtues and its sins, its aspirations and

\* *Balanophyllia regia*, Coast of Devon, p. 399.

its failures, has been rushing out of eternity and into eternity again, as Arjoon in the Bhagavad Gita beheld the race of men issuing from Kreesha's flaming mouth, and swallowed up in it again, "as the crowds of insects swarm into the flame, as the homeless streams leap down into the ocean's bed," in an everlasting heart-pulse whose blood is living souls. And all that while, and ages before that mystery began, that humble coral, unnoticed on the dark sea-floor, has been "continuing as it was at the beginning," and fulfilling "the law which cannot be broken," while races and dynasties and generations have been

Playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven,  
As make the Angels weep.

Yes; it is this vision of the awful permanence and perfection of the natural world, beside the wild flux and confusion, the mad struggles, the despairing cries, of that world of spirits which man has defiled by sin, which would at moments crush the naturalist's heart, and make his brain swim with terror, were it not that he can see by faith, through all the abysses and the ages, not merely

*Hands,*

From out the darkness, shaping man;

but above them a living, loving countenance, human and yet divine; and can hear a voice which said at first, "Let us make man in our image;" and hath said since then, and says for ever and for ever, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

But we must make haste; for the tide is rising fast, and our stone will be restored to its eleven hours' bath, long before we have talked over half the wonders which it holds. Look, though, ere you retreat, at one or two more.

What is that little brown fellow whom you have just taken off the rock to which he adhered so stoutly by his sucking-foot? A limpet? Not at all: he is of quite a different family and structure; but, on the whole, a limpet-like shell would suit him well enough, so he had one given him: nevertheless, owing to certain anatomical peculiarities, he needed one aperture more than a limpet; so one, if you will examine, has been given him at the top of his shell.\* This is one instance among a thousand, of the way in which a scientific knowledge of objects must not obey, but run

counter to, the impressions of sense; and of that custom in nature which makes this caution so necessary, namely, the repetition of the same form, slightly modified, in totally different animals, sometimes as if to avoid waste; for why should not the same conception be used in two different cases, if it will suit in both? and sometimes (more marvellously by far), when an organ fully developed and useful in one species, appears in a cognate species, but feeble, useless, and, as it were, abortive, and gradually, in species still farther removed, dies out altogether; placed there, it would seem, at first sight, merely to keep up the family likeness. We are half jesting; that cannot be the only reason, perhaps not the reason at all; but the fact is one of the most curious, and notorious also, in comparative anatomy.

Look again at those sea-slugs. One, some three inches long, of a bright lemon yellow, clouded with purple, another a dingy gray,\* another (exquisite little creature) of a pearly French white,† furred all over the back with what seem arms, but are really gills, of ringed white, and gray, and black. Put that yellow one into water, and from his head, above the eyes, arise two serrated horns, while, from the after part of his back spring a circular Prince-of-Wales'-feather of gills,—they are almost exactly like those which we saw just now in the white *Cucumaria*. Yes; here is another instance of that same custom of repetition. The *Cucumaria* is a low, radiate animal—the sea-slug a far higher mollusc; and every organ within him is formed on a different type; as indeed are those seemingly identical gills, if you come to examine them under the microscope, having to oxygenate fluids of a very different and more complicated kind; and, moreover, the *Cucumaria's* gills were put round his mouth; the *Doris's* feathers round the other extremity; that gray *Eolis's*, again, are simple clubs, scattered over his whole back, and in each of his nudibranch congeners these same gills take some new and fantastic form; in *Melibæa* those clubs are covered with warts; in *Scyllæa*, with tufted bouquets; in the beautiful *Antipopa*‡ they are transparent bags; and in many other English species they take every conceivable form of leaf, tree, flower, and branch, bedecked with every color of the rainbow, as you may see them depicted in Messrs. Alder and Hancock's un-

\* *Doris tuberculata* and *billineata*.

† *Eolis papillosa*.

‡ Gosse's "Naturalist in Devon," p. 325.

\* *Fissurella græca*.

rivalled Monograph on the Nudibranch Mollusca.

And now, worshipper of final causes and the mere useful in Nature, answer but one question,—Why this prodigal variety? All these Nudibranches live in much the same way; why would not the same mould have done for them all? And why, again, (for we must push the argument a little further), why have not all the butterflies, at least all who feed on the same plant, the same markings? Of all unfathomable triumphs of design (we can only express ourselves thus, for honest induction, as Paley so well teaches, allows us to ascribe such results only to the design of some personal will and mind), what surpasses that by which the scales on a butterfly's wing are arranged to produce a certain pattern of artistic beauty beyond all painter's skill? What a waste of power, on any utilitarian theory of nature! And, once more, why are those strange microscopic atomies, the *Diatomaceæ* and *Infusoria*, which fill every stagnant pool, fringe every branch of sea-weed, which form banks hundreds of miles long on the Arctic sea-floor, and the strata of whole moorlands, which pervade in millions the mass of every iceberg, and float aloft in countless swarms amid the clouds of the volcanic dust,—why are their tiny shells of flint as fantastically various in their quaint mathematical symmetry, as they are countless beyond the wildest dreams of the Pantheist? Mystery inexplicable on all theories of evolution by necessary laws, as well as on the conceited notion which, making man, forsooth, the centre of the universe, dares to believe that variety of forms has existed for countless ages in abysmal sea-depths and untrodden forests, only that some few individuals of the western races might, in these latter days, at last discover and admire a corner here and there of the boundless realms of beauty. Inexplicable, truly, if man be the centre and the object of their existence; explicable enough to him who believes that God has created all things for Himself, and rejoices in His own handiwork, and that the material universe is, as the wise man says, "A platform whereon His eternal Spirit sports and maketh melody." Of all the blessings which the study of nature brings to the patient observer, let none perhaps be classed higher than this, that the farther he enters into those fairy gardens of life and birth, which Spenser saw and described in his great poem, the more he learns the awful and yet most comfortable truth, that they do not belong to him, but to one greater, wiser, lovelier

than he; and as he stands, silent with awe, amid the pomp of nature's ever-busy rest, hears, as of old, "The Word of the Lord God walking among the trees of the garden in the cool of the day."

One sight more, and we have done. We had something to say, had time permitted, on the ludicrous element which appears here and there in nature. There are animals, like monkeys and crabs, which seem made to be laughed at; by those at least who possess that most indefinable of faculties, the sense of the ridiculous. As long as man possesses muscles especially formed to enable him to laugh, we have no right to suppose (with some) that laughter is an accident of our fallen nature, or to find (with others) the primary cause of the ridiculous in the perception of unfitness or disharmony. And yet we shrink (whether rightly or wrongly, we can hardly tell) from attributing a sense of the ludicrous to the Creator of these forms. It may be a weakness on our part—at least we will hope it is a reverent one; but till we can find something corresponding to what we conceive of the Divine Mind in any class of phenomena, we had rather not talk about them at all, but observe a stoic "epoché," waiting for more light, and yet confessing that our own laughter is uncontrollable, and therefore we hope not unworthy of us, at many a strange creature and strange doing which we meet, from the highest ape to the lowest polype.

But, in the mean while, there are animals in which results so strange, fantastic, even seemingly horrible, are produced, that fallen man may be pardoned, if he shrinks from them in disgust. That, at least, must be a consequence of our own wrong state; for every thing is beautiful and perfect in its place. It may be answered, "Yes, in its place; but its place is not yours. You had no business to look at it, and must pay the penalty for intermeddling." We doubt that answer; for surely, if man have liberty to do any thing, he has liberty to search out freely his heavenly Father's works; and yet every one seems to have his antipathic animal; and we know one bred from his childhood to zoölogy by land and sea, and bold in asserting, and honest in feeling, that all, without exception, is beautiful, who yet cannot, after handling and petting and admiring all day long every uncouth and venomous beast, avoid a paroxysm of horror at the sight of the common house-spider. At all events, whether we were intruding or not, in turning this stone, we must pay a fine for

having done so; for there lies an animal as foul and monstrous to the eye as "hydra, gorgon, or chimæra dire," and yet so wondrously fitted to its work, that we must needs endure, for our own instruction, to handle and to look at it. Its name we know not (though it lurks here under every stone), and should be glad to know. It seems some very "low" Ascarid or Planarian worm. You see it? That black, shiny, knotted lump among the gravel, small enough to be taken up in a dessert-spoon. Look now, as it is raised, and its coils drawn out. Three feet—six—nine, at least: with a capability of seemingly endless expansion; a slimy tape of living caoutchouc, some eighth of an inch in diameter, a dark chocolate-black, with paler longitudinal lines. Is it alive? It hangs helpless and motionless, a mere velvet string across the hand. Ask the neighboring Annelids and the fry of the rock fishes, or put it into a vase at home, and see. It lies motionless, trailing itself among the gravel; you cannot tell where it begins or ends; it may be a dead strip of sea-weed, *Himanthalia loveæ* perhaps, or *Chorda filum*; or even a tarred string. So thinks the little fish who plays over and over it, till he touches at last what is too surely a head. In an instant a bell-shaped sucker mouth has fastened to his side. In another instant, from one lip, a concave double proboscis, just like a tapir's (another instance of the repetition of forms), has clasped him like a finger; and now begins the struggle; but in vain. He is being "played" with such a fishing-line as the skill of a Wilson or a Stoddart never could invent; a living line, with elasticity beyond that of the most delicate fly rod, which follows every lunge, shortening and lengthening, slipping and twining round every piece of gravel and stem of sea-weed, with a tiring drag such as no Highland wrist or step could ever bring to bear on salmon or on trout. The victim is tired now; and slowly, and yet dexterously, his blind assailant is feeling and shifting along his side, till he reaches one end of him; and then the black lips expand, and slowly and surely the curved finger begins packing him end-foremost down into the gullet, where he sinks, inch by inch, till the swelling which marks his place is lost among the coils, and he is pro-

bably macerated to a pulp long before he has reached the opposite extremity of his cave of doom. Once safe down, the black murderer slowly contracts again into a knotted heap, and lies, like a boa with a stag inside him, motionless and blest.

There; we must come away now, for the tide is over our ankles: but touch, before you go, one of those little red mouths which peep out of the stone. A tiny jet of water shoots up almost into your face. The bivalve\* who has burrowed into the limestone knot (the softest part of the stone to his jaws, though the hardest to your chisel), is scandalized at having the soft mouths of his siphons so rudely touched, and taking your finger for some bothering Annelid, who wants to nibble him, is defending himself; shooting you, as naturalists do humming-birds, with water. Let him rest in peace; it will cost you ten minutes' hard work, and much dirt, to extract him: but if you are fond of shells, secure one or two of those beautiful pink and straw-colored scallops,† who have gradually incorporated the layers of their lower valve with the roughnesses of the stone, destroying thereby the beautiful form which belongs to their race, but not their delicate color. There are a few more bivalves, too, adhering to the stone, and those rare ones, and two or three delicate *Mangelia* and *Nassa* are trailing their graceful spires up and down in search of food. That little bright red and yellow pea, too, touch it—the brilliant colored cloak is withdrawn, and instead, you have a beautifully ribbed pink cowny,‡ our only European representative of that grand tropical family. Cast one wondering glance, too, at the forest of zoöphytes and corals, *Leprælia* and *Flustra*, and those quaint blue stars, set in brown jelly, which are no zoöphytes, but respectable molluscs, each with his well-formed mouth and intestines,§ but combined in a peculiar form of Communism, of which all one can say is, that one hopes they like it; and that, at all events, they agree better than the heroes and heroines of Mr. Hawthorne's Blithedale Romance.

Now away, and as a specimen of the fertility of the water-world, look at this rough list of species,|| the greater part of which are on this very stone, and all of which you

\* *Saxicava rugosa*.† *Peeten pusio*.‡ *Oypræa Europæa*.§ *Botrylli*.|| *Mollusca*.*Mollusca—continued.**Polypæ.**Doria tuberculata*.*Cynthia*,—2 species.*Sertularia rugosa*.— *Bilineata*.*Botryllus*, do.— *fallax*.*Eolis papillosa*.*Sydinum*?— *filicula*.

might obtain in an hour, would the rude tide wait for zoölogists; and remember, that the number of individuals of each species of polype must be counted by tens of thousands, and also, that, by searching the forest of seaweeds which covers the upper surface, we should probably obtain some twenty minute species more.

A goodly catalogue this, surely, of the inhabitants of three or four large stones; and yet how small a specimen of the multitudinous nations of the sea. From the bare rocks above high-water mark, down to abysses deeper than ever plummet sounded, is life, everywhere life; fauna after fauna, and flora after flora, arranged in zones, according to the amount of light and warmth which each species requires, and to the amount of pressure which they are able to endure. The crevices of the highest rocks, only sprinkled with salt spray in spring-tides and high gales, have their peculiar little univalves, their crisp lichen-like sea-weeds, in myriads; lower down, the region of the *Fuci* (bladder-weeds) has its own tribes of periwinkles and limpets; below again, about the neap-tide mark, the region of the corallines and *Alga* furnishes food for yet other species, who graze on its watery meadows; and beneath all, only uncovered at low spring-tide, the zone of the *Laminaria* (the great tangles and oar-weeds) is most full of all of every imaginable form of life. So that, as we descend the rocks, we may compare ourselves (likening small things to great) to those who, descending the Andes, pass in a single day from the vegetation of the Arctic zone to that of the Tropics. And here and there, even at half-tide level, deep rock-basins, shaded from the sun, and always full of water, keep up, in a higher zone, the vegetation of a lower one, and afford, in min-

iature, an analogy to those deep "barrancos" which split the high table-land of Mexico, down whose awful cliffs, swept by cool sea-breezes, the traveller looks from among the plants and animals of the temperate zone, and sees, far below, dim through their everlasting vapor-bath of rank hot steam, the mighty forms and gorgeous colors of a tropic forest.

"I do not wonder," says Mr. Gosse, in his charming "Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast," "that when Southey had an opportunity of seeing some of those beautiful quiet basins hollowed in the living rock, and stocked with elegant plants and animals, having all the charm of novelty to his eye, they should have moved his poetic fancy, and found more than one place in the gorgeous imagery of his oriental romances. Just listen to him:

"It was a garden still beyond all price,  
Even yet it was a place of paradise;

\* \* \* \* \*

And here were coral bowers,  
And grots of madrepores,  
And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye  
As e'er was mossy bed  
Whereon the wood-nymphs lie  
With languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.  
Here, too, were living flowers,  
Which, like a bud compacted,  
Their purple cups contracted;  
And now, in open blossom spread,  
Stretch'd, like green anthers, many a seeking  
head.

And arborets of jointed stone were there,  
And plants of fibres fine as silkworm's thread:  
Yea, beautiful as mermaid's golden hair  
Upon the waves dispend.  
Others that, like the broad banana growing,  
Rais'd their long wrinkled leaves of purple hue,  
Like streamers wide outflowing.

(Kehama, xvi. 5.)

"A hundred times you might fancy you saw

*Pleurobranchus plumula*.  
*Neritina*.  
*Cyprina*.  
*Trochus*,—2 species.  
*Mangelia*.  
*Triton*.  
*Trophon*.  
*Nassa*,—2 species.  
*Cerithium*.  
*Sigaretus*.  
*Fissurella*.  
*Area lactea*.  
*Pecten pusio*.  
*Tapes pallastræ*.  
*Kellia suborbicularis*.  
*Sphenia Binghami*.  
*Saxicava rugosa*.  
*Gastrochena pholadia*.  
*Pholas parva*.  
*Anomia*,—2 or 3 species.

*Annelida*.  
*Phyllodoce*, and other Nereid  
worms.  
*Polynoe squamata*.

*Crustacea*.

4 or 5 species.

*Echinodermæ*.

*Echinus miliaris*.  
*Asterias gibbosa*.  
*Ophiocoma neglecta*.  
*Cucumaria Hyndmanni*.  
— communis.  
*Polypes*.  
*Sertularia pumila*.

\* P. 187.

*Plumularia falcata*.  
— setacea.  
*Laomedea geniculata*.  
*Campanularia volubilis*.  
*Aotina mesembryanthemum*.

— clavata.  
— anguicoma.  
— crassicornia.  
*Tubulipora patina*.  
— hispida.  
— serpens.  
*Crisia eburnea*.  
*Cellepora pumicosa*.  
*Leprælia*,—many species.  
*Membranipora pilosa*.  
*Cellularia ciliata*.  
— serripes.  
— reptans.  
*Flustra membranacea*, &c.

the type, the very original of this description, tracing, line by line, and image by image, the details of the picture; and acknowledging, as you proceed, the minute truthfulness with which it has been drawn. For such is the loveliness of nature in these secluded reservoirs, that the accomplished poet, when depicting the gorgeous scenes of eastern mythology—scenes the wildest and most extravagant that imagination could paint—drew not upon the resources of his prolific fancy for imagery here, but was well content to jot down the simple lineaments of nature as he saw her in plain, homely England.

"It is a beautiful and fascinating sight for those who have never seen it before, to see the little shrubberies of pink coralline—the arborets of jointed stone—that fringe those pretty pools. It is a charming sight to see the crimson, banana-like leaves of the *Delesseria* waving in their darkest corners; and the purple fibrous tufts of *Poly-siphonia* and *Ceramia*, 'fine as silkworm's thread.' But there are many others which give variety and impart beauty to these tide-pools. The broad leaves of the *Ulva*, finer than the finest cambric, and of the brightest emerald-green, adorn the hollows at the highest level, while at the lowest, wave tiny forests of the feathery *Ptilota* and *Dasya*, and large leaves, cut into fringes and furbelows, of rosy *Rhodomenia*. All these are lovely to behold; but I think I admire, as much as any of them, one of the commonest of our marine plants, *Chondrus crispus*. It occurs in the greatest profusion on this coast, in every pool between tide-marks; and everywhere—except in those of the highest level, where constant exposure to light dwarfs the plant, and turns it of a dull amber-brown tint—it is elegant in form and brilliant in color. The expanding, fan-shaped fronds, cut into segments, cut, and cut again, make fine bushy tufts in a deep pool; and every segment of every frond reflects a flush of the most lustrous azure, like that of a tempered sword-blade."—*Gosse's Devonshire Coast*, pp. 187-189.

And the sea bottom, also, has its zones, at different depths, and peculiar forms in peculiar spots, affected by the currents and the nature of the ground, the riches of which have to be seen, alas! rather by the imagination than the eye; for such spoonfuls of the treasure as the dredge brings up to us, come too often rolled and battered, torn from their sites, and contracted by fear, mere hints to us of what the populous reality below is like. And often, standing on the shore at low tide, has one longed to walk on and in under the waves, as the water-ousel does in the pools of the mountain-burn, and see it all but for a moment; and a solemn beauty and meaning has invested the old Greek fable of Glaucus the fisherman, how he ate of the herb which gave his fish strength to leap back into their native element, and, seized on the

spot with a strange longing to follow them under the waves, and became for ever a companion of the fair semi-human forms with which the Hellenic poets peopled their sunny bays and firths, feeding his "silent flocks" far below, on the green *Zostera* beds, or basking with them on the sunny ledges in the summer noon, or wandering in the still bays or sultry nights, amid the choir of Amphitrite and her sea-nymphs—

Joining the bliss of the gods, as they waken the coves with their laughter,

In nightly revels, whereof one has sung:—

So they came up in their joy; and before them the roll of the surges

Sank, as the breezes sank dead, into smooth, green, foam-flecked marble

Awed; and the crags of the cliffs, and the pines of the mountains were silent.

So they came up in their joy, and around them the lamps of the sea-nymphs,

Myriad fiery globes, swam heaving and panting; and rainbows,

Crimson, and azure, and emerald, were broken in star-showers, lighting

Far in the wine-dark depths of the crystal, the gardens of Nereus,

Coral, and sea-fan, and tangle, the blooms and the palms of the ocean.

So they went on in their joy, more white than the foam which they scattered,

Laughing, and singing, and tossing, and twining, while eager, the Tritons

Blinded with kisses their eyes, unreprieved, and above them in worship

Fluttered the terns, and the sea-gulls swept past them on silvery pinions,

Echoing softly their laughter; around them the wantoning dolphins

Sighed as they plunged, full of love; and the great sea-horses which bore them

Curved up their crests in their pride to the delicate arms which embraced them;

Pawing the spray into gems, till a fiery rainfall, unharming,

Sparkled and gleamed on the limbs of the maids, and the coils of the mermen.

So they went on in their joy, bathed round with the fiery coolness,

Needing nor sun nor moon, self-lighted, immortal; but others

Pitiful, floated in silence apart; on their knees lay the sea-boys,

Whelmed by the roll of the surge, swept down by the anger of Nereus;

Hapless, whom never again upon quay or on strand shall their mothers

Welcome with garlands and vows to the temples; but wearily pining,

Gaze over island and main for the sails which return not; they heedless

Sleep in soft bosoms for ever, and dream of the surge and the sea-maids.

So they passed by in their joy, like a dream, down the murmuring ripples.

Such a rhapsody may be somewhat out of order, even in a popular scientific article; and yet one cannot help at moments envying the old Greek imagination, which could inform the soulless sea-world with a human life and beauty. For, after all, star-fishes and sea-anemones are dull substitutes for Sirens and Tritons; the lamps of the sea-nymphs, those glorious phosphorescent medusæ, whose beauty Mr. Gosse sets forth so well with pen and pencil, are not as attractive as the sea-nymphs themselves would be; and who would not, like Ulysses, take the gray old man of the sea himself asleep upon the rocks, rather than one of his seal-herd; probably, too, with the same result as the world-famous combat in the *Antiquary* between Hector and Phœa? And yet—is there no human interest in these pursuits, more human, ay, and more divine, than there would be even in those Triton and Nereid dreams, if realized to sight and sense?

Heaven forbid that those should say so, whose wanderings among rock and pool have been mixed up with holiest passages of friendship and of love, and the intercommunion of equal minds and sympathetic hearts, and of the laugh of children drinking in health from every breeze, and instruction at every step, running ever and anon with proud delight to add their little treasure to their father's stock, and of happy, friendly evenings spent over the microscope and the vase, in examining, arranging, preserving, noting down in the diary the wonders and the labors of the happy, busy day. No; such short glimpses of the water world as our present appliances afford us, are full enough of pleasure; and we will not envy Glaucus; we will not even be over anxious for the success of his only modern imitator, the French naturalist, who is reported to have just fitted himself with a waterproof dress and breathing apparatus, in order to walk the bottom of the Mediterranean, and see for himself how the world goes on at the fifty-fathom line.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## CHARLES KEMBLE.

On the morning of the 12th of November, expired at his residence in Saville Row, *Charles Kemble*, the last survivor of a triad of artists, whose names are written indelibly in the annals of dramatic art.

The life of an actor, so far as it is an object of public interest, closes with his scenic farewell. The decease of an actor, and especially of one long withdrawn from the stage, might therefore attract little notice at any time beyond the circle of his immediate friends; and at the present moment of anxious anticipation, is more than ordinarily liable to pass from the register of the living with merely a brief expression of regret. Johnson, indeed, declared that the death of Garrick eclipsed the gayety of a nation. But this was a friendly hyperbole: the nation laughed and wept as before, although the mighty master no longer touched the chords

of its emotions. The actor's task is fulfilled when the curtain descends upon his last impersonation.

Yet we are unwilling that the name of Charles Kemble, so long and intimately associated as it has been with the brightest ornaments and the most intellectual age of the drama, should be written on the roll of death without some accompanying comment and commemoration. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, and the architect perpetuate their fame in their works; but it is the hard condition of the actor, that *his* art is for the present only; he has no patent for futurity—neither marble nor canvas, nor “breathing thoughts and burning words” embalm his genius. With the generation which beheld him his image and his influence pass away.

We are not in the number of those who regard with indifference the condition of the

drama. To a complete and vital civilization it is essential that no province of art should lie fallow and unproductive. If it be desirable that the thought of every age should be embodied in words, colors, marble, or bronze—if it be important that our material progress should be accompanied by a corresponding moral and intellectual development,—not less desirable and important is it that the drama, which claims from all the arts "suit and service" in their turn, should retain its station among the educational instruments of the age.

But without a great school of actors the drama itself necessarily pines and dwindles. Men capable of casting their thoughts into dramatic forms, will not be at the pains to write when none are competent to embody them worthily; and the more cultivated and critical portion of the public abandon the theatre to those who are content with rant, buffoonery, spectacle, and burlesque. That we have still some actors who do honor to their art, and still some authors to supply them with plays worthy to outlive the present, is rather a proof that the ancient spirit is not wholly dead, than of the existence of a generally sound condition of the drama itself. A brief account of one who inherited and transmitted a great name may, in some measure, illustrate the causes of the former high estate and the present comparative decline of the histrionic art among us.

The youngest, by nearly twenty years, of a family who for almost three generations formed the central group of all that was excellent on the stage, Charles Kemble was indebted for his eventual position as much to the discipline he underwent, as to the dramatic powers which he shared or inherited. Nature had been bountiful to him in its gifts: his form was noble, his features classical and expressive, his voice, although not strong, remarkably melodious. But it was the diligent cultivation of these gifts which finally earned and secured for him his later and mature fame. His brother—who, from the difference of their years, stood to him also in *loco parentis*—knew well that there is no royal road to histrionic excellence. Hence he imposed upon the young *débutante* a probation as strict and regular as he was in the habit of prescribing to the least gifted of his associates. Charles Kemble was for some years an actor of third and fourth-rate parts, both in public and professional estimation, and for many more was intrusted with only secondary characters. Nor was he an actor who rose rapidly in public favor. The public

compared him unfairly with his elders; they expected from the incepting the completeness of the matured actor. The press, which he never courted, repaid his indifference with occasional hostility or general silence. He had no declamatory tricks to catch the unwary; he never condescended to play 'at either pit or gallery. And the audience of those days was not easily contented. Nightly in the habit of witnessing performances of a high order, their demands were high on all who aspired to win their favor. There was, indeed, less smart newspaper criticism in those days; but there was instead of it a more competent and formidable bench of judges in the pit and boxes to probe and admonish the actor. The audiences of that period came with comparatively fresh emotions to the theatre. Their sensations had not been blunted by the semi-dramatic excitement of Byron's poems or Scott's tales. The novel of that time did not anticipate the business of the scene. Neither had the men and women of that time, artificial as were their manners in many respects, reached that morbid condition of civilization which now renders the indulgence or expression of feeling in public little short of a social crime. They went to the theatres to be moved, and they required that the actor should be able to open the sources of their mirth or sorrow. They met him half-way, but they expected that on his part he should be able to evoke the sympathy which they were ready to afford. Nor, at the time when John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons were in the zenith of their fame, did spectators flock to the theatre merely to be moved or amused. The stage was looked upon as a school of manners, and as the most intellectual of all entertainments. Orators, artists, men of wit and men of fashion then resorted to Covent-garden or Drury-lane as they now flock to the Opera. To canvass the merits and to attend the representations of English actors was not then considered a token of inferior breeding. It was as legitimate to profess admiration of Shakspeare and Jonson as now of Rossini or Donizetti. *Nous avons changé tout cela*—with what profit appears from the present condition of the English stage.

In such a period as we have sketched, Charles Kemble served his apprenticeship. Behind the curtain, his discipline was severe; before it, his judges were exacting. But there was a further cause of his final excellence—a cause which hardly survives in the present day. If we compare a sheaf of play-bills fifty years old with the present an-

nouncements of the theatre, we shall find that, in the one case, there was a constant repetition of established dramas, in the other, there is a rapid succession of novelties. If we examine these documents more minutely, we shall discover, also, that, while the scene-painter and the upholsterer are now at least as important personages as the performers, then the main burden of the play lay on the actors' shoulders. Now the effect of repeating accredited dramas was to render the performer more skilful, to improve his manipulation of character, to concentrate his attention upon the details of his art. To make up for the superficial attractions of novelty, he was compelled to give a higher finish to his habitual impersonations. Whatever may have been the demerits of theatrical monopoly, it possessed this inestimable advantage to the actors. They played better individually and collectively. They were animated by a common spirit, and by an emulation not always ungenerous. To sustain the character of the house was no unusual or unworthy ambition.

It appears to us, moreover, that the elder actors proposed to themselves a different, and, in some respects, a higher standard of art, than prevails among their present representatives. They may have been more "mannered," for the age to which they played was more precise and formal. This, however, was an accident of *their* generation, balanced by other and perhaps less artistic peculiarities in our own. We believe the elder school to have been more ideal. They held fast at least one principle of art of the highest value and moment. They were not content with a succession of fragmentary efforts; they aimed at unity of effect; they were not disposed to accept of occasional bursts of passion as a compensation for the neglect of the harmony and repose which enter so largely into every genuine work of art. They estimated the performance on the stage rather by its total veracity than by its spasmodic and irregular strength—even as they would have preferred the chastised grace of Reynolds to the exuberant and capricious fancy of Turner.

There may have been somewhat too much of system, too elaborate a display of art, in the declamation of John Kemble; and we, whose ears are unused to such modulations, and inured, if not reconciled, to the harsh and broken tones of modern elocution, should very possibly be affected with a feeling of surprise if we heard *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* so intoned. Be this as it may, the art of reciting blank verse and dramatic dialogue

generally is among the lost arts of the stage, and has been supplanted by a trick of enunciation that relieves the dramatic poet from any obligation to write in poetic measures. Throughout his career, Charles Kemble reflected the influences of his early discipline. He was, in the first place, a voracious actor, neither adding to nor falling short of the conceptions of his author. He was, moreover, a most industrious and painstaking actor, thinking nothing done while aught remained to do; inspired with a high ideal, assiduously striving to reach it, and probably in his own conception—for such are the feelings of every genuine artist—never wholly attaining it. He loved his vocation with all his mind and with all his strength. He was not one of those actors who regard their efforts as task-work, and rejoice when the mask is laid aside. He highly rated his profession, as one ministering to the intellect and the heart of man—as at once the mirror and the auxiliary of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor. All his opportunities were made subservient to it—his reading, his travels, his observation of man and man's works, of society, of nature, of contemporary actors, native and foreign. In all respects, the work he had in hand he wrought diligently. He had none of the petty jealousies of his profession. At the zenith of his reputation he would undertake characters which inferior actors would have declined as derogatory. He envied no one; he supplanted and impeded no one. For his art he was often jealous—never for himself. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the love of excellence; but he was no seeker of preëminence. Staunch in maintaining his opinions as to the proper scope and import of acting, he was tolerant of opposition, and prompt in discovering and acknowledging merit in others.

His career as an actor began in one generation, and terminated in another. It commenced at Sheffield in 1792, and closed at Covent Garden Theatre in 1840. During that period revolutions took place, both in social life and in literature, which directly and in various ways affected both the form and substance of the drama. Within the first twenty years of the present century a new literature arose—a literature which differed essentially from that of either the sixteenth or the eighteenth centuries. The wits of Queen Anne's reign would have deemed the productions of Byron and Scott as a recurrence to the earlier and ruder periods of Elizabeth; the Elizabethan poets would have regarded them as deficient in earnest-

ness and erudition. As a satirist, Byron might have won the applause of Dryden and Pope, and Addison have written a *Spectator* upon the poetical descriptions in *Childe Harold*. As a novelist, Scott might have ranked with Defoe, and as a poet, with Davenant; but the age which admired the *Grand Cyrus* and *Clælia* would have had little relish for *Waverley* and the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*. The influence of both these poets was unfavorable to the drama. They supplied the public with sufficient theatrical excitement at the fireside, and weaned them from the theatre by embodying in their writings scenes and sentiments hitherto monopolized by the stage.

They were not the only, and perhaps not the greatest poets of their age; but they were the leaders in a species of literature which more than any other has proved prejudicial to the taste for theatrical entertainments. Shelley, Wordsworth, and Keats, and even Rogers and Campbell, were either too limited in their several influences, or too remote and abstract in their genius to affect materially the public at large; whereas Scott and Byron embraced and commanded a range of sympathies of similar kind, and nearly commensurate with the drama itself. Nor was popular literature the only rival of the theatre. The Continent, long sealed to Englishmen, was, in the fifteenth year of this century, suddenly thrown open to them, and novel forms of art and untried objects of intellectual interest prodigally afforded to the wealthy and refined classes of the community. Beside such attractions the theatre paled and waned. The treasures of statuary, painting, and music, in their native homes, were simultaneously thrown open, and the frequenters of the pit and boxes became travelers by land and sea, and connoisseurs in arts more intellectual and permanent than any theatrical show or any actor's impersonation. Nor must we omit the increased religiosity of the times. Whether abstract scruples against the stage be well-founded or not, this is neither the time nor the place to inquire. But it is certain that the passions and sentiments of the theatre are frequently such as the moralist would discourage; and although the actor may at times be a useful auxiliary to the preacher, yet his text and his doctrines are not necessarily in accordance with those of the pulpit. And thus, at nearly the same period, these counter attractions—literature, foreign travel, and religion—combined their opposite influences against the drama, and drew off from it myriads of votaries.

But in the year 1792 none of these causes

of decline were as yet in operation. Mrs. Siddons, though somewhat past her prime, was still in the full majesty of matronly beauty; and John Kemble stood confessed the legitimate successor of Betterton, Quin, and Barry. Nor, although they were in shape and gesture proudly eminent, were they unsupported. A host of actors, the least accomplished of whom might now be the protagonist of any London theatre, seconded and sustained—on the spear side, Bensley, Holman, the Palmers, and Barrymore—on the spindle side, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Crawford, Miss Brunton, &c. In this most high and palmy state of the drama, and before audiences at once susceptible of emotion and skilful in judgment, the younger Kemble made his first appearance, in the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and in the subordinate character of Malcolm.

The earlier impersonations of an actor who rises gradually in his profession are rarely remarked at the time, or remembered afterwards. We have, however, Mr. Boaden's testimony to the "poetry of Charles Kemble's acting" in Guiderius, and his princely demeanor in Malcolm. But it was as the representative of second parts that his powers were first manifested. Those who are old enough to remember the Hamlet, Macbeth, and Coriolanus of his majestic brother; or the Lady Macbeth, Volumnia, and Mrs. Beverley of his matchless sister, will also recall the younger Kemble's chivalrous energy in Macduff, the classical grace of his Aufidius, and the pathos he ingrafted upon Lewson. We do not select these characters as among his best, but merely as illustrations of his powers as an auxiliary to the mature artists of his youthful days. In secondary parts he was indeed at all times unsurpassed, and he continued to perform them long after he occupied the foremost station in the ranks of scenic artists. How full of winning grace and good humor was his Bassanio; how humorous and true his drunken scene in Cassio; how fraught with noble shame after Othello's dismissal of his "officer." He was the only Laertes whom it was endurable to see in collision with Hamlet; the only Cromwell worthy of the tears and favor of Wolsey.

We have great pleasure in calling in the evidence of an excellent judge of acting, to support our own recollections of Charles Kemble.

I never (says Mr. Robson, in his *Old Playgoer*), saw an actor with more buoyancy of spirit than Charles Kemble; Lewis had wonderful vivacity, airiness, and sparkle, but he was finicking

compared with Charles. Who ever played a drunken gentleman as he did? His efforts to pick up his hat, in Charles Oakley, were the most laughable, the most ridiculous, the most natural, that can be imagined. I have seen him perform the character of Friar Tuck, in a dramatic version of Mr. Peacock's *Maid Marian*, with such an extraordinary abandonment and gusto, that you were forced back to the "jolly green wood and the forest bramble." He absolutely rollicked through the part, as if he had lived all his life with Robin and his men, quaffing fat ale and devouring venison-pasties. But perhaps his masterpiece in this way was Cassio, the insidious creeping of the "devil" upon his senses; the hilarity of intoxication, the tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth, and the lips glued together; the confusion, the state of *loss of self*, if I may so term it, when he received the rebuke of Othello, and the wonderful truthfulness of his getting sober, were beyond description fine, nay, real. No drunken scene I ever saw on a stage was comparable to it.

But the continued labor, the earnest study, and unwearied self-examination pursued for many years, were rewarded by greater achievements than even these, and crowned, at length, with the highest recompense which an actor can receive for his efforts—viz., that after witnessing his performance of particular characters the spectator ever afterwards, even in his solitary studies and remembrances, embodies the poet's creations in the very image of the actor himself. The names of Faulconbridge and Mark Antony instantly evoke the person, the tones, and the look of Charles Kemble. In the one we had before us the express image of the mediæval warrior, in the other, that of the Roman triumvir. His Faulconbridge bore us back to Runnymede and the group of "barons bold" who wrested the "great charter" from the craven John. His Mark Antony transported us to the Forum and the Capitol, to the Xth Legion at Pharsalia, to Alexandrian revels, and to the great Actian triumph. "In such characters,"—we again appeal to the *Old Play-goer*—"he just hit the difficult mark. He was noble without bluster; self-possessed without apparent effort; energetic without bombast; elegant without conceit."

With the single exception of Garrick, Charles Kemble played *well*—we emphasize the word, because other actors whom we have seen, have been ambitious of variety, and imagined they could assume diversified powers when nature had denied them—the widest range of characters on record. If he had no equal in Benedict, neither had he in Jaffier; if his Leon and Don Felix were unsurpassed, so also were his Edgar in *Lear*,

and his Leonatus in *Cymbeline*. He was the most joyous and courteous of Archers, Charles Surfaces, and Rangers. His Jack Absolute was the most gallant of guardamen; his Colonel Feignwell a combination of the best high and the best low comedy, as he successively passed through his various assumptions of the Fop, the Antiquary, the Stockbroker, and the Quaker. In young Mirabel, again, he united the highest comic and tragic powers. In the first four acts, he revelled in youth, high spirit, and lusty bachelorhood: in the last, his scene with the Bravoes and the "Red Burgundy" was for its depth of passion equalled alone by Kenn's agony and death in *Overreach*.

We should exceed our limits without exhausting the list of characters in which Charles Kemble had no equal, and in which, without a combination of the same personal and intellectual qualities, and the same strenuous cultivation of them, we shall never look upon his like again. Slightly changing the arrangement of the words, we take Mr. Hamilton Reynolds' admirable lines as the fittest expression of our conviction, that with Charles Kemble departed from the stage the gentleman of high life, and the representative of the classic or romantic hero:—

We shall never again see the spirit infuse  
Life, life in the gay gallant form of the Muse;  
Through the heroes and lovers of Shakspeare  
he ran,  
All the soul of the soldier—the heart of  
the man.  
We shall never in Cyprus his revels retrace,  
See him stroll into Angiers with indolent grace;  
Or greet him in bonnet at fair Dunsinane,  
Or meet him in moonlit Verona again.

In his provincial engagements at all times, and latterly on the metropolitan boards, Charles Kemble performed a range of characters for which his talents or his temperament were not so well adapted as for parts of chivalry, sentiment, or comic humor. He played Shylock, Macbeth, and Othello occasionally, but not with the marked success of his Hamlet, Romeo, or Pierre. His performance of this order of characters arose, latterly at least, from the circumstance that he alone, from his position and reputation, was qualified to support in tragedy his accomplished daughter, on whom had descended the mantle of Mrs. Siddons. But whether it proceeded from his theory of art, or from his peculiar idiosyncrasy, Charles Kemble, so excellent in the representation of sentiment, did not in general answer the demands of

passion. His Shylock has been commended by no incompetent judge for "its parental tenderness;" but the infusion of tenderness into Shylock's nature we conceive to have been an error. Shylock may have been attached to Jessica as a wolf to its cub; but if he loved her at all, he loved gold and revenge more; and Shakspeare has, in our opinion, afforded no hint of this palliating virtue in his Jew. On the contrary, in her presence, Shylock's language to Jessica is stern and abrupt; and after she has forsaken him, his lamentations are rather for his ducats and Leah's ring, than for his daughter. Again, Mr. Kemble's Moor was certainly of a noble and loving nature, and his form and bearing afforded a good excuse for Desdemona's preference of him to the "curled darlings of her nation." But his Roman features and his elaborate manipulation of the character were not so well suited to the rapid alternations of Othello from absorbing love to consuming anger, from profound tenderness to yet more profound despair, from faith to doubt, from accomplished though erring retribution to overwhelming and fathomless remorse. His impersonation of the Moor was too statuesque, and beside the quickening spirit of terror and pity which Edmund Kean infused into the part, seemed unreal, and was ineffective.

Macbeth, again, was a character in which Mr. Kemble, if it be compared with his other impersonations—for we are now contrasting him with himself in various parts—was less distinguished. Perhaps the recollection of his brother's preëminence in the Thane of Fife acted as a drawback upon his own conceptions, and affected him with a kind of despair of rivalry or reproduction. But his performance of it lacked the usual individuality of his historical and heroic parts: his Macbeth was as much "an antique Roman as a Dane;" in his Antony, the real man seemed to have revisited the glimpses of the moon; but on the heath and at the Palace of Scone the historical veracity was less marked. For the line of characters, indeed, in which Edmund Kean surpassed all the actors of this century—Othello, Shylock, Richard, Overreach, &c.—Charles Kemble needed certain physical qualifications. The dulcet tones of his voice, which in Romeo and Hamlet went home to the hearts of his audience on the wings of the noble poetry it uttered, were less adapted to convey the trumpet notes, the anguish, and the wail of darker passions. There were also a faintness of coloring in his face, and a statuesque repose

in his demeanor, unfavorable to the sudden transitions and vivid flashes of emotion which such impersonations require. There were, perhaps, also the corresponding intellectual deficiencies—a want of intensity, vigor, and concentrating power. And, it may be unconsciously, his theory of art led him to disregard too much the occasional demands of the more intense and uncontrollable passions, and to direct his attention rather to the finer and more fleeting shades of character—tenderness, grace, the elaboration of the minor strokes of the picture, and the classic unity of the whole.

Between the impersonations of Kean and Charles Kemble there was a frontal opposition, arising from the opposite nature of their respective temperaments. Kean never played a part thoroughly; he disregarded unity altogether—probably he was incapable of forming for himself a complete or harmonious idea of any dramatic character. He acted detached portions alone, but upon these he flung himself with all his mind, and soul, and strength, moral and physical. For such abrupt and spasmodic efforts he possessed particular physical qualifications. An unrivalled command of sinewy and expressive gesture; eyes that emitted tender or baleful light; a brow and lips that expressed vigor, intensity, and indomitable resolution; and a voice running through the entire gamut of passion, and passing easily from an exquisitely touching tenderness to the harshest dissonance of vehement passion. Hence Kean, who was seldom happy in long-sustained speeches, was incomparable in all striking, sudden, and impulsive passages. Who that ever heard can ever forget the unutterable tenderness of his reply to Desdemona soliciting for Cassio's restoration to favor—"Let him come when he will, I can deny thee nothing;" the blank comfortless despair of his "Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content;" or the hot tearless agony of his "Oh! Desdemona, away, away." Who that ever saw them can ever forget his attitude and look—the one graceful as a panther in act to spring—the other deadly as a basilisk prepared to strike—when awaiting the close of Anne of Warwick's clamorous passion of grief: or the glance of Overreach when Mar-rall turns against him: or the recoil of Luke from his overweening mistress Lady Frugal: or Shylock's yell of triumph, "a Daniel come to judgment;" or the fascination of his dying eyes in Richard, when, unarmed and wounded to death, his soul seemed yet to fight with Richmond. In recording these gifts—en-

dowments of nature rather than results of study,—we desire to draw and to impress this distinction: (1) That such intellectual and physical qualities as Kean possessed belong to the emotional rather than to the poetical phase of the drama; that the opportunities for their employment are of rare occurrence, and are seldom offered except by Shakspeare himself; and that they do not and should not be supposed to supersede the earnest study of human nature, or that mental and bodily discipline which the vocation of the actor demands. (2) That whereas an actor like Kean is extremely limited in his range of parts—the number of his great characters was six or seven at most—an actor like Charles Kemble, in virtue of his catholic study of art as a whole, of his high general cultivation, of his patient elaboration of details, is enabled to fill with success various and even dissimilar departments of the drama, and to combine in one and the same person the endowments of a great tragic and a great comic actor. The example of Kean would be of little service to any performer not similarly gifted with himself; the example of the Kembles is available even to the humblest members of their profession, and so long as it was followed and held in honor, so long did the stage retain performers capable of doing justice to the classical drama of England.

His performance of Hamlet was, perhaps, Charles Kemble's highest achievement as an actor. Of the relations which it may have borne to his brother's impersonation of the princely philosopher we cannot speak, but of its superiority to all contemporary or later Hamlets we entertain no doubt. His form, his voice, his demeanor, his power of expressing sentiment, his profound melancholy, his meditative repose, were all strictly within the range of his physical and intellectual endowments, and had all been anxiously trained up to the highest point of precision and harmony. His performance of this arduous character, indeed, left nothing to desire except that occasionally the harmony of the execution had been broken by the disturbing forces of passion. Nothing could exceed his picture of loneliness of soul as he stood encircled by the court of Denmark; what a gleam of joy beamed forth in his welcome of Horatio; now at least he has one faithful counsellor and friend; he is no longer all alone. Nothing was ever more exquisite or touching than his "Go on, I follow thee," to the ghost. Perfect love had cast out fear; faith prevailed over doubt; he will go, if need be,

to the bourne of death and the grave: he will dive into the heart of this great mystery, but not in the spirit of despair, or at the summons of revenge, or in bravery, or in stoical defiance, but in the strength, and in the whole armor of filial love. We have seen actors who fairly scolded their father's spirit, and others who quailed before it; but except in Charles Kemble, we have never seen one whose looks and tones accorded with the spirit of that awful revelation of the prison-house, and the concealed crime, and its required purgation, and expressed at once the sense of woe endured, anticipated, and stretching onward through a whole life. In this scene, so acted, the classic and romantic drama melt into one; it is Orestes hearing the best of Apollo, and it is the Christian hero, scholar, and soldier standing on the isthmus of time and eternity. Again, in the beautiful scene with Ophelia, in which the great depths of Hamlet's soul are broken up, and madness and love gush forth together like a torrent swollen by storms, with what exquisite tenderness of voice did Charles Kemble deliver even the harsh and bitter words of reproach and self-scorning. His forlorn and piteous look seemed laboring to impart the comfort which he could not minister to himself. Every mode or change of expression and intonation came with its own burden of anguish and despair. Filial love at one entrance was quite shut out; his mother was for him no longer a mother; albeit not a Clytemnestra, yet, like her (*μήτηρ ἀμήτηρ*), the wife of an Ægisthus—no more shelter for the weary on that maternal bosom: childhood snapt rudely from manhood; the earliest and holiest fountain of love dried up for ever; and as yet the dregs of the cup have not been drained. The love stronger than the love of "forty thousand brothers" must also be cast off, at least as to all outward seeming; and the arrow which has pierced his own heart be planted in Ophelia's also. Seeing Charles Kemble enact this scene, we have often marvelled how the Ophelias who played with him resisted the infection of his grief. But we must not forget, in thus reviving our recollections of a great artist, that descriptions of acting are, for the most part, like pictures to the blind, or music to the deaf, or as when a man beholds his face in a glass, and straightway the image of it passeth away. To those who remember Charles Kemble's impersonations, and who studied them with a diligent and reflecting spirit, we shall appear probably to have traced with feeble lines and dim colors

a portrait whose form and tints are yet living and fresh in remembrance, and will revive as often as Shakspeare's pages are laid open. To those, on the other hand, who have never witnessed his acting, we must seem even less expressive, seeking to embody that which by its proper nature has long ago dislimned and left not a trace behind. Yet it is much to have seen even what we cannot delineate to others; and to convey at least the impression that it was good, harmonious, and beautiful exceedingly. Nor are we unaware that in the foregoing attempts to record our own impressions we have passed over many examples of his skill or genius, not less worthy of mention than those which we have recounted. He restored Mercutio to his proper position as a humorous, high-minded, and chivalrous gentleman, such as, in its most palmy days, maintained the honor of Verona, and figured in Titian's pictures, or in Villani's pages, ages before the Spaniard, the Gaul or the Austrian pressed down with armed heel the beauty of "fair Italy." To Petruchio he gave back his self-possession and good-humor; in Mr. Kemble's hands he was no "ancient swaggerer," liable to six weeks' imprisonment for his bullyings and horse-whippings. And neither last nor least in the catalogue of his impersonations—although it is the last we can afford space to enumerate—Orlando in Ardenne, the very top and quintessence of woodland chivalry. Fourteen years have passed away since Charles Kemble's final retirement from the stage. Virtually, he had withdrawn from his profession in the winter of 1837, but in the spring of 1840 he consented at the command of Her Majesty to retread for a while the scenes of his former triumphs. Among other characters, he performed at Covent-garden Theatre Don Felix, Mercutio, Benedick, and Hamlet. He remained on the boards long enough to witness important changes, if not an absolute decline, in the art to which his life had been devoted. He saw its professors, instead of being collected in strong companies, and disciplined and matured by judicious training and collective practice, dispersed over a wide area of theatres, where talents of the first order found no congenial employment, and second-rate actors were able to achieve easily ill-merited applause. He witnessed the almost entire relegation of the classical drama to theatres which had hitherto been the haunts of melodrama and buffoonery; and the staple productions of these houses, by an inverse process of migration, transferred to the politer regions of the metropolis. He

had indeed survived the days of poetic and chivalrous delineation; and himself, the liminary column of a past age, had come down to the days when the theatres rested their popularity upon plays and plots which combined extravagance of incident with questionable ethics, and the manager relied more upon his scene-painter and his upholsterer than upon his actors. In his younger days Charles Kemble had been approved by audiences composed of the refined, the accomplished and the judicious; in his latter years the theatre had ceased to attract these classes generally, because it no longer afforded the means of intellectual entertainment. We are inclined to think, at least we would fain hope, that a portion of this night has passed away. We possess, indeed, no longer either well-appointed companies or actors capable of answering to the demands of the higher tragedy or comedy. But we have among us, though still dispersed, and thereby deprived of the advantages of coöperation, no inconsiderable number of accomplished actors, who would, in their degrees, have earned themselves a name in any period of the stage-history. We have play-writers, too, though their number be few, who, inspired with an honest purpose, may yet do much at once to improve the actor in his art, and elevate the audience in their taste and perceptions.

We should not be rendering full justice to the memory of Charles Kemble, were we to omit mentioning his exertions in the cause of the historical drama by restoring to it, or affording it for the first time, its proper scenery and costume. His brother had expunged much of the neglect and barbarism in these matters which had disgraced the stage of Betterton, Quin, and Garrick. He had rescued Othello from his footman's garb, and Macbeth from his brigadier's uniform, and Brutus and Coriolanus from their surplices and slippers. But the younger Kemble went many steps further; and in his representations of the Moor of Venice, King John, and Henry IV., put upon the stage the senators and captains of the Signory, and the barons of England, even in the very garb worn by them when their dukes wedded the Adriatic, or Hotspar and Worcester fought at Shrewsbury. The pomp and circumstance and beauty of Macready's representations of Shakspeare's Historical Plays reflected infinite honor upon his enterprise and taste; and Mr. Phelps, annually at Sadler's Wells approves himself, so far as the *mise en scène* is concerned, one of the most active and skilful of Shakspearian illustrators. To these

gentlemen belongs the full credit of having followed a good example; but to Charles Kemble appertains the honor of having led the way, and of having, as it were, couched the public eye, and made it capable of appreciating the power of scenic illustration when employed in the rightful and bounden service of the monarch of dramatic poets.

Hitherto we have considered Charles Kemble in his public capacity alone; but he was too remarkable as a man and as a member of refined and intellectual society, to be regarded merely under his aspects as an actor. In our account of him in his professional relations we have indeed anticipated many of his individual qualities. His intellectual powers are presumed in his ability to conceive and impersonate the highest order of dramatic character; he who is competent to embody poetic creations must necessarily possess no ordinary share of the imaginative faculty itself. He who is able to analyze, combine, and reproduce the fine and subtle elements of Shakspearian life, cannot have studied either universal or specific human nature with an unlearned eye, without exerting, and that in no common degree, the perceptive and logical powers of the understanding. His fine and cultivated taste was displayed in the grace of his manners, in his noble demeanor, and in the skill with which he enlisted the arts in the service of the drama. But apart from his profession, Charles Kemble's acquirements in literature were considerable. He spoke fluently and with elegance several modern languages; he was well versed in the masterpieces of their literature. Although not, perhaps, a deep classical scholar, he was familiar with the best writers of ancient Rome; and as the amusement of his declining years and comparative seclusion, he renewed his early knowledge of Greek, and prosecuted its difficult study with the zeal and energy of an aspirant for university honors. Like his brother, and indeed like his family generally, he derived from nature linguistic faculties of the first quality. Had John Kemble not been the greatest actor of his day, he would most probably have been among its very foremost philologists, as the notes he has left upon the subjects of his various reading abundantly evince. And these philological powers were shared by his brother. The labor he bestowed upon the technicalities of the Greek grammar was to him a labor of love. With half the amount of toil he expended upon the dry, and to most people intolerably minute, details of its accidence, he might have

attained facility in reading Homer, Xenophon, or Euripides. But he would dive to the very roots before he indulged in the luxury of the fruit or flowers; and a certain air of abstraction observable in his looks, was often owing to the circumstance that, in his walks, or while seemingly unoccupied, he was carefully going through, in his memory, some knotty *paradigma*, or defining, for the twentieth time, the precise import of the Greek particles. Art, and the department of sculpture especially, he had made the subject of earnest study—in some measure, perhaps, as auxiliary to his own profession—but also from more catholic and higher notions. Winckelman himself might have been proud of a pupil who appreciated the beauty of ancient sculpture with a zest and discernment scarcely inferior to his own. In both his literary and artistic acquirements, Charles Kemble's sphere of observation had been greatly enlarged by extensive travels—at a time when travelling was neither so usual nor so easy as it has since become—and by constant communication with intelligent and accomplished artists, British and foreign. His house, indeed, was at all times the resort of persons distinguished in art and literature; and rarely did they encounter a host more capable of estimating their common or particular excellences, or who entered with a more cordial interest into their respective pursuits.

Distinguished by a courtesy of demeanor, even in days more courteous than our own, Charles Kemble transmitted to the present age the express image of the English gentleman of the past generation—of the gentleman whom Reynolds painted, and of whom Beauclerc was the sample and representative. He was, indeed, not less formed to delight and instruct private society than to be the mould of high breeding, and the glass of refined manners on the stage. In his later years his own social enjoyments were much impeded by deafness, and by the recurrence of a painful disorder. But neither privation nor pain diminished the urbanity of his address, or the general sweetness and serenity of his temper. With a shrewd perception of character, he was lenient in his judgment of men and their opinions. He was slow to censure, and swift to forgive; and more inclined to make allowance for error than prone to detect imperfections.

In the long period of days allotted to him, Charles Kemble had both mingled much in society, and marked its features with a learned eye. His fund of anecdotes was

inexhaustible, and his stories derived as much grace and point from his mode of relating as from their intrinsic pith and moment. He might have written—and it is much to be regretted that he did not write—a volume of reminiscences. The arc of his experience stretched from the days of Burke and Sheridan to the present moment; for at every period of his life he had sought the society of his elders, and courted the intimacy of men younger than himself.

Charles Kemble has departed from us in the fulness of days, and attended by the respectful affection of a numerous circle of friends. His name will endure as long as the records of the stage retain their interest, and wherever the genius of the actor is held in honor. But it is the condition, twin-born with the nature of his powers and the demands of his art, that he who in his day reaps the first harvest of popularity, is, after that day has passed, the soonest forgotten in all but—Name. Yet he is not without compensation for the ephemeral nature of his efforts and triumphs; if neither the pencil nor the chisel have power to perpetuate the effects which once electrified multitudes—if the flashes of his genius be

All perishable ! like the electric fire,  
They strike the frame, and as they strike, expire :  
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,  
Its perfume charms the sense, then blends with air.

Yet, on the other hand, while the painter, the sculptor, and the poet are generally compelled to expect from the future their full meed of honor, the recompense of the actor is awarded to himself: he enjoys the fulness

of his fame, and is at once the inheritor and witness of his own triumphs. To no one but the actor is it given to speak at once to so many feelings, to move and permeate so vast a mass of human passions; to impart pleasure, enlightenment, and instruction to so many delighted auditors. He is the interpreter of the arts to the many: he holds the keys of sorrow and mirth. It is his voice, or gesture, or look, which has filled the eyes of crowded spectators with gentle tears, or has elicited from them bursts of genial laughter. But for him, poetry might have been dumb, and painting meaningless to many men and many minds. He is the merchant who brings the gold of Ophir and eastern balsams within reach of those whose abode is far removed from the regions where Nature has exerted her most subtle and strange alchemy.

The place of Charles Kemble in his profession, though long vacant, has never been supplied; nor is it probable that it ever will, for he combined, in an unusual proportion, intellectual powers with natural gifts; the void which his decease has made in the circle of his friends is as little likely to be filled up, for he united all that is pleasant in man with principles and virtues of "sterner stuff." In contributing our mite to the final *Plaudite* of Charles Kemble we will repeat the challenge of the greatest orator of Rome, uttered upon the decease of Rome's greatest actor—*Quis nostrum tam animo agresti ac duro fuit ut Roscii morte nuper non commoveretur? qui cum esset senex mortuus, tamen propter excellentem artem ac venustatem videbatur omnino mori non debuisse.*

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.—In the beautiful edition of Goldsmith's Complete Works, just published in London by Murray, we find a poem of several hundred lines by Dr. Goldsmith, now for the first time printed. It is a translation from the Latin of the celebrated Italian poet Vida, and is entitled *The Game of Chess*. It is difficult to imagine where this MS. has lain perdu for three-quarters of

a century; but it is all in the poet's own hand-writing, and is not only vouched for by Mr. Peter Cunningham, the editor of Murray's new edition of Goldsmith, but by Mr. Foster the poet's biographer. It will be republished here in the course of a few days, in a volume now in press, by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## DISRAELI.

IN the interest which attaches to every thing connected with his name, Mr. Disraeli is not unlike Lord Byron, one of the gods of his early idolatry. Since Byron, indeed, no one in this country has piqued the public curiosity so much, and for so long a time. From the day on which he succeeded, by those memorable philippics, in banishing Peel from office and from the favor of the Tories, he has been the most marked man in Britain; and at the present hour he attracts more attention than ever. The newspapers chronicle most minutely all his movements, all his manœuvres—how he talked with this member behind the Speaker's chair; how he turned, to whisper that member on the bench beside him; how he slept while Mr. Windy droned; how he smiled as Captain Hornet buzzed; how calmly he listened to the roaring of Sir Lionel; and then, when he rose to reply, the cut of his trousers, the color of his vest, the lappets of his coat, the tie of his neckcloth, the arrangement of his hair. And as buds of genius in days of yore practised the Byron scowl, and the Byron necktie, and the Byron limp; so all the very clever youths in this year of grace shuffle along the streets in Oriental style, bury their hands in their pockets with all the Disraelitic rites, have a passion for mouse-colored wristcoats, nourish a tuft of moss on the point of the chin, and study vacancy of expression in their countenance—in this last succeeding to perfection.

On the whole, however, it is not a vulgar curiosity that is thus directed towards Mr. Disraeli, nor is a vulgar gossiping the result. The truth is, that to most persons he is quite an enigma, a hieroglyphic, at once inviting and perplexing inquiry; and not knowing what to think of him, they set themselves to speak about him. It is ever so. If the fruit of faith be works, it is not less true that words are the fruits of doubt. Silence is divine, because it implies faith, knowledge, perfect satisfaction; we break silence, we begin to talk, because our vision is not clear, and to assure ourselves, as much as to convince others. And that, in fact, this is the reason why all the sayings and doings of Mr. Disraeli

draw so much notice will be evident, if it is considered that, of all the vituperative epithets which are flung at him so lavishly, none are more frequent than those which describe him as a juggler, a conjuror, a mystery. He is not understood; he is pure Hebrew, and without points, to by far the greater number of those who attempt to read his character and career. The sharpest missiles which are hurled at his head thus miss their mark, and, like the Australian boomerang, return again bloodless to his assailants. They declare that he has no principles, that he has no settled convictions on any one subject; and Lord John Russell even says, that he is infinitely above having any opinion whatsoever. But what does all this prove? It is simply a confession of ignorance on the part of these individuals; it simply proves that they, at least, have failed to discover that central solar point from which all his opinions emanate, and around which all his actions cluster, as planets in their orbits. Now, we are not defending Mr. Disraeli; we pass no judgment on the game which he has played for the last half-dozen years; his doctrines may have been worthy only of a visionary Laputan or a horrid Giaour, and his conduct may have been worthy only of a wily Jesuit or a dancing Dervish; but, whether good, bad, or indifferent, we must, in the name of all sound criticism, protest against thus cutting the mysterious knot by a too easy assertion, that he is alike without principle and without a policy.

It is not our intention, however, in these pages, to dwell at any length on Mr. Disraeli's political career. And it is the less necessary thus to rehearse the various passages of that party warfare in which he has of late been engaged, as within the last few months he has gradually, almost imperceptibly, changed his ground, and now fills a position more intelligible, and less open to criticism, than that which for so long a time he was content to occupy as the mouthpiece and headpiece of a party with which he has but little sympathy.

He is himself a Tory, and his party calls

itself Tory. But, although thus arrogating to itself an illustrious historical name, he maintains, or at least he maintained in "Coningsby" ten years ago, that, from almost the commencement of the present century, it has pursued a policy which is either founded on no principle whatever, or on principles exactly contrary to those which had always guided the conduct of the great Tory leaders of bygone times—the Bolingbrokes and Harleys, the Shelburnes and the Pitts. These pseudo-Tories made exclusion the principle of their political constitution, and restriction the genius of their commercial code; thus lifting the very banners of the Whigs themselves; for the Whigs, he says, in another part of the same work, "introduced sectarian religion, sectarian religion led to political exclusion, and political exclusion was soon accompanied by commercial restraint." When, therefore, in one of his speeches, he described the policy of Sir Robert Peel, by saying that the right honorable gentleman caught the Whigs bathing, and ran away with their clothes, he only described what, in his view, has been the Conservative policy generally; and these views he has never yet retracted. We believe, also, that he never once relinquished them, not even when most gallantly pleading the cause of the august female whose image adorns the copper coinage of the realm. Look at the Hughenden Manor manifesto. The phrase in which that celebrated state-paper announced that the genius of the epoch is favorable to unrestricted competition, which flew like a watchword all over the country, and which ultimately became the squire's formula of renouncing protection, and accepting free-trade, what was it but a resurrection of the very phrase, above quoted, which had long been buried and forgotten in "Coningsby," although not forgotten by him? And be assured that in this, and in his other novels, there are matters of weightier import than a mere turn of expression which he has not forgotten. Perhaps it is only the fond dream of those who are willing to think well of Mr. Disraeli; yet, whether right or wrong, it is said by not a few, and apparently with some truth, that he has shown a bias to those political views which he at first propounded in certain pamphlets, and afterwards in certain novels, as the standards of Toryism proper, although it is Toryism of a more enlightened hue than that of Lord Eldon, and laying claim to a birthright elder by far—the true, the aboriginal, the antediluvian Toryism. At all events, he is now reissuing these novels; most of them have a political meaning; and,

whatever their significance, they demand our attention, as coming from one of the most remarkable statesmen of the day.

Is there any vital connection between politics and a novel? A most vital one, even when the novel is quite silent as to affairs of state; for the novel, after its kind, is a chart of human life, and the statesman is a navigator who steers according to his map. Some politicians, no doubt—as the economists in the British Parliament—are not statesmen in this sense, and, however good their financial schemes, can only be regarded as the pursers and supercargoes of the vessel; but the true commanders have a scheme of politics that is ever more or less consciously evolved from a study of the history, the philosophy, and the destiny of humanity. And this, truly, is the secret of that extraordinary eagerness with which the public devour every scrap of information regarding the private life of their princes and governors, more than of other men; the excuse for it also, as in like manner a lenient judge will find a noble element of gold in the sandiest follies of mankind. In the present case, the public are not actuated by a mere love of tattle; they desire to connect, what they so often see dis severed, the statesman and the man, and to trace the roots of his politics in the soil of human life.

Now there are, perhaps, no two men whose political opinions spring so directly from first principles, and from their idea of human life, as those of Benjamin Disraeli and Thomas Carlyle; and starting with the same assumption, their conclusions are rationally the same. For a long time, Mr. Carlyle was considered a rank democrat, until, developing his doctrine of hero-worship, it appeared that he is nothing of the kind, but really an aristocrat—the aristocracy which he favors, however, being one of intellect, not of mere birth. In like manner, Mr. Disraeli at first seemed to wear the colors of a flaming Radical, until at length, developing the doctrines of young England, it appeared that he is nothing of the kind, but heart, head, and hand, a Tory, who sees the ideal of government in the principle of an aristocracy. And this principle naturally follows from the views which both maintain regarding the influence of individual character, and which may be summed up in the aphorism, that history is but the biography of great men. With the truth of that statement we have nothing, at present, to do; it has been impugned; it has been said that a nation is not created by its individual geniuses, but that these individuals bubble up from the heart of the nation; and

perhaps it is not more impossible for mortal man to create an individual Frankenstein, than to create such a Leviathan as figures in the title-page of the celebrated political work so named, in which a nation is pictured as a monster—a giant whose huge frame is made up of an infinite number of manikins. Without going into that question, however, let us mark how the answers which they give to it bear on the political dogmas of Disraeli and Carlyle, and how naturally the idea of an aristocratic government, in the highest sense—government of the best—flows from the vivid apprehension of individual influence. Carlyle's idea of the heroic—the grand idea of his philosophy—everybody knows, but it is not generally understood that no other man has harped so long, so earnestly, and so variously as Mr. Disraeli upon the same note, albeit in a lower pitch. How the young man, by force of will and dint of brain, rises to power; how Joseph, almost the youngest of twelve, becomes ruler over his brethren; how the youthful David mounts a throne; what is greatness, and how to achieve it: such has ever been the theme of his novels, as witness the very earliest, "Vivian Grey" and "Contarini Fleming." In the interval between the publication of these and of "Coningsby," he seems to have studied the writings of Mr. Carlyle; or at least in the latter novel, the points of resemblance between the brilliant Jew and the perfervid Scot are more numerous and marked, although, perhaps, neither of them would like to be thus classed together. It is impossible, however, not to discern the likeness, which may be traced yet further in the contempt entertained by both of them for persons wanting in such force of character as they severally admire. Whether the weakness be in the intellect or in the will, they have no compassion for it: the man is a blockhead, an idiot, respectable, perhaps, in appearance, but all the more despicable in reality. They have none of that profound feeling for the infirmities of human life and lowliness of every type, which is so characteristic of Christianity, and which made Wordsworth discover a mysterious attraction even in an idiot, and feel that to such a being the words of the apostle peculiarly apply, when he speaks of a life hid with Christ in God. In short, if we may invent a seeming paradox, they have no idea of microscopic greatness; they have no idea that any thing great can be accomplished except by a great man. It is a great mistake; and let it be observed, by the way, that in those Hebrew

Scriptures which Mr. Disraeli is so justly proud of, it receives no countenance. If there is one idea which they urge more forcibly than another, it is this: that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and that is for man to wait, and God to work. And is not this also the grand moral taught in the nursery literature of all countries?—it is little Jack that kills the giant; the ogre is destroyed by a puny boy; Cinderella is the happy bride; the palace is built, and the princess won, by the half-starved Aladdin.

But if, in "Coningsby," Mr. Disraeli gave a definite expression to ideas which, although really his own (for they float through all his compositions), Carlyle, in his lectures on Hero-worship, was the first to develop distinctly; on the other hand, he in the same work anticipated, and in some measure forestalled, the "Latter-day Pamphlets." "Coningsby" was an attempt to explain the true principles of the Tories, therefore an attempt to explode mere Conservatism as the caricature of Toryism, and little better than twaddle. Conservatism, according to this view, is the endeavor to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government; so that ministers are the slaves of routine, not masters of their sphere. And against such a system of universal red tape Mr. Disraeli directed his satire, to show that mere administrative ability can never supply the place of good government—the very war-cry raised by Mr. Carlyle in his pamphlet on the New Downing Street: Give us a strong government, the government of strong man. And who shall be the man or men for the hour? who the coming man? they both asked, and answered, each after his own fashion, wistfully gazing into the future. Carlyle, of course, took a rather gloomy view of matters. He is like another John the Baptist, so wild, so shaggy, so melancholy, preaching to another generation of vipers, but with this enormous difference, that, whereas the Baptist cried, Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand, Carlyle cries, "Repent, for lo! the kingdom of hell." Disraeli, on the contrary, is too shrewd, raven-locked as he is, to be, like the raven, a prophet only of evil; and so his warning voice was raised in more equivocal tones—Look out, for there's something looming in the future: and the saviours of the country to whom he pointed his finger were those whom no one could scorn, because they were utterly unknown, although for the

same reason, also, their pretensions might be scouted—the new, the rising generation.

And here we are reminded of a further development which Mr. Disraeli has given to his views of individual character. "The influence of the individual is nowhere so sensible as at school," he remarks. "There the personal qualities strike, without any intervening and counteracting causes. A gracious presence, noble sentiments, or a happy talent, make their way there at once, without preliminary inquiries as to what set they are in, or what family they are of, how much they have a year, or where they live." Accordingly, in pursuing his grand theme, his hero is always a youth; and, while maintaining that history is but the biography of great men, he adds, by the mouth of Sidonia: "Almost every thing that is great has been done by youth. The history of heroes is the history of youth." It is a doctrine that flatters young men, and which may partly account for his extraordinary influence over the adolescent mind of Great Britain, remarkably displayed at it was in the enthusiasm which gave him the lion's share of popularity at the late Oxford installation. It was also displayed at the Edinburgh University, where the students, in proposing a president for their associated societies, first thought of Mr. Disraeli, and, had he accepted the honor, would probably have elected him unanimously. That is not, however, the only cause of his popularity. There is more food for thought in his writings than in those of any other novelist, and such thought as young men most admire. What a young man chiefly pants for is experience; he wishes to know and to try life, at whatever hazard; and Mr. Disraeli, besides dilating with poetic ardor on those experiences which are ever most fascinating to youth, dissects them with a show of philosophic accuracy which makes a young fellow fancy that he already understands the whole secret of life and art of living. His writings exhibit a profound and varied acquaintance with all the manifestations of life, that is, perhaps, the result of nearly as much imagination as real experience; for it is wonderful how far a bright invention will go to supply the want of actual knowledge. And that our novelist is largely indebted to imagination for his apparently intimate acquaintance with human nature in all its phases, may be gathered from the very form into which he has thrown his observations. He seldom gives mere facts: almost every fact is capped with a theory. Now, that is not like a man who

purchases experience with only his penny of observation; such a man contents himself, for the most part, with a bare recital of the facts. Theory, on the contrary, is the offshoot of inexperience, insufficient knowledge. It is when our experience is partial, or rather (since it is always more or less so, let us say) when we are conscious of its partiality, that we attempt to complete and solidify it in a theory. Partly, then, we believe, on this account, but partly, also, through the vivacity of an intellect that must have exercise, Mr. Disraeli hardly ever states a fact without linking it to a theory, and sometimes, it must be added, in a very reckless manner, as if he merely wished to give play to his ingenuity, no matter what the result—no matter whether it be true or false, if only it be plausible. And thus—as Samson caught the three hundred foxes, tied them tail to tail with firebrands between, let them loose amongst the fields of the Philistines, and so burned up their standing corn and the shocks, the vineyards and the olives—he, by the glowing theories which, in his novels, as well as in his speeches, he is fond of attaching to uninteresting facts and dreary statistics, throws terrible confusion into the established customs and received opinions of the day. And very much to his own hurt, since the prosaic man who cannot understand that kind of play, the political opponent who ought to know better but pretends not, and the rigid moralist who disapproves of every thing in the shape of fiction, all conspire to hoot him down as a hairbrained dreamer, who foolishly assumes the tone of an oracle while divulging mere speculations that are not only false, wild, and impracticable in themselves, but utterly discordant with each other. It is either very weak vision or very poor candor, however, that can thus confound the pyrotechnics of an excited intellect with the sober conclusions and honest convictions of a lifetime, which are not only consistent with themselves, but which he has also maintained, through good and bad report, from the very commencement of his career, never swerving from, although gradually developing them. For our own part, we confess that these fireworks give an extraordinary charm to his writings. If they do not always enlighten, they at least dazzle; if they do not always express truth, they are at least ominently suggestive. And it is not difficult to understand how such broad and sweeping, it may be sometimes hasty, generalizations should possess peculiar attraction for youthful minds. Young people have an

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effect of it, is the warmth of his interest in the possibilities of youth. Where do we find such biographies of youth as in the Hebrew Scriptures? It is because youth is the season of promise, and because of the many senses in which the child is the father of the man, none is more often true than this, that the achievements of the man are but the schemes of the stripling.

And, in passing, let us dwell for a moment on the exceeding beauty of Mr. Disraeli's pictures of boyhood, so vivid and so minute, so natural and so ideal, so full of the boy and so reflective of the man. No novelist seems to have understood boy-nature so well; no one has entered into the spirit of a boy's pleasure so entirely; not even Dickens has spread such a pure azure light on those halcyon days when our hearts were yet unsullied by the world. In fact, Mr. Disraeli very seldom touches the string that Dickens oftenest plays upon in the description of childhood—it is a string very easy to play upon—the sorrows of a child. If one has the gift of pathos at all, he has a very juicy theme in describing the wretchedness and the wrongs, the perplexities and the fears, of a little helpless innocent, that bears all the contradiction of the world so meekly, feeling the pain, but not able to question the justice, of its suffering; and with such a theme Mr. Dickens certainly has done wonders. Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, seldom touches it. Not that he is deficient in pathos, as it has been said. Latterly, indeed, and we might say from the date of his entrance into Parliament, he seems to have studiously veiled the tenderer feelings of his nature; never in his speeches, and but rarely in his writings, appearing in any character save that of an utter stoic—a man without a tear. But, even in these writings, turn to the last chapter of his last work, the Political Biography of Lord George Bentinck, and we find a very beautiful pathos, although its effects are somewhat marred by the pedantry of certain quotations from the Greek tragedians. When the grief is only strong, it is expressed in a quotation, beginning with *ἐ, ἐ*; when it becomes doubly strong, it is expressed, if we remember rightly, in a quotation, beginning with another interjection, *αἶ, αἶ*; until at length when the force is trebled and absolutely overpowering, it bursts forth in the cry of *ὦεῦ, ὦεῦ*. But the best examples of his mastery over the pathetic are to be found in his earlier novels: we may refer to the death of Violet Fane in "Vivian Grey," to the death of Alceatè in "Contarini Fleming," to the latter

part of "Venetia," and to the closing scene of the "Tragedy of Count Alarcos," where, however, he has mixed up the pathetic with the terrible, so that the effect is by no means equal to that of the Spanish ballad of the same name. And yet, with all this power of exciting the tenderest emotion, Mr. Disraeli has shown very little inclination to shed tears over the calamities of boyhood; and he has thus displayed a truer appreciation of the life of children than Mr. Dickens, as indeed his portraiture of youth generally is of the most accurate description, and exhibits a most minute study of the little ways of children. Here is "Venetia;" we open it at random—page 34; Lord Cadurcis, a mere boy, has presented a jewel to Venetia: "Venetia went up to her mother, who was talking to Mrs. Cadurcis. She had not courage to speak before that lady and Dr. Masham, so she called her mother aside. 'Mamma,' she said, '*something has happened*.' 'What, my dear?' said Lady Annabel, somewhat surprised at the seriousness of her tone. 'Look at this, mamma!' said Venetia, giving her the brooch." Something has happened, says the little creature, as if it were an earthquake. The volume is full of those minute touches. Here is another novel; we open it at random, and find the following letter from one schoolboy to another, who has saved him from drowning:—

"Dear Coningsby,—I very much fear that you must think me a very ungrateful fellow, because you have not heard from me before; but I was in hopes that I might get out and say to you what I feel; but whether I speak or write, it is quite impossible for me to make you understand the feelings of my heart to you. Now, I will say at once, that I have always liked you better than any fellow in the school, and always thought you the cleverest; indeed, I always thought that there was no one like you; but I never would say this, or show this, because you never seemed to care for me, and because I was afraid you would think I merely wanted to con with you, as they used say of some other fellows, whose names I will not mention, because they always tried to do so with Henry Sydney and you. I do not want this at all; but I want, though we may not speak to each other more than before, that we may be friends; and that you will always know that there is nothing I will not do for you, and that I like you better than any fellow at Eton. And I do not mean that this shall be only at Eton, but afterwards, wherever we may be, that you will always remember that there is

nothing I will not do for you. Not because you saved my life, though that is a great thing, but because, before that, I would have done any thing for you, only for the cause above mentioned I would not show it. I do not expect that we shall be more together than before, nor can I ever suppose that you could like me as you like Henry Sydney and Buckhurst, or even as you like Vere; but still I hope you will always think of me with kindness now, and let me sign myself, if ever I do write to you, your most attached, affectionate, and devoted friend,

OSWALD MILLBANK."

We have spoken at some length of Mr. Disraeli's faith in the influence of individual character, and of the interest with which he has always regarded the character of youth. And now let us, in a few sentences, indicate the greatness, and sometimes the exaggeration, of that importance which he attaches to persons generally. Every thing in his eye reduces itself to a question of persons and personalities. He admits that no man is great, unless he be the exponent of a great principle; but, in his view, principles are unavailing without an apostle to enforce them. Parliamentary government is impossible without party; party is impossible without leaders. Every thing depends on individual genius; individual genius depends on race. All is race. Some people never think of persons—cannot, indeed, do so; they can discuss measures, but not men. He, on the contrary, almost invariably treats a man and his proposition as identical, which indeed they are, to a certain extent; but he sometimes pushes this view to an extreme, identifying principles with persons, and persons with principles, in a very arbitrary manner. For example, he sees no reason to prevent the Jews from embracing Christianity, but much inducing them to do so; and how? it may be asked. Not because Christianity is the true religion, but because the fact of the Incarnation is flattering to the race. On the other hand, he cannot see why the Jews should be at present debarred from Parliament, and why in the middle ages they were looked upon as an accursed race, the enemies of God and man, the especial foes of Christianity; and how? Because Christianity was founded by the Jews, because its Divine Author, in his human capacity, was a descendant of King David, and because his doctrines were avowedly the completion, not the change, of Judaism. These statements will be almost incredible without a reference to the places where they occur; and we have therefore to

say, that the former is to be found in the celebrated 24th chapter of the Life of Lord George Bentinck, and that the latter will be found in the Preface to "Coningsby."

It may be added, that this identifying of policy with party, and principle with person, is to be classed amongst the Hebraisms of his character. If to the true Christian there is, in a spiritual point of view, neither Jew nor Gentile, neither Greek nor Barbarian, neither bond nor free, it was never so, in any point of view, to the true Hebrew. In his eye, every thing was race, personality was every thing. It is, indeed, a very prominent characteristic of the Semitic mind generally, and most prominent of all in the Hebrew. The Hebrew belonged to a peculiar people, that in a very remarkable manner recognized its own individuality, not only as a whole, by a complete separation of itself from all the nations of the earth, but also in all its divisions and subdivisions, by preserving every tribe apart, every family apart, almost every soul apart. The priesthood must be confined to a single clan, every priest to his course, the high-priest to a particular family; salvation must spring out of the tribe of Judah, and out of the house of David; Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? And so, as this principle of favoritism was more and more developed in the Hebrew mind, the Maker of us all being continually represented as regarding the Israelites with particular kindness for the sake of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and as showing mercy to this or that individual, not because of his own merits, but because of a father, three or four generations removed, whose righteous deeds were still treasured in God's book of memory, salvation became in their eyes a matter entirely of personal favor; the Most High appeared to them as preëminently a respecter of persons; they revelled in the pride of birth, as no other people ever did; the poorest and most despised, the very Pariahs of the nation, could trace a pedigree up to the primeval mud, telling through what noble veins it had filtered in coming to theirs; and, when the chosen race was scattered over the world, they walked forth robed, as in the purple of a king, with a superb egotism that has not often been assumed even by royalty. And of this, the tendency of all his kindred, Mr. Disraeli affords a remarkable example, in the firm hold which he takes of the personality of others, and in the keen sense which he has ever displayed of his own personality. It has been asserted that egotism forms the basis of his character, the foundation of all

he thinks, and says, and does; and, if we admit the truth of such a statement, we do so, however, not in the sense which it was intended to bear. It was intended to signify that Mr. Disraeli is a mere adventurer, with notoriety and self-aggrandizement for his only aim—a view of his character that is the result of malignant intention, not less than of shallow thinking. It is one of those shallow plausibilities which are the very opposite of truth. An adventurer is a single individual pushing himself forward, unbidden, and for his own private advantage. If Mr. Disraeli has pushed himself forward, and fought single-handed, he has not been fighting merely his own battle; he has stood forward as the representative of a race, and the champion of a creed. Like all public men, he has doubtless been actuated by the honorable ambition of distinguishing himself; but this in subordination to noble ends, to which we must hastily refer.

From a very early period, he recognized in his writings that he is at once an Englishman and a foreigner. In "Contarini Fleming," for instance, he gave expression to this feeling, in the exultation with which the young hero of that novel so constantly dwells upon his Venetian origin—an origin which Mr. Disraeli also claims; and afterwards, when speaking in his own proper person, he expressed it in "The Young Duke," or, rather, he implied it in the assertion of his claims to be treated as other Englishmen, and in the iteration of his pride in England, and of the hope that his name might yet hereafter be in some measure identified with its history and its language. As years passed on, he gave utterance to his feeling with less reserve; boldly presented himself to the public as a Jew of the purest Sephardim; wrote his last novel, "Tancred," mainly about the Jews; and in his latest work, the *Memoirs of Lord George Bentinck*, went out of his way to introduce a long chapter on the same subject, the only connection of which with the biography was expressed in the strange sentence at the commencement of the following chapter—These were not the views of Lord George Bentinck. Why, then, did he so unceremoniously drag them into that biography? Why has he made a point of enforcing them on every practicable occasion? Are they mere crotchets, hatched in the brain of an enthusiast, and, like flies, not to be got rid of? Is he like the artist mentioned by Horace, who could paint an excellent cypress-tree, and took care to introduce one into all his pictures, even should

they be sea-pieces? In brief, has the urging of these views been of any service, or were they intended to have any practical effect?

For one thing, it has placed him before the public very much in the light of a foreigner; and the opinions of a foreigner occupy, in some respects, a high vantage-ground, as coming from a spectator who, if at all mingling in the strife of faction, is supposed to do so as a disinterested volunteer. And this position, this impartiality of tone, this bird's-eye view, he has in various ways endeavored to attain, chiefly these two, however; namely, by assuming the manner of some future historian, and by assuming the air of some foreign visitor. The former situation he of course adopts openly, and with the knowledge of those whom he addresses; as in his political novels, and in that political biography, where his intention avowedly is to treat of contemporaneous history from the elevation of the future. When he assumes the distant tones of a stranger, he is himself, we believe, but half conscious of it—his audience hardly so much; its effect however, is not less powerful. But upon this we do not dwell.

It is more important to observe, that he not only in this way assumed the attitude of a foreigner, but also put himself forward as the representative of his race; so that his egotism has been a pride, not so much in himself, an individual, as in himself, the member of an illustrious family—a very different kind of egotism. And his taking up the cause of the Jews, and pleading it so earnestly and assiduously, in a country where they are too much despised, effectually clears him from the charge of being a mere adventurer. He has been the most zealous advocate of that persecuted race; he has done more than any other man in Britain to invest their claims with interest; in the midst of ridicule and opposition, he has never bated a jot of heart or hope; his latest writings show how keenly he has felt the wrongs of his kindred, and how ardently he longs to see them redressed; it is still, we verily believe, the dearest wish of his heart to raise the Jews from their low estate; and, while such aims and such deeds are his, it is the merest drivelling of imbecile malice to speak of him as an adventurer and a place-hunter. Beyond this, he has an idea that the emancipation of the Jews and the recognition of their presence as a great fact in the commonwealth of nations, would not only be a boon to the race, but would also redound to the advantage of these nations. What particular ad-

vantage would thus accrue from an infusion of the Semitic element, we do not stay to inquire; let us say that the nations would then become possessed of the Asian mystery. Enough that in his opinion the Jews at present lead the foremost van of civilization; that, while they are the leaders of revolution in every European capital, they are at the same time a race essentially monarchal, essentially Tories; and that, if music be the art carried to greatest perfection in these modern times, then are the Jews the greatest of modern artists, musical Europe being at this moment theirs—almost every great composer, musician, and singer, belonging to the Hebrew family. Holding these opinions with the pro-

foundest conviction, and ever urging them on the attention of his countrymen, his opponents might surely have spared Mr. Disraeli the indignity of classing him with unprincipled adventurers and vulgar egoists.

But here we must conclude. It was our intention to have shown how Mr. Disraeli's doctrine of personality and personal influence, the central idea of his political and social philosophy, is wrought out, and successively illustrated, in his various novels; but we have perhaps already exhausted the patience of our readers, and we know better than, like some of the old Puritan preachers, to give the hour-glass another turn.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN FORTRESSES.

HAVING been moved to put together some ideas on ancient fortresses, with a slight unprofessional glance at modern fortifications, we feel at a loss to say whether the subject was suggested by the prospect of a European war, or by finding, on turning up page 52 of the second volume of Edward King's *Munimenta Antiqua*, the curious statement about famous Conisborough Castle, "that, if a person chanced to stand in the least degree nearly opposite to any one of the buttresses, the whole building appears, notwithstanding its perfect rotundity, to be a square tower instead of a round one."

If we led the reader to suppose, that any thing he finds in this article will indicate the probable result of the coming European struggle, we should grossly deceive him; and it is but fair to say, that if the opening sentences have induced him to expect a succinct digest of the history of fortified places from the era of the Flood, he will have to complain that his anticipations are by no means fulfilled. We intend to take advantage of that happy vagrant eclecticism, which nothing in this world but a magazine admits of, and which, in truth, is a blessing too often forgotten and betrayed by its proper guardian, when he consents to be

nothing but the expounder of opinion for a polemical or a civic conclave, or the recorder of the pother of local antiquaries. Our remarks on fortresses will follow no specific line, logical, or otherwise—we will supply no desideratum—prove no problem, and exhaust no subject of inquiry; and, with these preliminary indications, we now offer them.

Be it a question which, among ancient nations, was most illustrious in deed and thought—the Jewish, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Egyptian, the Hellenic, or the Roman—there can be no doubt that the most illustrious race acting within the sphere of modern history is the Norman. And when we give them this local name, we do not mean to confine its comprehension to the descendants of the Rollo who bullied the King of France out of a province, or to those of the band of adventurous men who "came over" with the Conqueror. The real Norman who founded the institutions which still live to attest his greatness, was a mixed being, possessed of the hardy, enduring energy of the North, and the fire and versatility of the South. Most European countries have enjoyed his presence. France has largely partaken of it, so has Spain—

though the spirit of the old greatness it produced has died, and the faded lustre of its memory only remains. Italy, Sicily, and portions of Germany, have had their share of these high-spirited wanderers; and indeed often, in the history of European states, might it be traced that, as if by an injection of fresh blood, the Norman element has saved them from immediate dissolution, if it has failed to confer on them a prolonged and invigorated existence.

Greatest, however, of all the obligations to this race are those which we of the British empire owe; for the illustrious adventurers—whose spirit and energy sometimes seemed to consume and destroy the feebler qualities of the people on whom they were ingrafted—found among their Saxon brethren only a reinforcement of those steady and enduring powers, which had not yet acquired a sufficient preponderance in the composition of the Norman. To the character and tendencies of this race we owe the centralizing influence which has given power to our democratic institutions. We owe to them the principle of honor, courtesy to women, social disinterestedness, and the many virtues which have grown out of the system of chivalry. In art, we owe to them the great system of ecclesiastical architecture, which, after slumbering for a couple of centuries, is now flourishing in so remarkable a revival, that every genuine vestige of it is preserved with pious care; and even a worshipful municipality, if it design to destroy a remnant of the art, as it would have almost been thanked for doing fifty years ago, is restrained from the act by a feeling of public indignation.

The magnificent system which goes commonly by the name of Gothic architecture, is essentially the work of the Norman race, taking both the character of the architecture and the name of the race in a comprehensive sense.

If it be an inferior achievement, yet it is something to say that to the same race we owe the fortalices of the middle ages—the parent of the modern fortress. The castle as we know it in romance and history, is essentially a Norman creation. The symmetrical external strength, and the gloomy mysteries of the interior, necessary to make a castle be a castle in poetry or romance, are features entirely belonging to the Norman edifice. The vaulted form of internal roofing, with all its grandeur and gloom—the dungeons beneath—the battlements above—the secret passages—and other mysteries

which are necessarily connected with these in architectural arrangement, are all peculiarities of the Norman fortalice. To find what there is in this, inquire how *The Old English Baron*, *The Castle of Otranto*, Mrs. Radcliffe's or Victor Hugo's novels, could have been written without this element of poetic romance. Go higher up, and see how much of the glorious interest of Scott's novels has been created out of this element; and whether it is presented at Torquellstone or Tillytuddem, all comes of Norman origin. But go still higher, and see how such a tragedy as *Macbeth* could have existed, if Shakespeare had been a contemporary of the Scottish monarch, and had been bound to describe him living in an extensive craal of wicker or turf huts, instead of placing the whole tragic history in one of those mysterious Norman castles which did not exist until centuries after *Macbeth's* day, and were beginning to add to their other interest, that of a mellow age in Shakespeare's.

Besides these elements of associative interest, there is the external beauty involved in a marvellous development of strength and symmetry. Take the Norman castle in its most perfect development—the stern square mass in the centre—the flanking round towers at the angles, widening with a graceful sweep towards the earth, after the manner in which the oak stem widens to its root—the varied crest of battlements, turrets, and machicolations which crown all, adjusting their outline to the graceful variations of the square and circular works below,—all make a combination, the grandeur and beauty of which has been attested by its eternal repetition in landscape painting, since landscape painting began.

Nor were the beauty and grandeur all that the Norman fortalice could boast of. It was a great achievement in science. Of all the steps taken onwards in fortification, from the primitive earthwork on the steppes of Tartary down to the fortification of Paris, the greatest was taken by that one which combined together the dwelling-house and the fortress, and made that organization of main edifice and flanking protections of which the great works of Vauban were but a further development, as we shall have occasion more fully to show.

But we must stop here. External beauty and grandeur, engineering skill, we attribute to the Norman castle; but we cannot award the same praise to its moral objects, which were ever those of subjugation and regal or lordly despotism. In fact, the castle was

the embodiment of the feudal system, and ripened into the Parisian Bastile, the largest and most perfect Norman fortress ever built. As one of our kings said of a border keep, the man who built that was a thief in his heart; and they who reared the stately dwellings of the Norman kings and nobles had subjugation and tyranny in their hearts, and, indeed, embodied these qualities in mason-work; for, after all, these gloomy edifices owe a mighty portion of their influence to that overawing quality which Burke made out to be the source of sublimity. If all admiration of artistic achievement in architecture must depend on the honorableness, the faithfulness, the humaneness of those who were the designers, we fear we would need to abandon our favorite edifices as structural lies and architectural shams, only fit to be cast into oblivion, and there obtain Christian burial. But so callous are we in the matter of the faith and morality of designers, that we can even confess that the exterior structure so well fitted for defence against an oppressed peasantry, and the dreary dungeons so well fitted for feudal vengeance, when these were driven desperate, only raise our interest by a contemplation of their objects; while the assurance that some murder has been committed within the gloomy recesses—the baser and more brutal the better—simply affords additional zest to the tragic interest of the whole.

Let us cast a glance back to the condition of the art of fortification, at the time when it was taken up by these Normans. The most truly primitive forts are naturally decided by antiquaries to be those which are found constructed solely out of the native materials which the site may have afforded. In this matter time has been by no means impartial to the handiwork of man; since, in some places it remains, and is likely to remain, so long as the crust of the earth keeps together: while in others, the stronghold of the dwellers in vast watery wastes and swamps has melted away with the mud of which it may have been originally formed. So, in the swamps of Friesland, defended in the dawn of history as they were in the seventeenth century, and in the flats of Lincoln, defended against the Normans, many a place of strength has departed; but on the tops of barren hills the rude stone circles remain, the relics of some utterly unknown antiquity.

There is scarcely to be named that part of the world where there are hills, and no hill-forts. They occur in the Holy Land;

and Jeremiah speaks of the people being hunted "from every mountain, and from every hill." On the approach of the Assyrians, we hear that the Israelites possessed themselves of all the tops of the high mountains. They are found all over the East—on the steppes of the Russian provinces—on the German and Scandinavian hills—in all parts of the British empire: while those which have been discovered in the valley of the Mississippi, and other parts of America, are said to have a precise resemblance to the specimens in the county of Angus. Often, of course, efforts have been made to connect them with early historical events—as when the fortified camp of Caractacus has been found in England, and that of Galgacus, in fifty different places of Scotland: while the Germans are naturally anxious to find the circle within which their national hero, Arminius, or Hermann, assembled the tribes who punished the presumption of Varus. But these are all vain speculations; and when or how these forts were made, we shall probably find out when we get the working-plans and the engineers' contract for Stonehenge.

Among the English hill-forts, there is the Herefordshire beacon, on the highest point of the Malvern hills, commanding the main pass through the chain. It is an irregular oblong, one hundred and seventy-five feet by one hundred and ten; and the inner wall is a strong work of stones and turf. Three exterior walls encompass it, and an eccentric work lops out at either side, on some engineering principle, which, doubtless, was highly approved of in its day, but is sunk in as deep oblivion as the name of the people who awaited anxiously within the inner ring to see the heads of the enemy, as they strove to mount the steep acclivity, in the year of the world in which the defence was completed. Wales claims the chief specimens in England, for the reason we have already stated—that Wales has hills. Hence we have *Moel y Gaer* in Flintshire, and a great work close to the Castle of Montgomery, where, King says, it was certainly needless, "unless it had been long prior to the erection of that castle." There are, besides these, *Carn Madryn*, *Trer Caeri* in Carnarvonshire, and *Caer Caradoc*, which tradition associates with Caractacus. One of the oddest of these forts is *Penman Mawr*, of which Penman says, "After climbing for some space among the loose stones, the fronts of three, if not four walls presented themselves very distinctly, one above the other. In most

places the facings appeared very perfect, but all dry work. I measured the height of one wall, which was, at the time, nine feet; the thickness, seven feet and a half. Between these walls, in all parts, were innumerable small buildings, mostly circular, and regularly faced within and without, but not disposed in any certain order. These had been much higher, as is evident from the fall of stones which lie scattered at their bottoms. Their diameter, in general, is from twelve to eighteen feet; but some were far less, not exceeding five feet. On the small area of the top had been a group of towers or cells, like the former—one in the centre, and five others surrounding it.\*

Some of our northern forts have been, however, on a greater scale. Of the White Caterthun in Strathmore, General Roy says, "The most extraordinary thing that occurs in this British fort is the astonishing dimensions of the rampart, composed entirely of large loose stones, being at least twenty-five feet thick at top, and upwards of one hundred at bottom, reckoning quite to the ditch, which seems, indeed, to be greatly filled up by the tumbling down of the stones. The vast labor that it must have cost to amass so incredible a quantity, and carry them to such a height, surpasses all description. A simple earthen breastwork surrounds the ditch; and beyond this, at the distance of about fifty yards on the two sides, but seventy on each end, there is another double intrenchment, of the same sort, running round the slope of the hill. The intermediate space probably served as a camp for the troops, which the interior post, from its smallness, could only contain a part of. The entrance into this is by a single gate on the east end; but opposite to it there are two, leading through the outward intrenchment, between which a work projects, no doubt for containing some men posted there, as an additional security to that quarter."†

The author who is found thus to speak of the rude hill-fort was an experienced officer of engineers on service in Scotland. The tone of professional respect with which he treats the effort of the primitive engineer is remarkable; one might suppose him discussing the merits of Sebastopol or Cronstadt. In the unprofessional, such works create, perhaps, all the more astonishment from their unexpected magnitude; for when you are desired to ascend a desolate, uninteresting-looking secondary hill, in a remote district of Scotland,

apart from any of the tourist circuits, you do not expect to find its brows covered with some triumph of industrial development. The height necessarily ascended before these works can be seen—a matter which must have made the raising of them all the more formidable—keeps them away from observation. Were they on flat ground, and near watering-places, they would be among the wonders of the world. In the vastness of the mass of collected stones, they are more like the great breakwaters of harbors of refuge than any other works we can name. Even more remarkable than General Roy's Caterthun, appears to us to be the Barmkyn of Echt, a few miles farther north. The etymologist may call Barmkyn a corruption of Barbican if he likes. The lonely hill is so steep and circular that it seems as if it must have been artificially scarped. Scarcely from below can any curve be seen to interrupt the straight line of the ascent, and one is utterly unprepared for the mighty ramparts of stone—five of them—of which the innermost incloses a space of about an acre, quite flat, and seeming to be levelled, as the sides of the hill seem to be scarped, by art.

It may be a question if these stone masses were ever built, either so as to represent external courses, like the Roman wall in Northumberland, or even in the fashion called cyclopean. They bear, in their heaped character, and the regularity of their course, more resemblance to the moraines on the edge of the glacier, than to any other object, natural or artificial, with which we happen to be acquainted. So ancient, indeed, must they be supposed to be, that in the war with the elements all minuter structural characteristics seem to have been lost, and the stones lie, not as they were placed, but virtually in a heap of ruins.

In these stormy hills, indeed, it is difficult to suppose that any thing less imperishable than the gneiss, or granite, of which the blocks forming the circular forts are composed, would have preserved the original plan. In flatter and more turfy districts of Scotland, as well as in England, there are mounds seeming to be artificial, and cast in circular terraces, as if they had been put on a turning lathe and bevelled down. There is one of these—perhaps the most remarkable in Britain—at Old Saram, and it was generally supposed to have some connection with the franchise of that scheduled corporation. How these could have been very available for forts it is difficult to imagine; and to devise any other purpose to which they can have been

\* *Tour in Wales*, II. 306.

† *Roy's Military Antiquities*, p. 206

applicable, would be still more difficult. But when it was reported in England, as it was about seventy years ago, that there were some ancient hill-forts in Scotland made of glass, the antiquaries, not having a prescience of the Crystal Palace before their eyes, turned from puzzling themselves about the earthen mounds in England, to burst forth in scornful laughter about the glass fortresses of Scotland. But the people who have had much experience in the ways of this world, learn how the same word may, without the slightest misapplication, be used for very different things. The dingy, slag-like lumps, with a vitreous fracture, found in the heather of some Scottish fortified hills, has undoubtedly a claim to the vitreous character, perhaps as strong as the glittering, diaphanous squares which are to let in all the sun, and exclude the wind and rain, at Sydenham. That they were the creation of fire is certain; and though the geologists sought at first to make out a case of volcano, yet it became evident that it was administered by the hand of man; for the materials, which had been calcined and vitrified so as to resemble in a considerable degree the scoræ of a glass-house, were built into walls round the summits of steep, circular hills;—those with which we are acquainted have much the appearance, from their extreme steepness and regularity, of having been scarped. And then come the questions—were the vitrified masses produced by some accident, such as the burning of a stronghold? or were they a deliberate method of cementing stones together by fusion? or, perchance, were they the wide circuits within which might be consumed some whole forest of trees, cut down and piled together within a ring of stone, whether as a vast beacon, reddening the sky from the Tweed to Cape Wrath, or a sacrifice to the ancient god of fire?—Questions, these, which we respectfully decline taking the responsibility of answering.

The step from such rude Titanic works as these to the Norman fortress is great—and perhaps a word or two on other forms of places of strength may be suitable, as showing distinctly that the feudal castles were the combination of the rude strength of the primitive fortress with domiciliary comfort—that they brought the defensive strength, supposed to reside only in inaccessible mountain regions or swamps, into the midst of rich agriculture and smiling abundance—that they no longer rendered necessary a retreat to the place of strength, as one may suppose the whole community of a district to have re-

treated to a hill-fort, but were themselves alike the abode of luxurious ease in time of peace, and of resistance and fierce contest in time of war. Perhaps we may best comprehend how original was the idea of the union of fortress and house, or palace, in one, by observing how few are the vestiges of such a combination having existed elsewhere before the establishment of the feudal system. Towns undoubtedly seem to have been fortified from the beginning of town life: and of the extent to which the system was carried, let us take, once for all, the account which honest old Herodotus gives of Babylon, with its walls two hundred cubits high, on which a chariot could be driven with four horses abreast, and its hundred gates of brass. But, of any thing of the nature of a domestic fortress, in which people lived in their ordinary manner during peace, and defended themselves in war, we remember but few vestiges.

Separate buildings like towers there probably have been in many times and places, and they may have been used as fortresses. Along the Roman Wall were the square towers called mile-castles, which are interesting, not only as the best remains of the arrangements made by the great aggressors for the protection of their frontier, but as the models on which the ancient inhabitants would probably build their castles—if they built any. It is singular enough that the Border peel-towers—built one thousand years after the Romans had abandoned Britain to her fate—have, in their compact squareness, more resemblance to these castella, than any type of earlier British castellated architecture possesses. Since the publication of Mr. Bruce's book on the Roman Wall, to which we lately had occasion to refer, no one need remain ignorant of any feature, however minute, which, now existing, attests what these mile-castles originally were. Mr. Bruce tells us, in a summary description, that "they derive their modern name from the circumstance of their being usually placed at the distance of a Roman mile from each other. They were quadrangular buildings, differing somewhat in size, but usually measuring from sixty to seventy feet in each direction. With two exceptions, they have been placed against the southern face of the wall; the castle of Portgate, every trace of which is now obliterated, and another near Esica, the foundations of which may with some difficulty still be traced, seem to have projected equally to the north and south of the wall. Though generally placed about seven furlongs from each other, the nature of the ground, independently of dis-

tance, has frequently determined the spot of their location. Whenever the wall has had occasion to traverse a river or a mountain-pass, a mile-castle has uniformly been placed on the one side or other to guard the defile. The mile-towers have generally had but one gate of entrance, which was of very substantial masonry, and was uniformly placed in the centre of the south wall; the most perfect specimen now remaining, however, has a northern as well as a southern gateway. It is not easy to conjecture what were the internal arrangements of these buildings—probably they afforded little accommodation, beyond what their four strong walls and well-barred gates gave.\*

They were evidently mere barracks or stations; nor can much more be said for any of the Roman works in the lands of their conquests. Roman troops were taught, in the conflict with the barbarian, to look solely to discipline; and the places called forts, apart from these square towers along the wall, were merely intrenched camps.

Investigation is, in this country, ever apt to strip our stone edifices of their hoar antiquity. Mr. Petrie has "taken the shine," as the cockneys say, out of the round towers of Ireland, by showing that they have the ordinary details of the Romanesque ecclesiastical work, and has rendered it unnecessary to decide whether they are anchorite hermitages for a multitude of rivals to St. Simeon Stylites, or temples for Photic or for Phallic worship. Criticism has gone in the same way back upon our castles, proving, in truth, that very few of them are so old as they were supposed to be. Yet there is a particular class of buildings of a systematically castellated type, which the scythe of the archaeological iconoclast has not yet swept—on the age of which no particle of authentic light has been cast, and which we are thus entitled to count as old as we like.

These are the circular towers, called, sometimes, Dunes, Burghs, Danish forts, Pictish forts, &c., scattered hither and thither in the far northwest of Scotland. They are supposed to be of Scandinavian origin—to have been the fortresses built by the Sea-kings, but nothing in the least degree resembling them has been found elsewhere within Scandinavian land. Their mysterious builders have carefully avoided every particle of incidental evidence that might lead to a betrayal of their origin. Graceful and symmetrical as they are in their outline—perfectly circular, and rising, with-

out a bulge, in a decreasing sweep from the broad base—there is not a single ornament or moulding to let the antiquary detect them, as the Romanesque work proved the betrayal of the Irish round towers. Nay, there is not the mark of chiselling on the stones, to show that human hands have touched them. That can be inferred from the structure alone; and the unbewn lumps of mica schist or gneiss are laid in distinct courses perfectly parallel and round, by the selection of rough stones of equal size, and the insertion of minute splinters to make up deficiencies—for, as there is no stone-hewing, there is also no cement.

It is the most puzzling of the peculiarities of these perplexing buildings, that they have tiers of galleries running round them within the thickness of the wall. To form the roofs of those tiny serpentine chambers, large slabs have been necessary; but, in some marvellous manner, they have been obtained without being wrought; for, on the largest, it is vain to look for the mark of a chisel, or even artificial squaring or smoothing. It would seem, at least in such of them as we have seen, that the thinnest large slabs of schist had been collected in the mountains, and brought, probably, from great distances, to fulfil the object of the builder.

It seems to have been ever taken for granted that these round towers must have been fortresses, and the only remaining question seemed to be—by what people, nation, or language were they so used? Was it by the Phœnicians? A great antiquary showed that in Tyre and Sidon there must have been edifices precisely of the same character, though no vestige of them now remains. Did they belong to the Caledonians of the days of Tacitus, or to the Atacotti, or to the Dalriads, or to the Albanich, or to the Siol Torquil, or the Fion Gall, or the Dubh Gall? Or, were they erected especially by some individual Aulaf or Maccus, or Sigurd, or Thorfin, or Godred M'Sitric, or Diarmid M'Maelnambo—all gentlemen having their own peculiar claims on the architectural merit? It occurred to us, one day, to ask internally the question, whether they were fortresses or strongholds at all? It arose as we looked down from the broken edge of the galleried wall of one of those towers in solitary Glen-Elg Beg. It stands, a hoar ruin on the edge of a precipice, where a torrent takes a sudden turn; and nothing could be better conceived for the landscape ideal of the remains of some robber stronghold of the middle ages, than the remnant of circular masonry rising

\* Bruce on the Roman Wall, p. 53.

flush from the edge of the precipice. But it was precisely the force with which these apparent conditions of a fortified character were conveyed, that showed the utter want of them in the others scattered throughout the valley. What could they have defended? Whom could they have resisted?

Primitive fortresses are places where considerable armies or large numbers of people go for protection from besieging enemies. Now, though the outside circle of these burghs is considerable, yet, from the thickness of the galleried wall, they only contain an inner area of from twenty to thirty feet—the size of a moderate dining-room. And, while the numbers they could have held were thus few, they possessed no means like the medieval castles for assault, and could have been easily pulled to pieces by an enemy. Nor, if they were places of strength, can it be easily conceived why there should be a whole cluster of them in a place like Glen Beg, and no others in the neighboring districts.

The notion, indeed, of their being strongholds, seems to have been grasped at once by their striking resemblance in structure and dimensions to the Norman flanking round towers. But the Norman towers were only outworks, to aid in defence of the central keep, and could have been of small service as detached forts. There are many things which have a warlike resemblance to this part of a feudal castle;—a windmill, as Don Quixote's chivalrous eye at once told him, possesses the character very decidedly—so does a modern blast-furnace. The columbarium lingering on the grounds of some old mansion, is often mistaken for a tower; and the prototype of the columbarium, the Roman tomb, eminently anticipated the form of the Norman tower. Of one of these Byron says:—

"There is a stern old tower of other days,  
Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone;—  
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,  
Standing with half its battlements alone."

One of these tombs is the nucleus of the castle of St. Angelo; others were incrustated into the fortified mansions of the quarrelsome Colonna—so like were they, though built as the quiet mansions of the dead, to the towers of feudal fortresses.

Shall we venture a theory about these Highland round towers? We have not yet found one to our own satisfaction; but the reader, if he likes, may take the following, which we guarantee to be of the average

quality of such theories. It is well known that, when the Scots, under Kenneth M'Alpine, conquered the Picts, they saved from death just two inhabitants of that devoted race—a father and son; their disinterested object in this clemency was, to find out how the Picts got their beer. It seems that they possessed a precious and much-coveted secret in the means of brewing heather-ale. The Scots offered to spare the lives of the captives, if they would reveal the secret. The father promised to do so if they would, in the first place, comply with his request—a very odd one for a father to make in such circumstances—to put to death his son. They did so; and then the father uttered a loud yell of triumph—the secret of the beer would be for ever hidden in his bloody grave. He could not trust to the firmness of his son; he could entirely rely on his own, and he was ready to bear all tortures rather than make the revelation. Now, why not suppose that these mysterious buildings were just breweries of heather-ale, and that, in the various galleries, decreasing as they ascend until they become mere pigeon-holes, the brews of the different years were binned for the use of hospitable, dinner-giving Picts? No one can disprove the theory; and this is more than can be said of many another.

The more they are examined, the more are the actual fortresses of Britain stripped of any pretensions to extreme antiquity, and brought within the Norman period. There are two leading objects of fortification—the protective, and the aggressive; and, according to the view we have been supporting, it has been the function of the Norman, in the development of European history, to be the inventor and propagator of the kind of works adapted to the latter objects. Fortresses of mere refuge are on the tops of hills, or in other inaccessible places. It does not suit the aggressor to go to the wilds; he must have his elements of strength in the very middle of the people whom he is to rule over. If a rock happens to be found bulging out of a fine alluvial district—as the plutonic upheavings of trap have supplied in Edinburgh, Stirling and Dumbarton—it is well; but, where there are no natural strengths, they must be artificially constructed—and art has in this department far outstripped nature, or has, rather, found in her own resources better means of defence against her instruments of destruction than nature provides.

The Saxons did not raise strongholds of this kind, nor did the northern races, in their

native districts; and, indeed, it is rather curious to observe that there is scarcely a feudal castle to be found in the Scandinavian territories, whence issued the race who strewed all Europe with fortresses. Scott speaks of Bamborough as "Ida's castle, huge and square;" but there can now be little doubt that it is a Norman edifice. If the tall, gaunt tower of Conisborough retain its Saxon antiquity, yet it is evident that it must have been a rude and feeble strength, standing alone without the outworks, which were the great achievement of Norman engineering. Some other bare towers of this character are supposed to be of ante-Norman origin, as the round tower of Trematon, in Cornwall, and that of Launceston, on the apex of a conical rock, round the base of which Norman works have been raised.

Scott is historically correct, as he almost ever is, when he thus describes the abode of Cedric the Saxon:—"A low, irregular building, containing several courtyards or inclosures, extending over a considerable space of ground; and which, though its size argued the inhabitant to be a person of wealth, differed entirely from the tall, turreted, and castellated buildings in which the Norman nobility resided, and which had become the universal style of architecture throughout England."

William the Norman found no castles to resist him. He resolved that any one who came after him should complain of no such omission. England proper immediately bristled with strongholds. They were afterwards extended to Wales and Ireland; and it is, perhaps, the most remarkable episode in the history of Norman fortification, as indicative of the systematic zeal with which the system was conducted, that during the brief tenure of Scotland, the opportunity was taken for dispersing throughout the country, Edwardian castles.

The earliest Norman form was the vast square keep, such as Bamborough New Castle, or the Tower of London. The value of projecting angles seems soon to have been felt, but it does not appear that the noble flanking round towers, which make a perfect Norman fortress, were devised until the days of the Edwards. The central strength then consisted of a square work, with a round tower at each angle. When the work was very large, demi-towers might project here and there from its face. This was the leading principle of modern fortification—the protection of the face. It is understood that no plain wall-plate, however strong, can be de-

fended from an enemy ready to sacrifice a sufficient number of men to batter it open and rush in by the breach. The object, then, is, by outworks to keep the assailants at a distance. The flanking towers accomplished this for the Norman fortress, and the work of a siege was not in those days utterly unlike what it now is, in general character, though the less destructive character of the weapons on either side made it a much closer affair.

There is room for considerable classification, and even for abundant technical nomenclature, among the besieging engines used before the invention of gunpowder. The term mangona, or mangonel, was generally applicable to ballistic engines, moved by springs, or quick descending weights. The trebuchet, the matafunda, the ribaudequin, and the petrary, were special machines for discharging what the Americans call rocks. There were the robinet, the espringal, and the bricolle, which discharged huge iron bolts and other miscellaneous mischievous articles. The oddest of all names to find among these wicked and destructive agents is conveyed in a sentence by Grose, who says that "Beugles, or bibles, were also engines for throwing large stones, as we learn from an ancient poem;" and he quotes as his authority the Romance of Claris, in the Royal Library of Paris (No. 7534).

"Et pierrea, et les perriere,  
Fit les bibles qui sont trop fieres,  
Gétent trop manuement."

Besides the ram and the testudo, with which every boy becomes acquainted in the plates to his *Roman Antiquities*, there were instruments bearing the quadrupedal names of the war wolf, the cat, and the sow. "The cattus or cat-house, gattus or cat," says the instructive Grose, "was a covered shed, occasionally fixed on wheels, and used for covering of soldiers employed in filling up the ditch, preparing the way for the movable tower, or mining the wall. It was called a cat because under it soldiers lay in watch like a cat for its prey. Some of these cats had crenelles and chinks, from whence the archers could discharge their arrows. These were called castellated cats. Sometimes, under this machine the besiegers worked a small kind of ram."\* The sow reminds all true Scotsmen of Black Agnes of Dunbar jeering Salisbury with the farrowing of his sow, when she topped on its wooden roof a

\* *History of the English Army*, ii. 308.

mass of rock, and beheld the mutilated sappers crawling from beneath their shattered protector, like so many pigs. But the chief of all besieging works was the movable tower, brought up face to face with the defenders, and containing battering-rams below, with the various instruments already mentioned, employed in its several upper stories. To oppose such a formidable engine, which could only be applied by some commander of vast resources, the flanking round towers were of invaluable service, as the bastions and outworks are at the present day. The main difference in the projectile direction of the operations in the two is, that while the fire of a fort is chiefly horizontal, the assaults made by the Norman keep were vertical, and hence came the crest of machicolations and turrets which has given so picturesque a character to a whole school, of baronial architecture.

The instances of the Norman Castle, in its more perfect shape, still existing, are very interesting in a historical view. It may be observed, that in the settled districts of England there are specimens of the older and ruder style of Norman work; but that, in the Edwardian conquests, the fully developed form is the oldest of which vestiges are to be found.

Aberconway, or Snowdon Castle, in Carnarvonshire, must have been one of the most formidable specimens, from the great extent of its curtain walls, and its numerous round towers. It was built, say authorities on which we place no reliance, except in so far as they correspond with the character of the edifice, in 1284; it served the purpose for which the strongest fortresses are required—that of a frontier defence. In Flintshire there are Hawarden and Rhudland. Beaumaris, in Anglesea, has some fine diminishing towers. Carew, in Pembrokeshire, has a sort of angular buttresses, instead of the graceful increment towards the base, in the round towers; but it is a luxuriant and noble specimen; and though Welsh tradition says it belonged to the princes of South Wales—no man can tell how many hundreds of years before William or Rollo either—and was given by Rhys ap Theodore, with his daughter Nest, as a marriage portion to Gerald de Carrio, yet we take the liberty of holding that it as clearly bears the mark of the invader of Wales, as any government-house in Canada or New Zealand bears evidence that it is not the work of the natives. We take Cilgarron, Haverford-west, and Mannorbeer

castles, in the same county, to belong to the same category.

The same characteristics do not so frequently occur in the southern English counties, though there is Pevensey in Sussex, Goodrich in Herefordshire, and Cowling in Kent, and there may be several other instances. They reappear on the Border, where they were connected with the Scottish wars; the forms may be seen in Prudhoe, Twizel, the outworks of Bamborough, and, in a modernized shape, at Alawick.

Ireland is rich in these quadrilateral flanked edifices. There is Enniscorthy, guarding the bridge of the Slaney in Wexford, and Dunmore in Meath, one of the most entire and regular specimens, if we may judge by the representation of Grose, who, to do him justice, never idealizes. It is one of the many castles attributed to De Lacey, the governor of Meath. Another of them, Kilkea, continued long to raise its flanking round towers after it had laughed at the ferocious raids of the O'Moors and O'Dempsies in the English pale. Two of the best specimens, Lea, in Queen's county, and Ferns, in Wexford, were attacked and taken in the romantic inroad of Edward Bruce, who thought that, as his brother had, by one gallant achievement, wrested a crown in Scotland from the encroaching Norman, he might as well endeavor to take one in Ireland. Grandison Castle, with two beautiful specimens of the bell-shaped round tower, is attributed to the reign of James I.; but, though it is not the peculiar defect of Irish antiquities to be post-dated, this portion must, we think, belong to the Norman period. There are fine specimens of the round tower at Ballylahan and Ballynafad, whence the M'Donoughs were driven forth; and the utterly un-Norman names of these buildings do not exclude them from identification as the work of the courtly invaders. In Ireland, however, this sort of work never ceased. There were ever O'Schauchnessies, O'Donahues, O'Rourke's, or O'Dempsies, keeping the Norman and the Saxon at work in making fortresses; and perhaps the latest specimen of it is a relic of the '48, which we saw the other day in an antiquarian rummage in ancient and ruiniferous Cashel, being a large iron box with loopholes projecting out from the barrack where it was placed, to rake the street into which it projected, with musketry from the loopholes.

In Scotland, the Anglo-Norman origin of the earliest true baronial fortresses is attested

with remarkable precision. In the first place, there is not a vestige in Scotland of the earlier kind of square keep, such as might have been raised in the days of the Conqueror, or of William Rufus, with its semi-circular arches and dogtoothed decorations. The pointed architecture, and the Edwardian baronial, had come into use ere any of the fortresses of which we possess remains were erected. Hence, the oldest of the Scottish castles were evidently built by Edward to secure his conquest. They may be enumerated as those of Caerlaverock, Bothwell, Dirleton, Kildrummie, and Lochindorb. These names at once excite recollections of the war of independence, when these castles were taken and retaken, and were surrounded by the most interesting and enduring associations of that majestic conflict.

The architectural progeny which this style of building left in Scotland, is very different from its growth into the bastioned fortifications of other countries. The Scottish laird, or chief, when he made his house a fortress, as he had imminent necessity for doing, could not afford to erect the great flanking towers of the Normans; but he stuck little turrets on the corners of his block-house, which served his purpose admirably; and there are no better flanked fortresses, considered with a view to the form of attack to which they were subjected, than our peel-houses.

On the other hand, in the Continental castles of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as Heidelberg, Perronne, and Plessis la Tour, as the old representations give it, we see the flanking system extending itself laterally, until it forms something between the Norman keep and the modern fortress. It was on Plessis that Philip de Comines moralizes, as a large prison into which the great King Louis had virtually immured himself, becoming, by his own exertions for the enlargement of his power, and his protection from secret enemies, nothing better than the hapless immured prisoner, whose lot he forced upon so many others.

The one great leading step which modern fortification took, beyond the mere flanking system, is the discovery of the glacis for covering the stone-work, and protecting it from the attacks of cannon. The whole

system, it appears, is now on trial. The charge against it is, that every addition made to it in the way of protecting works, only renders a fort the more certain of ultimate capture, since these protecting works are themselves easily taken. It is said that they save the main work from a general escalade, which is never likely to be attempted, but facilitate a deliberate siege, which is the proper method of taking fortified places. It is said that in fortification we must, as in other matters of war, recur to the first principle, that the best way to protect ourselves is to kill our enemy. Of old, the main defences of a vessel were to protect the deck by castles stem and stern from a boarding enemy; now, the arrangement is directed to the destruction of the enemy before he can board. Our old knights in armor were a sort of moving fortresses made more for protection than destruction. In Italy, the steel incasement was brought to such perfection, that at the battle of Tornoue, under Charles VIII., we are told by Father Daniel that a number of Italian knights were overthrown, but could not be killed until the country people brought huge stones and sledge-hammers, and broke their shells, like those of so many lobsters. It sounds like an odd accompaniment of civilization that she should make the external form of warfare more destructive and less defensive—but so it is; and a reform in fortifications is proposed, which, by the abandonment of the flanking system, and something like a restoration of the primitive form, is to make the fort more terrible to the invader, as a means of making it a more effective defence.

We profess not to enter on so great a question. Mere theories we have herein offered to our reader; and as they are given in all innocence and good-humor, all we pray is, that he will not, if they differ from his own, condemn us to some dire mysterious fate. Let him, if we displease him, simply content himself with the old established remedy, and mutter to himself, "Pooh! humbug!" And we, on our part, engage that we shall live in all charity with all men who accept not our theory; and will by no means endeavor to prove that they are sensual, lewd, dishonorable people, deserving of some dire punishment.

From Tait's Magazine.

## EDWARD IRVING.\*

WITHIN the compass of 278 pages, foolscap octavo, Mr. Wilks has given us an outline of the life, and an epitome of the productions, of this extraordinary man. Dedicated to Thomas Carlyle, and to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, it will be supposed that the author writes from a friendly, though not prejudiced, stand-point. He is a discriminating admirer, not a blind follower of his hero. We find it difficult to understand how he can be a common disciple of Carlyle, Maurice, and Irving. For perhaps it would be difficult to name three teachers, the methods and tendencies of whose minds more vary. But Mr. Wilks is catholic in his reading, and catholic in his sympathies; and he has brought to his present task a pains-taking reverence, and an honest wisdom, which we may without scruple praise. A sectarian, whatever his school, could not understand Irving; and should not do his life. Mr. Wilks does understand; and, though he has left much to be written and said, what he has done, he has done well. The aim of the book does not appear to be very high; and, though the tone of its author is occasionally above the manner and the matter of his work, both in matter and in manner the work is to the author's credit.

We therefore thank Mr. Wilks for reviving a name the world should not forget. He who stirs the Church, whether to new thought, or to new zeal, augments the moral resources, and stimulates the moral energies of the whole community. Not in the establishment of new sects, nor in the mere sustenance of religious agitation, does the value of religious reforms and religious revivals mainly consist. These may, and, in most cases, naturally will, be the accompaniments or the consequences of such a movement; but they do not comprehend its full virtue, nor its essential glory. When the religious life of a great nation, or of a great sect, be-

comes stagnant; when its priests become unfaithful to the sanctities of their office, and its people sink into unhealthy lethargy; when corruptions in its discipline provoke no remonstrance, and death-like repose in its worship occasions no solicitude, a lion-hearted, God-fearing, man-loving, apostolic adventurer is a benefactor and a blessing—he repeats within limits the unlimited work of Christ—he redeems the people of God. There is Divine power in his strange, strong, unfettered, and undismayed humanity. His holy indignation, awakened by ostentatious abuses; his fervent prayers, inspired by dread of prevailing impiety, and by unwonted devotion to the Most High; his appeals, which august conventionalisms cannot silence, and his rebukes, which no sense of earthly interests can restrain; his prophetic glances, of which piety, poetry, and love (the three elemental attributes of one beautiful flame) are the illumination; his outbursts of deep lamentation; his grand and sacred scorn of all affectations, and unseemly, unnatural courtesies; his defiance of enthroned ecclesiastical potentates; his faith, warm as his heart, and solid as his instincts; his eloquence, which rolls with mysterious majesty, as though it were the echo of speeches addressed by God to the nations; his absorption in the infinite, eternal, and almighty wonders of that Gospel which is at once the theme of his ministry, the plea of his assumptions, and the law of his heart; the tenderness of his many tears, shed over the obstinacy of the wicked, and the cruelty of unfaithful friends; the yearnings of his broken soul; in short, the magic fervor of his whole address—these, as they are so many embodiments and utterances of a religiousness uncommon in his day, become the creative agents of new light and new life to all who come within the range of their influence. Words thus spoken are pregnant with sublime spiritual power. The man thus constituted wears the commanding dignity of a king, whilst he exercises the functions of a prophet. Among the saints he restores new sanctity. The minister of remorse, he

\* Edward Irving: an Ecclesiastical and Literary Biography. By Washington Wilks, author of "A History of the Half-century," etc. London: William Freeman, 69 Fleet-street.

is truly the minister of salvation. To none should the Church or the world be more grateful than to such a man; for from none do richer blessings proceed.

It is not too much to say that, in very many respects, Edward Irving was preëminently a man of this order. He was connected with a branch of the Christian kingdom where spiritual flatness and inactivity had been fostered by events and by leading men for some generations. He came upon an age when a few others, equally with himself, felt the necessity of renewed enterprise and restored faith. To the restoration of faith and the renewal of enterprise he honestly—with all the ardor of impulse, combined with all the solemn sobriety of conscientiousness—dedicated his life. In the face of innumerable obstacles he persevered, even unto death. Independent in the application of his reasoning powers to the great problems of Revelation, and of religious truth, he met the charge of heresy with calm self-reliance and holy appeals to God. Working in spheres that had been long neglected, and with an enthusiasm to which his contemporaries were utter strangers, he sustained the criticisms of the captious, the exclamations of the astonished, and the jeers of the envious, with that equanimity which is an attribute only of true greatness. Flattered by a popularity that had never been surpassed, he yielded to none of its seductions. Royal smiles, and the blaze of aristocratic beauty, never put him off his guard. Princes heard his faithful warnings; and the splendor and the wealth of the metropolis trembled beneath the weight of his rebukes. The patronage of the exalted could not betray, the persecution of the mighty could not overcome; the sneers of the ignorant, the factious, and the profane, could not disturb the resolutions of his piety, or the fidelity of his services. He was God's own; and he was true. To this, rather than to any peculiarities of opinion, must be attributed his success. For he was successful. Communities with which he was never associated, felt the force and the value of his zeal. The community from which he was cast out had been enriched by his labors, and was reproached by his excommunication. And another community, respectable for the character and the numbers of its adherents, and noteworthy for the comprehensiveness of its basis and the magnificence of its worship, is for ever identified with his life, though not known by his name. Surely, to such a man

the gratitude of the Church, and the respect of history, are abundantly due!

Edward Irving was born in the little town of Annan—a place of some other interesting associations—on the 15th of August, 1792. His father was descended from a French family; his mother was supposed to have come from the family of which Martin Luther was an illustrious member. His parents were in comfortable circumstances; and, though Edward was one of eight children, his education was not neglected. His first instructress was Margaret Paine—an aunt, and the reputed teacher, of the author of the famous "Rights of Man," and "The Age of Reason." The youth was given to the more exuberant and healthy amusements of his age—devoted to athletic sports, and long rambles on the shores, or rowings on the waters of the beautiful Solway Frith,—but he attended, notwithstanding, with some success, to the severer occupations of the school, where he especially distinguished himself as an arithmetician. The promise thus given was fulfilled at the University of Edinburgh, to which seminary he was in due course sent. He made such proficiency in mathematics, that, on the recommendation of Professor Leslie, he was, as early as his seventeenth year, appointed teacher of mathematics in an academy at Haddington. He had already taken the degree of "A. M." In about twelve months, he was promoted to the rectorship of an academy at Kirkcaldy. It was here that he completed the probation required of him by the Church of Scotland, as a candidate for its ministry. He was well versed in classics, modern languages, and ancient and modern standard literature; and he had studied natural philosophy and the more practical sciences to considerable purpose. Thus equipped, he awaited a "call" to the office for which he had diligently and solemnly prepared himself. Long he had to wait. By his occasional sermons he had rendered himself rather notorious than popular, and, wherever he went, excited rather the curiosity of the few than the admiration of the many. Without conforming to the established conventionalities of the pulpit, either in the courses of his thinking or the style of his address, there was a wayward earnestness, and a deep-seated originality, which arrested attention, but failed to establish power. Growing weary of delay, and anxious to be diligently and regularly employed for God, he had made up his mind, at the age of twenty-seven, to devote himself to missionary

adventures. His intention was not to commit himself to the control and the protection of any existing religious corporation; but, with apostolic simplicity and apostolic faith, to go forth under the guidance of Providence alone, "without purse or scrip"—thus leaving the sinister interests of life to the care of Him to whose glory his spiritual energies were to be so unreservedly and chivalrously consecrated. He was destined, however, to a less hazardous, though, perhaps, a not less troubled and laborious career. On Saturday afternoon he received a message inviting him to preach on the following day for Dr. Andrew Thompson, of Edinburgh; an intimation being given that Dr. Chalmers, who was at that time seeking an assistant minister, would be one of the congregation. A few days having passed without bringing him any communication, his old resolution came back to his heart with augmented force, and he actually packed up his books, despatched them to Annan, and proceeded on a farewell journey round the coast of Ayrshire. By a strange whim, he extended his ramble to Ireland: and when he arrived at Coleraine, he found a letter from his father awaiting him, in which was inclosed a communication from Dr. Chalmers, soliciting his immediate presence in Glasgow. The Doctor informed him that he wished him to become his assistant. Irving would only consent on the condition that the people should first hear him preach. He preached before them, and was forthwith installed in the office of assistant minister of St. John's, Glasgow. This engagement lasted only three years—time long enough for the earnest young man to discover that honesty, originality, and naturalness in the pulpit were not the best securities of public and official approbation. Again without satisfactory occupation, the mind of this brave servant of God resorts once more to its favorite dream of missionary enterprise—a dream which is again interrupted by an incident from which may be dated the origin of Mr. Irving's peculiar position and influence in the Christian Church. The Caledonian Church (of Scotland) in Cross-street, Hatton-garden, London, was at this period in a very dejected and low condition. An appeal was conveyed to Mr. Irving, through Dr. Chalmers (who through life remained his friend), that he would take the ruins under his care. He consented, and immediately removed to the metropolis, after having submitted to the rite of ordination in his native parish. He had not occupied his new pulpit many months

when he acquired a quite unprecedented popularity. Members of the Royal family, leading statesmen of all parties, noblemen of every grade, the representatives of the public press, might be regularly seen among the crowds who thronged to hear the wonderful preacher. At length, seat-holders were obliged to be admitted by a side door, and those who came from curiosity could only gain admission by ticket. The earnestness, originality, and true Christian boldness of the man, commanded, as they were entitled to, this eminence. Nor were the critics silent. From the *Times* newspaper to the smallest penny journal—from the *Quarterly Reviews* to the petty organs of denominational progress—the journals of the day recorded his fame and canvassed his powers. This unrivalled notoriety neither betrayed his meekness, nor modified the practical fidelity which was, from the beginning, one of the most obvious characteristics of his ministry. He was not abashed by the presence of kings; nor did the powers and potentates of iniquity effect any restraint of his sacred denunciations. At the same time, he continued his independent pursuit of truth; and, when invited to preach a sermon on behalf of the London Missionary Society, he was not afraid to avow the belief on which he had himself been once ready to act, that those who went far and wide with the Gospel, should trust, as did the first missionaries, to the hospitality of those on whom they might call, for their support. The publication of this discourse brought upon him some bitter animadversions from those more immediately connected with the administration of the Society at whose request it had been delivered. This was the small beginning of strife. Before long, the preacher got involved in the meshes of prophetic interpretation. Like some good people in all ages, he wished to know the times and the seasons of coming events. In this fruitless work he soon got quite absorbed. He now, also, began to teach, respecting the sacraments, that they were more than appropriate ceremonies, they were sacred symbols: they were not mere barren signs, but operative and vital mysteries. For instance, he went so far as to say, "No man can take upon him to separate the effectual working of the Holy Spirit from baptism, without making void all the ordinances of the visible Church," &c. Notwithstanding his largeness of soul, and his generally very liberal notions on questions of civil and religious liberty, and notwithstanding these approaches

to the theology of the Roman Catholic Church, Mr. Irving was a most determined and violent opponent of Catholic emancipation. In the course of this contest, an amusing incident occurred, which we cannot forbear narrating:—

"When the Catholic Relief Bill had entered its final stage, Mr. Irving determined to address a remonstrance to the king against giving it the royal assent. The document is said to be a masterpiece of obsequious composition. Accompanied by two of the heads of his congregation, its author presented himself, according to appointment, at the Home-office. They were ushered into an ante-chamber, in which were a number of such miscellaneous personages as are haunting the outer rooms of Downing-street. Having waited about ten minutes, Mr. Irving proposed to his elders that they should pray for grace in the eyes of the ruler, and for a blessing to accompany their petition. One can easily conceive the amazement of a company of place-hunters and officials on beholding the gaunt and almost grotesque figure of Edward Irving upon his knees, pouring out a fervid prayer for the king and country. When the deputation had risen, and were admitted to the presence of the gentleman commissioned by Mr. Secretary Peel to receive them, he would have taken the petition at once. But Mr. Irving, putting himself into one of those imposing attitudes which his limbs assumed as readily as his tongue moved itself to speak, begged the honorable gentleman to hear first a word of admonition. He then commenced reading and commenting on the petition, and addressed himself to the Secretary's heart and conscience with words and gestures that made him pale and tremble. At length, he released his unwilling auditor, on his giving an assurance that the memorial should certainly reach the throne."—Pp. 197, 198.

Soon after this, Mr. Irving published an opinion contrary to the orthodox doctrine that Jesus Christ was free from the taints of *hereditary sin*; maintaining that he was absolutely and truly human, and that he was only saved from actual iniquities by the triumphant supremacy of the Divinity, which dwelt within him. This finally resulted, after long and bitter conflicts, in the expulsion of this noble man from the church he had raised to such prosperity, and in his excommunication from the loved and well-served Church of his native land. Contemporaneously with these proceedings the manifestation of supernatural gifts began to appear. Having heard that at Port Glasgow the strange phenomenon of "speaking with unknown tongues" had been realized, Mr. Irving despatched one of the elders of his church to make observation thereof. The report was favorable. Soon the same "gift" was received by members of his own church, to the amusement of many,

the consternation of some, and the astonishment of all. Prophecies were spoken; rebukes were administered; exhortations were applied by this agency. Thus the victim of honest heresy, was also suspected of wild fanaticism; and on both grounds was treated with a harshness of discipline and a superciliousness of contempt that are sadly inconsistent with the spirit of true Christianity, and yet more sadly consistent with the common practices of ecclesiastical bodies. Irving eloquently, and with true dignity of spirit, defended himself, but without avail; and he was first of all thrust out of the pulpit he had so long honored, on a pretence of having violated the proper discipline of the Church by the encouragement with which he regarded the speaking in unknown tongues, and was afterwards cut off from the ecclesiastical body with which he had been associated throughout his life, on a charge of heresy. The outcast divine now proceeded to the fuller development of his opinions. The "Apostolate" was set up, and other modifications (elaborated and completed in the "Catholic and Apostolic Church") were introduced. But the strange author of these changes was approaching his own final change. He was sent on a mission to a new church in Edinburgh, early in the spring of 1834. He accomplished this undertaking. The following summer he spent in London, suffering, secluded, and gradually going towards his grave. Again he was sent on a visit of ecclesiastical purport to Scotland, and died on the way thither on Monday, December the 8th.

Such is a brief outline of the life of Edward Irving; and if it indicate nothing more, it at least proves that he must have been a man of *power*. Success in life is only the reward of some prominent virtue or virtues, or of some distinguishing endowment or endowments. A man gets no permanent fame unless he be more or less unusually good or great. Now, without doubt, Edward Irving did what scarcely any other preacher of modern times has done—he attracted the wise and the honorable of all classes: the poor loved him as a friend, and trusted him as an advocate; the learned respected him for his erudition; the polite admired him for his refinement; the exalted in rank, power, and station were so fascinated by the charms of his eloquence, that they continuously sustained the severity and integrity of his counsels and appeals; critics left the usual spheres of their activity to test his excellence; the idle followed him to satiate their curios-

ity; the earnest and the devout in crowds became his disciples. The sensation he made was the product of something *real*. He condescended to no mere ingenious vagaries. He never became a pantaloon or a clown in the pulpit. He did not degrade the sanctity of his office by assuming the tricks of the stage. He appealed to more sober faculties than those of wonder or of inquisitiveness. He subdued, converted, thrilled, alarmed, as well as astonished, his countless and diverse auditors. He wrought—not by the assumptions of audacity, nor by the devices of affectation, but by the magic of some native and actual qualities to which the world had long been growing unaccustomed, and by which, whenever their manifestations have appeared, it has been deeply and widely moved. It may be worth our while to inquire what were the main secrets of his power.

We have already specified many of the things to which his extraordinary popularity could not fairly be attributed. But there is one grand feature of his life, to which, perhaps, his posthumous fame among the superficial may be chiefly owing, which, we think, however, does not account for the vital influence he exercised when living. Many seem too ready to suppose that, if a man grow fanatical, and claim peculiar correspondence with Heaven, and deal in the solemn and startling phenomena of the supernatural, it will be very easy to bring together a band of credulous and superstitious mortals who never yield to independent and rational inquiry, and who are by constitution and by education prepared for such impositions as quacks, and adventurers, and false prophets, or self-deceived enthusiasts, will adopt. Now, this theory—the general correctness of which we have no motive to dispute—does not touch the case in hand. Its utter inapplicability is demonstrable on several obvious grounds. In the first place, it is ungraceful and unfair thus easily to assume that because a man appeals to the supernatural he must be either an impostor or a fool. Certainly, the whole of Edward Irving's life—every feature of his character, is a protest against the ascription of either of those titles to him. He was never calmer, never more patient in his investigations, never more thoroughly transparent, serious, or manly, than when he maintained the doctrine of the gift of tongues. He argued the point without dogmatism; he submitted to tests without timidity or impatience; he asserted his point without arrogance; he pursued his course with a tranquil and enlightened conviction that the Bible

justified it; and appealed to the events which rendered it so mysterious and questionable, with the full assurance that they were facts in which the Spirit of God was active—the *bonâ fide* revelations of Heaven. Let it not be supposed that we endorse that belief of his. At present, we have nothing to say either as to the philosophy in which it had its origin, or the phenomena which were pleaded in its confirmation. But we do most solemnly protest against this off-hand method of setting aside statements the veracity of which is well attested, and of damning the character of a man who was well known and dearly loved for the virtues which glorified his private and his public life.

In the second place, the character of his followers was absolutely adverse to the supposition that he succeeded by appealing to the credulity or the superstition of the world. Who were they? Not the ragged, ignorant, impulsive, and uninquiring mob. They were men distinguished for intelligence, occupying positions of the highest respectability, and separated by every mark from the usual victims of religious imposture. They were the statesmen, princes, professional gentlemen, critics, literati, and thinkers of his day. The easy, lazy, and thoughtless, undoubtedly were among his casual hearers; but his friends, his frequent attendants, and his permanent disciples, were honorable, intelligent, and disinterested men. Judging by his earlier labors in the metropolis, we might say that for splendor, information, and true moral respectability, his congregations were unrivalled in modern times. In his later life, when the first flush of his triumphs had somewhat subsided, he was associated with the great and good of the Church to which he belonged; and many, even those who took a part in his excommunication, separated from him with tears of affection and protestations of respect. The denomination to which he gave birth—the Catholic and Apostolic Church—considering its numbers, is perhaps the freest from ignorance, fanaticism, and ostentatious spiritual follies, of all the sects of Christendom. True, they have dogmas which can only be accepted as necessary inferences from more rational and important principles: true, they contend with overwrought earnestness for the trivial elements of organization, discipline and worship: true, they celebrate the service of God with elaborate and august ceremonies: but, whilst they enthrone little dogmas—such as that relating to the second advent—they are illustrious for their practical catholicity as well as for their large ac-

quaintance with, and their reverence for, the Scriptures: whilst they are rigid in the maintenance of the precise ecclesiastical machinery they have instituted, their many officers are wonderfully free from the conceits and assumptions of priestcraft; and, whilst they resort to every resource of art and taste to make their worship splendid, they discriminate with unceasing care between the symbol and the soul of devotion—between the poetic forms and the spiritual reality of godliness. So that, whether we judge him by his first achievements, his maturer faith, or his posthumous renown, Edward Irving was no simpleton, and no knave.

Moreover, it is worthy of especial notice, that, in so far as his life was a success, it was so in spite of those characteristics which are usually cited in explanation of the fact. The real moral power of the man was sensibly and largely diminished by his lapsing into the ecstasies and dreams of supernaturalism. Till he began to talk about miracles and prophecy, the whole Church of Christ throughout the three kingdoms revered his name: then, many began to laugh, to doubt, and to pity. When he talked in solemn naturalness and severe simplicity to the people, they listened to him with rapt and unsuspecting attention—they yielded up unquestioningly to his strange control conscience, imagination, and heart. But when he perplexed them with his theories of "interpretation," and paused in his speech that the "possessed" might utter their unintelligible jargon, they stared in wonderment, and shed tears of compassion. He retained many followers, by whom his character and memory are not disgraced; but he lost many over whom he had long exercised a healthy influence, and through whom he communicated to his country his real and his richest religious bequests. For we seek not the full measure—no, not even the chief elements, of Edward Irving's spiritual power, in the events and the associations of his later days, nor in the repute, the resources, or the enterprise of the sect which is popularly known by his name. The true work done by him was concluded before his unusual proceedings commenced. He had revived religious thought in the land. He had, by his quiet yet mighty labors, inaugurated a grand, deep, moral movement, which had a consummation far nobler, and a dominion far wider, than the peculiarities of his subsequent faith, or the number of nominal disciples he left behind him. His glory consists not in the fact that he invented a new ecclesiastical system, or

elicited supernal displays of religious animation; if his memory deserves any possible reproach, these were his misfortunes and his mistakes; but he is entitled to be had in everlasting remembrance for that he blew God's trumpet of salvation in ears that had never before heard its tones, and with a power which startled into activity those who had been long familiar with its solemn music.

Yes: Irving was a sincere, earnest, deeply religious man. He had high intellectual powers. He was mighty in speech. His imagination was intimate with the beautiful, the mysterious, the magnificent in the universe, and in life. His reason could grapple with stout difficulties; and, when they were mastered, it was clear, distinct, and certain in the comprehension of the themes on which it was exercised. But these were not his power. Others were more learned, more logical, more versatile, if not more eloquent. Few had a more fascinating authority over words, perhaps; but many could boast a correcter insight into systems. His eloquence and his thought were but the instruments of a fervid, devoted, and sanctified soul. God gave him power. The Spirit witnessed unto him. He spake as a man having authority. He had the heart of a prophet, and the presence of a master. His words were like tears, and prayers, and groans. He agonized with men. He wrestled, and fought, and commanded. He let out in his address the holy sympathies of his rich nature. He traded with realities, and not with shams; and he was upright in his business. His sword was sharp as truth; his spear, pointed as love. Whenever his lips moved, you could hear his great heart beat. He was the proud ambassador of the Almighty, and you should know his message. He came before the people ever fresh with the vigor, the sanctity, and the charms of the Infinite. His home was in the Eternal, and, when he appeared, its awful sanctions, symbols, and furniture still clung to him. He came direct from Jehovah to the sinner man. He was a mediator between a yearning Creator and an aspiring creature. He was the interpreter of the Ineffable. When he told the great and the proud of their sins, he did it as though it were their own consciences speaking to them. His fine old phrases about judgment, were mysterious and awful as the intuitive forebodings of the convinced and conscious soul. Every thing he said and did was actual. It was a "Verily, verily, I say unto you." His prayers were the abandonment of piety; and his sermons the

abandonment of honest, faithful, constant love. In the name of God he went on his way. He knew it was all a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. His zeal was apostolic, and he had the valor of a hero. Ever ready for martyrdom, he lived grandly; carelessly as to himself—all anxiously as to others. The world felt, when he fairly came into it, that he was its true and magnanimous friend; and therefore it respected, admired, and loved him. Not often does the world get such a friend! Ages sometimes pass away, and not one such appears. By the scarcity of the honor, and the fulness of the privilege, when such an one appears, in gratitude and in reverence the world embraces him. Oh! if *all* the preachers talked thus boldly, naturally, and truthfully to the heart of man, how changed would soon be the aspect of affairs! But among the priesthoods, the force of example is weak, because the fire of emulation burns dimly. Many who are too proud to imitate, are not degraded enough to envy. Many who industriously ignore the living, industriously malign the dead. But the living are mighty in spite of them; and, in spite of them, the dead are not forgotten; and thousands who are weary of the tame platitudes of their contemporaries, resort with pious pleasure to the traditions and records of the departed to save themselves from absolute spiritual starvation. Thus Edward Irving is a power to many who knew him not. Being dead, he yet speaketh. He died in the Lord, and his works do follow him. But the power of his fame is the same as was the power of his life. It is the power of moral beauty, of absorbed devotion, and of earnest love—in short, the magic omnipotence of *sincerity*.

Edward Irving had illustrious friends. He was great among the great. The noble ennobled him by their fellowship. Dr. Chalmers, who won from him the affection of a son, felt towards him the love of a brother. Frederick Denison Maurice, and Thomas Carlyle of our own day knew him intimately, and loved him well. And Coleridge delighted

him not seldom with his monologues of philosophy, and his uncomely but impressive tokens of esteem. Why did a man thus guarded, go off into such wonderful eccentricities? That he should have been encouraged to independence of thought by these mighty men and ministers, we should have expected. But Chalmers believed only in the supernatural of the Past—Coleridge, in the supernaturalism of the Eternal—Carlyle, in the glorious naturalism of history, religion, and life—and Maurice, in the poetry and the power of supernaturalism—but, we suppose, hardly in its philosophy at all. The stolid orthodoxy of the Scotch divine, counterbalanced by the profoundly religious catholicity of the rest, might have seduced the impetuous but stately mind of the inquirer from the established forms and prominent theological angles of his faith; but surely they could not have had any share in the responsibilities of his inexplicable and unaccountable extravagances of faith?

No: Irving was independent, and, therefore, he did not conform even to his honored companions, with whom he often took sweet counsel, and at whose feet he was proud to sit. He was docile, meek, and ready to learn. But he must follow only the light within. Capable of great faith, he knew no skepticism, and, therefore, he believed more than the common sense of the world can generally take in. He never had reason to distrust the Book: he had all trust in the God of the Book: and what God had been reported by the Book to have done, why should He not do again? What He had given to Paul, why should He not give to him? What He had once instituted, why should it not stand for ever? These questions it is not for us to answer. We only ask them by way of suggesting, generously to our hero, and respectfully to his despisers, that upon the answer which shall be given to them depends his consistency or inconsistency; his greatness or his imbecility; his goodness and piety, or his dishonesty and the worthlessness of his soul.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## SIAM AND ITS PRINCES.

THE kingdom of Siam is known to most Europeans as a territory situated in the "crop" of that vast peninsula which, like the head and claw of a bird, stretches down into the Eastern Archipelago. Of its inhabitants the only specimens we have ever seen are "the Siamese Twins," and its most remarkable production people generally imagine to be "white elephants."

Recent events, however, have rendered the kingdom of Siam of more importance to Englishmen and other maritime nations than heretofore. Civilization having, by means of the sword, coasted its way round the peninsula of India, attacked Burmah, and opened the hitherto hermetically-sealed ports of China, as it will speedily of Japan, can no longer be kept at arm's length by the customs of any eastern people; and Siam and Cochin China must speedily undergo the same kind of revolution which China is experiencing at the present moment.

Such a revolution, only of a perfectly peaceable character, has in fact for many years been going on in Siam, and we may expect its acceleration from the accession to the throne of the present ruler, who promises to be far more than a Toussaint L'Overture of the East.

The country of Siam is one of the most productive upon the earth. Well watered, and possessed of a magnificent alluvial soil, the land absolutely overflows with luscious fruits and vegetable productions. The chief river of the empire, the Menam, flows through the land from its most northern boundary, until it empties itself in the Gulf of Siam, and, like the Nile, by periodical overflows, enriches its banks for a distance of four hundred miles. This splendid valley drained by this arterial stream averages thirty-five miles in breadth, and here plantations of rice, indigo, sugar, and coffee, seem incapable of drawing out the full productive force of the soil. The Menam is navigable for the largest ships and junks for a hundred miles from the sea, far above the capital, Bangkok.

This curious city is another Venice, or

more than a Venice, for whereas "the city of the sea" has its foundations on the solid land, a greater part of the Siamese capital actually floats upon the water. Mr. Neale, who visited this country in 1840,\* gives the following glowing account of his first impressions of the Water City, as he came upon it by night, whilst sailing up the river.

"Yet another tack, and one more turning in the river, and lo! the glories of the floating city burst upon our admiring gaze, like some resplendent ray of sunlight through an envious cloud. It was night—dark night; neither moon nor stars were in the heavens. But what cared Bangkok, with its millions of globes that lighted the river's broad surface from side to side, for night or darkness? It was like that fairy-land where hours dwell, whose eyes shed lustre—lustre such as made the stars decline to keep their wary watch, and Madame Moon to hide her face behind a silvery cloud. As far as the eye could reach, on either side of the river, there was one endless succession of lights—lights variegated, and of every imaginable color and shape, and such only as Chinese ingenuity could ever invent; every little floating house had two or more of these lights; the yards and masts of the vessels and junks (and these were by no means few) were decorated in a like manner. The lofty pagodas or minarets of the walls were one blaze of light. It was the most striking, the most beautiful panorama I had ever witnessed; nor, had we been a day later, should I have enjoyed the spectacle, for the night of our arrival chanced to be that of one of the feast-days in China—the Feast of Lanterns."

Doubtless much of this *couleur de rose* appearance was owing to the poetical aspect which night throws over nature, hiding vulgar details, and leaving much to the imagination; but even these details, in the broad glare of day, were interesting and perfectly novel, for Mr. Neale, speaking of the sober view of things the next morning, says,—

\* *Narrative of a Residence in Siam.* By Friedrich Arthur Neale.

"As the sun cleared the atmosphere, however, things assumed a pleasanter aspect; and by the time that we were fairly under weigh, and working towards the anchorage, the whole city of Bangkok, consisting of a long double, and in some parts, treble row of neatly and tastefully painted wooden cabins, floating on thick bamboo rafts, and linked to each other, in parcels of six or seven houses, by chains (which chains were fastened to huge poles driven into the bed of the river), rose like a magic picture to our admiring gaze. Junks of 1400 tons were lying close alongside these floating cabins, so close that they could converse with each other with the greatest facility, and one vessel—a Portuguese, that was working tack and tack with us up the river—approached so close to the houses that, in going about, she came foul with, and carried away with her, half a dozen of these floating domiciles. The tide was running down rapidly, and so soon as the brig disengaged herself, away went these houses at a steamer's pace, amidst the vociferous hootings and shoutings of their tenants; and before many minutes had elapsed, they had disappeared round a corner of the river, and were stranded on the opposite shore."

The houses fronting the water-streets, or open channels, have all open shops, and as there is no such a thing as foot-way or carriage-road, like the Venetians, the Bangkokians do all their town locomotion in boats. The thousands of these little canoes, each managed by one person, often by girls, that are seen early in the morning, before the sun becomes powerful, moving through the different channels, give an interesting activity to the whole picture. Every conceivable commodity is thus borne from door to door. In one you will see rice, in another, fruit, in a third, fish; or an old Chinaman every now and then floats along, intent upon a hissing pot and pans, in which he is manufacturing a rich-looking soup. In the midst of these little craft, a Chinese junk, painted all over with dragons and monsters, lies at anchor in the stream, and forms a brilliant-looking bazaar; for no sooner does such a vessel arrive, than an awning is spread over the deck, and tables and cases are ranged fore and aft by the crew, and every one brings forth his particular stock in the general venture, and becomes, for the nonce, an expert salesman. Here and there the rows of floating houses are broken with large cages; these are the debtors' prisons, and the poor wretches who occupy them are obliged to hop from one to the other, according as the sun moves, in order to obtain a little shade, all the while keeping a sharp look-out for passers-by; for they are compelled to beg their daily bread, as our poor

debtors did of old through the iron gratings of the Fleet and other debtors' prisons. The batis, or temples, of which there are a hundred in the city, are built upon the banks. Here also stand the king's palace, and the houses of the nobles, foreign consuls, and missionaries.

During the last century, the capital stood much higher up the river, and upon its banks. From this situation it was removed for a sanitary as well as commercial reason. It was thought that the exhalations from the mud at low water were the cause of the frightful visitations of cholera which ravaged the place; and certainly, since this dense city has been placed over the running stream, this frightful scourge has not been so frequent or destructive a visitant, and ague has in a great measure disappeared. This is in accordance with the latest sanitary experience of Europeans. The Bangkokians, however, have only changed the nature of the prevalent disease, for in consequence of the damp condition of these wooden cabins, rheumatic fever is very common. The writer of a paper published lately in the *Transactions* of the China branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, calculates the population of this floating capital to number no less than 400,000 souls. Imagine Liverpool and Birkenhead swimming upon the Mersey, and you will realize the singular situation of the capital city of Siam. Although the Siamese in many particulars resemble the Chinese, from whom, in fact, they have received many elements of their civilization, in one particular they have an advantage—or rather their government has—over their celestial neighbors: they are much more amenable to European reason, and adopt with far greater facility the notions of "barbarians." Even at a time when the rulers of Siam have not shown themselves to be superior in understanding to the average of Oriental despots, they have availed themselves of European science, and at the very moment the Emperor of China was having war-steamers constructed in exact imitation of those employed by the English enemy—barring the steam-engines—the King of Siam possessed a fleet of men-of-war constructed by his own people under English direction, and officered by Englishmen. Mr. Neale gives the following list of the men-of-war possessed by the late King of Siam, a part of which was under his management:—

	Tons.	Captains.	Guns.
Conqueror . . . .	1413	Jacobs . .	50
Victory . . . .	1400	Rogers . .	—

	Tons.	Captains.	Guns.
Caledonia . . .	1000	Middleton .	44
Good Success . .	700	Figgs . . .	22
Sir Walter Scott .	500	De Luz . . .	10
Ariel . . . . .	150	Eglen . . .	6

These were fine, fast-sailing vessels, upon the European model. In addition to the government dockyard, there are dry-docks by the side of the river, in which any merchant vessel can have repairs done by the king's shipwrights. No doubt the fleet since this date is much increased, as the reigning prince's brother has, for many years, taken a great interest in navigation; and, like Peter the Great, has made himself practically acquainted with the art of ship-building. The intimate connection which has long existed between the court of Siam and the English consul, Mr. Hunter, probably led to the introduction of European ideas among this semi-barbarous people—Mr. Hunter was the confidant of the late monarch, and of the Prince Chou Fau Noi, and it was, in fact, through his vigorous action during a formidable rebellion of one of the chiefs, that the throne itself was saved. In addition to the English influence, the mass of Siamese court prejudices must have in some measure been leavened by the residence of an intelligent Portuguese consul, and by the presence of American Protestant and French Catholic missionaries.

Whilst these influences have all been powerful levers in helping to raise the Siam rulers and nobles a little nearer to the European level, all attempts to Christianize people or princes have utterly failed. And this is the more remarkable, as the state religion, Buddhism, is without a god—the last god of the Buddhists having, according to their own account, died *p.c.* 543. One would have imagined that a religion without a chief would be sure to fall before the first assailant; but the purest and best of faiths has scarcely made a single convert as yet. Godama, the last god of the Buddhists, was, they say, absorbed into the bosom of nature; and since this occurred, they know of no deity who has any part in managing the affairs of the world, and awarding premiums and penalties due to their deeds; but merit and malice are followed by punishments and rewards as a necessary sequence; the former consisting of sufferings endured during a series of transmigration through the various existences, from the lowest insect up to the highest divinity, whilst the greatest reward is made to consist in *annihilation*.

The original faith is still the living faith of the country. The footprint of Buddha, which

is shown a few miles from the old capital, is the object of the greatest veneration, and is the scene of an imposing festival once a year, when the king and a vast number of pilgrims go up the river and visit the spot. Mr. Neale says he saw upwards of 70,000 canoes paddle up the stream in grand procession on one of these occasions. A part of the ceremony is to enter a cave, and cast offerings in money down a deep hole. We should fear the priests were possessed of some "Open Sesame!" to obtain an entrance into this secret treasure-house.

The great sanctity of the white elephant in Siam is not difficult to understand, when we consider that the doctrine of the transmigration of souls is so vital a part of their national religion; still more easy is the explanation, when we learn that white elephants are supposed to be tenanted by the souls of deceased kings. Well might his majesty of Siam pay every attention to any blanched monarch of the forest he might be fortunate enough to capture, when he considers that his own time will come to animate the like ponderous body, and to flourish a prehensile trunk. There were, a short time since, two of these revered animals under the safe-keeping of the priest. They have for their habitations two of the most splendid batis or temples in the empire, situated in the midst of gardens filled with the tuberose, the yellow honeysuckle, and a passion-flower of a very beautiful form, called by the Siamese the bell-flower. In these gardens, when Mr. Neale visited the elephants, a posse of priests, dressed in gamboge-dyed dresses, were chanting laudatory verses about the great white elephant. This traveller's description of the beast is in the highest degree interesting:—

"We closely followed our guide, and were admitted into the presence of this noble animal. I have never before seen so large an elephant; his skin was as smooth and spotless and white as the driven snow, with the exception of a large scarlet rim round the eyes. The brute was too dignified and accustomed to homage to pay the slightest attention to the intrusion of such unassuming visitors as ourselves, but went on calmly helping himself to leaves and branches from the mighty piles that were heaped up before him. The room itself was an unassuming one, exceedingly lofty, with windows all round the loftiest part; but the flooring was covered with a mat-work, wrought of pure chaste gold, each interwoven seam being about half an inch wide, and about the thickness of a half sovereign!!! If this was not *sin to snakes*, as the Yankee says, I don't know what was. The idea of a great, unwieldy brute, like the elephant, trampling under foot and wearing

out more gold in one year than many hard-working people gain in ten! And then the soiled mats that this costly carpeting was in, in many parts, would have been sufficient to cause a miser to go off instantly into a fit of insanity. Several priests were busily engaged in different parts of the room, polishing up tarnished spots; others, professionally goldsmiths, were extracting the worn strips, and replacing them with new ones, so heavy and so bright, that it made our eyes and mouths water to see such infamous waste. Every one to his liking, however. The sovereigns and potentates of Europe manage to make millions slip through their fingers in the pursuits of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and in indulging every appetite that vicious nature can give birth to. The King of Siam would, doubtless, do the same if he could; but he can't, for this simple reason, that so limited are the resources for gratification and pleasure, and so cheaply obtainable these few, that his majesty, who does not spend much in wearing apparel, turns his treasures into mats for his favorite doll or deity to tread upon.

"The man who was so fortunate as to intrap the elephant, got from the King of Siam a pension of one thousand tikola per annum, which pension is hereditary; besides this, he was raised to a very high office in the kingdom—that of carrying water for the elephant to slake his thirst with; and the jars with which the water is transported, and the trough from which this levianthan drinks, are both more or less filagreed and worked with gold.

"The white elephant, junior, differed from the white elephant, senior, considerably, in size and appearance, and consequently, luxuriated in silver instead of gold. He was evidently the younger son of a junior branch of the family, and was accordingly neglected and ill treated. Even the priests neglected to repair the rents in his silver matting, which was fast going to pieces, and if one might judge from the meagre and sickly look of the poor animal, it was not likely to live long enough to tread upon a new. The vault in which this poor brute was confined was also insignificant in comparison with the other, and the garden, though abounding in flowers, was evidently ill looked after and neglected."

The late king was a mere bloated sensualist, with just sense enough to see that he could depend better upon the advice of Europeans than upon that of his own nobles; and, in consequence, foreign influence has predominated for many years at Siam, and the notions of the higher nobility have been very much influenced thereby. Many of the Ministers of State speak very good English, and have adopted semi English fashions in their houses. The example of the late king's youngest half-brother gave a great impulse to this monarch, for he was an admirer of our nation, and treated all Englishmen with the greatest respect. For many years this

prince was looked upon as the heir-apparent to the throne, and high expectations were entertained of him when he should have ascended the throne. Dr. Richardson, who visited the court of Siam in 1839,\* gives the following interesting account of the reception-room of the prince, which shows at a glance the style of man Chou Fau must be, brought up, as he has been, among a nation of semi-savages. "The room," says Dr. Richardson, "wherein we were received was fitted up in the English style, and on the table was a splendid gilt lamp, with cut-glass shades, which was made for William IV.; the walls were decorated with English prints, and he had a small library of English books, of which the *Encyclopædia Britannica* formed a part."

The possession of this work points to the scientific turn of the prince's mind. Chou Fau Noi acquired a respectable knowledge of mathematics, as a preliminary to a study of fortification and gunnery, in both of which arts he is reported to be "well up."

Mr. Neale, who visited Chou Fau later than Dr. Richardson, gives us a fuller view of the habits and occupations of the prince. He says:—

"His thirst for literature was then (1840) greater than ever; all the latest publications, he, by means of agents, procured from Singapore, and I have seen him laugh as heartily over Dickens' *Pickwick* as though he had been accustomed to the scenes that book depicts from his earliest youth. . . . The prince had some favorites that had picked up a little smattering of English, and assisted him in his more scientific amusements. Opposite the armory, and just on the threshold of his palace, was a very pretty little farm-house, surrounded with glass windows, and over the entrance-door of which was placed a board with the inscription of '*Watches and clocks made and repaired here,*' written in large letters of gold; and here he would be seen, seated at a table liberally bestrewed with fragments and little mites of wheels, pursuing his favorite occupation of watch-making. It was a strange sight, in such an out-of-the-way place as Bangkok, and among such a set of uncouth beings as the Siamese, to come suddenly upon the strange figure the prince presented, with a pair of huge goggles protruding from his eyes, and surrounded by a group of curious and inquisitive favorites."

Mr. Hunter, the English consul, was the chief agent in sowing the good seed of enlightenment in the prince's mind. He taught

\* *Journal of a Mission from the Supreme Government of India to the Court of Siam.* By Dr. Richardson. Published in the Calcutta Journal. 1840.

him English, and pointed out the chief works that he should study, and the result here, as at Sarawak, has shown what a centre of civilization an Anglo-Saxon consul might become in the midst of a barbarous people. Of late years, a still greater advance has been made in Bangkok towards introducing the domestic influences of our race among the people, the ladies of the American Protestant Mission having free access to the ladies of the harem, and of course imperceptibly imparting to them European ideas.

The latest information we have received from this little-visited country, tends to increase still more the interest Europeans must feel in it. The old king, a man of narrow intellect, having died in April, 1851, his eldest half-brother, Prince Chou Fa Yai, was, contrary to general expectation, called by the nobles from his seclusion, and placed upon the throne. This prince had long buried himself in a convent, and, apparently, was wholly taken up with the performance of his office as a priest; whilst, however, wearing the yellow badge of his order, and in consequence excluded from political affairs, this sagacious man was forming opinions of men and things, and acquiring a knowledge of European affairs and arts and sciences, which appears to have been little guessed by the European residents, from whom we have acquired what knowledge we have of the march of civilization at the Siamese Court. They universally believed that Chou Fau Noi, the younger brother, would succeed the old king. Able, however, as we have shown this prince to be, he is still inferior to the king, of whom Dr. Bowring, in a letter to a friend of the writer, makes mention in the highest terms, speaking of him, indeed, as one of those extraordinary men that at rare intervals suddenly rise up in all parts of the world.

"I am," he says, "in communication with one of the most extraordinary men of the age—the King of Siam. His letters would astonish you, so well written (in English), so inquisitive, so tolerant, so sagacious."

An extract from one of these letters, written by his Siamese majesty, in acknowledgment for a present of some philosophical toys and instruments, which we give *verbatim et literatim*, will, however, speak more clearly in his behalf than we can do.

"Your various presents," writes the royal scribe to Sir John Bowring, "you had been so kind to send me, by care of Honorable Thomas Church, Esq., of Singapore, was reached my hand long

ere, with letters addressed me. I found but my name on back of the parcel, and little bok contain but direction for use, and adjustment of the instruments, and the printed tracts regarding philosophic observations upon the same.

"Now I beg to return my thanks for your so valuable various presents, which many of my visitors, who have witnessed the same at my residence, praised muchly for such the wonderful and finest European manufacture; but I am sorry that I do not understand its use with all pains or pictures contain in the cases. I shall be very glad if you give me another direction for use of all pictures, or figures, or pairs, exactly more."

This curious letter, describing the interest taken by the chief of a semi-savage nation in one of the latest and prettiest philosophic toys so common in our drawing-rooms—the stereoscope—thus concludes with a sentence which evinces the thoughtful character of the royal writer.

"Myself and my royal family are well, and hope you and yours will be the same, Him blessing the superagency of the universe; whose characteristics of are always difficult to be exactly known by whole world of mankind.

"I beg to remain yours faithful,

"J. P. P. W. MONGKUL,

"The King of Siam and Sovereign of Laos, &c."

The freedom from prejudice, and the largeness of the views, of this sagacious prince, at once proclaim the depth and power of his understanding. The King of Siam is a constant contributor to the Calcutta periodicals, and a very singular paper, which appeared in one of them in 1852, giving an account of his coronation, and making excuses for some of the ceremonies used on that occasion, is generally understood to have been written by him. In this communication, he seeks to shield himself from the ridicule which he fears will be heaped upon him by Europeans, by stating that, however absurd they are, yet the people believe in them, and any sudden departure from the established usage on such occasions would only lead to a revolution, without advancing the aim of his life—the progress of civilization among his people. This paper alone would be sufficient to stamp the character of the man. The king, who is upwards of fifty years of age, is tall and spare in person, with a look and manner indicating that he was born to command. Since he has come to the throne, he has busied himself in opening roads in his territories, and in extending the metropolis upon the banks of the river. The Prince Chou Fou Noi, the younger brother, according to the

singular custom of the country, has been created "Second King," or reserve monarch. With two such rulers, we may reasonably hope to see the kingdom of Siam entering into closer connection with the maritime countries of the West. Hitherto, commerce has been so shackled by the absurd restrictions imposed by the laws of the country, that it has been little better than a second Japan, and all our political missions to obtain a modification of them have come to nothing; even the attempts of Sir James Brooke, in 1850, were fruitless. The accession, however, to the throne, of the present wise prince, whose attachment to Europeans, and especially to the English, is well known, presents a most favorable opportunity for opening the flowing cornucopia of one of the most productive countries of the East to our

commerce, and we should be delighted to learn that the mission of Sir John Bowring, appointed to open negotiations with the King of Siam for this purpose, has proved successful. The flood of Europeans at the present moment pouring into the Pacific, is day by day spreading its fertilizing influence among the stagnant nations of the East. China is fast entering into more intimate relations with Europe, Japan promises to come forth into the world, and Siam without doubt will see the necessity of abolishing the last remnants of that system of commercial restriction which suited her well enough before she had British India bounding her like a wall on the West, and a new empire of restless Anglo-Saxons watching her from the not far distant shores of the American Continent.

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From the Biographical Magazine.

## LUCRETIA AND MARGARET DAVIDSON.

If the spirit of poetry, infused into the soul with the very breath of life, and brightening from infancy to dawning girlhood, till its flame, too powerful for the frail tenement in which it glows, destroy it—if versatile fancy, delicate sensibility, exquisite tenderness, and purity and grace—if these give their possessors any claim to rank with the illustrious, then Lucretia and Margaret Davidson enjoy it. Yet a melancholy overclouds their short career, and deepens with our admiration of them. We are made sensible at every step that intellect adorned them, not in Barry Cornwall's words—

To light them like a star,

but as the wreathing flame which consumed whilst it heightened their loveliness. They were daughters of the New World, where Poetry breathes among the forests and the mountains, and gives its everlasting voice to the majestic rivers.

LUCRETIA DAVIDSON, the elder of these two sisters, was born in 1808, in the State of New York. Her father, Dr. Oliver Davidson, was a highly intellectual man; and her

mother, notwithstanding many household cares and anxieties, and often much sickness, retained her imaginative and ardent feelings, and appreciated the marvellous mental gifts and dawning genius of her child. As soon as Lucretia could speak, it was discovered that her thoughts were of a deeper nature than those of the children around her; and when she could read, she was continually busy with the little books she received as gifts from her father. Long before she could write, she gave her thoughts to paper in awkward Roman characters. In infancy, she had her favorite birds and flowers; to these she would address odes, irregular, indeed, and very imperfect, but all tinted by true poetic thought. Occasionally she indited a sonnet to her mother, and at such times a look of grave reflection rested on her face which would have been altogether out of place there, had it not, by frequent and sudden expressions of the most brilliant animation, been rendered by contrast positively beautiful. When only ten years of age, she wrote the following acrostic upon her own name:—

## THE MOON.

Lo, yonder rides the empress of the night !  
Unveiled, she casts around her silver light.  
Cease not, fair orb, thy slow, majestic march;  
Resume again thy seat in yon blue arch.  
E'en now, as weary of the tedious way,  
Thy head on ocean's bosom thou dost lay,  
In his blue waves thou hid'st thy shining face.  
And gloomy darkness takes its vacant place.

But it was not till she was about twelve years of age, that her poems exhibited that simplicity and beauty, that morning freshness, which is their chief characteristic.

She was at this time conversant with all the English poets; she had studied sacred and profane history, and some of the novels of the day were familiar to her; yet it was only those which in any way depicted life that she enjoyed. Romances, in spite of her imaginative mind, she rejected, as being too unreal.

Dramatic works delighted her, and when only eleven years of age, she thus expressed herself about Shakspeare:—

Heaven in compassion to man's erring heart,  
Gave thee of virtue, then of vice, a part;  
Lest we in wonder here should bow before thee,  
Break God's commandment, worship and adore thee !

There was no such thing as monotony in life for Lucretia. Those dull days which sometimes fall heavily even on childhood, were unknown to her; the glowing hues of her own earnest heart gave their bright coloring to all with which she came in contact; and, whilst even the youthful around her were cumbered about many things, she thus speaks of the visitations of her Muse:—

Enchanted when thy voice I hear,  
I drop each earthly care;  
I feel as wafted from the world  
To Fancy's realms of air.

Sometimes, even in the midst of her family, she had the power of absorbing herself in her own thoughts, and would occasionally even commit them to paper, standing at the table whilst thus engaged, and altogether heedless of the merry converse carried on around her; but when she composed her longer and more complicated poems, she retired to her chamber; and from her mother we have a graphic description of her whilst thus engaged:—"I entered her room," she says; "she was sitting with scarcely light enough to discern the characters she was tracing; her Æolian harp was in the window, touched by a breeze just sufficient to

rouse the spirit of harmony; her comb had fallen on the floor, and her long, dark ringlets hung in rich profusion over her neck and shoulders; her cheeks glowed with animation; her lips were half unclosed; her full, dark eye was radiant with the light of genius, and beaming with sensibility; her head rested on her left hand, while she held her pen in her right. She looked like the inhabitant of another sphere. She was so wholly absorbed, that she did not observe my entrance; I looked over her shoulder, and read some spirited lines to her Æolian harp."

The retiring modesty which had been peculiar to her from infancy, now deepened into a painfully nervous reserve; a word from a stranger would send the rosy flood of excitement into her cheeks, and the admiration won, against her will, by her very lovely face, was distressing to her. Yet she greatly enjoyed a dance, and as she was only fourteen when she went to her first ball, she took the buoyant spirit of the child into the etiquette of the large assembly, and bounded with the gladsome smile, in which there was no heaviness, through the mazes of the quadrille. Then she returned to her studies; and though she had been the brilliant star of the evening, she was ignorant of it; or if at the time she had been conscious of winning any admiration, she was soon occupied with other feelings, as appears from some lines she wrote shortly after this festal party, to another star than her own sweet face, even the star of liberty:

There shone a gem in England's crown,  
Bright as yon star;  
Oppression marked it with a frown—  
He sent his darkest spirit down  
To quench the light that round it shone,  
Blazing afar !

But Independence met the foe,  
And laid the swift-winged demon low.  
A second messenger was sent,  
Dark as the night;  
On his dire errand swift he went;  
But Valor's bow was truly bent,  
Justice her keenest arrow lent,  
And sped its flight:  
Then fell the impious wretch, and Death  
Approached to take his withering breath !

Valor then took with hasty hand  
The gem of light;  
He flew to seek some other land;  
He flew to 'scape Oppression's hand;—  
He knew there was some other strand  
More bright :

And as he swept the fields of air,  
He found a country rich and fair.

Upon its breast the star he placed—

The star of liberty;  
Bright and more bright the meteor blazed;  
The lesser planets stood amazed;  
Astonished mortals, wondering, gazed,  
Looking on fearfully:  
The star shines brightly to this day  
On thy calm breast, America!

And this was written by a mere school-girl—a child! If an absence of art is observable in her effusions at this time, it is more than compensated for by the genuine inspiration which pervades them. At a time when other girls are in the nursery, conning Goldsmith's history, or pouring over Magnall's questions, she had made acquaintance with the spirit of liberty, and was praising independence and valor. There is a lack of care with regard to metre, a childish impetuosity of feeling in her productions, but the stream of thought rolls on in beautiful simplicity; and if, in diction and style, it sometimes overflows the boundaries of correct writing, in spite of these irregularities we are compelled to own that the name of the river is Genius.

The birth of an infant sister was at this time a great source of delight to Lucretia. The influence of this love was soon evident in her lays. It infused into them a gentle tenderness, a quiet sort of enthusiasm, earnest, and truthful, and sincere. Never was Lucretia happier, than when the baby MARGARET was intrusted to her care; and with her slumbering on her knee, as she sat by her mother's bedside, she thus wrote:—

May Hope her anchor lend amidst the storm,  
And in the tempest rear her angel form;  
May sweet Benevolence, whose words are  
peace,  
To each rude whirlwind softly whisper cease!

When she was about fifteen, she was sent to the Troy Seminary, where she studied so diligently to prepare herself for examination, that her health was impaired by the exertion. To her easily excited mind the dread of failure at such a time was most harassing. Her cheek grew pale and her smile languid, but she persevered to the last. "I shall rise between two and four now, every morning," she says, in a letter to her mother, "till the dreaded day is past;" and in the midst of all this anxiety she thus playfully writes:—

One has a headache, one a cold,  
One has her neck in flannel rolled;  
Ask the complaint, and you are told,  
Next week's examination.

One frets, and scolds, and laughs, and cries;  
Another hopes, despairs, and sighs;  
Ask but the cause, and each replies,  
Next week's examination.

One bans her books, then grasps them tight,  
And studies morning, noon, and night,  
As though she took some strange delight  
In these examinations;

The books are marked, defaced, and thumbed,  
The brains with midnight tasks benumbed;  
Still all in that account is summed,  
Next week's examination.

Her fragile frame was scarcely equal to the excitement in which she was now continually enveloped. "To-morrow evening," she writes, "is the time fixed for my *entrée* upon the field of action; I hope I shall not disgrace myself." "I was so frightened!" she says, in a letter to her mother, after the dreaded event was over; "but although my face glowed and my voice trembled, I did manage to get through, for I knew my lessons."

During the spring vacation she returned home, and was the same affectionate creature as ever, full of sweet fancies and gentle thoughts, but delicate as the frailest flower of spring. She was more reserved than ever, and of the admiration which forced itself on her notice, in presents of bouquets from some gentlemen, and honeyed words of softest tone from others, she spoke gratefully but carelessly.

Once, after some very marked attention, she observed to her mother, with a mingled look of gravity and mirth, that she must never be married, having devoted herself to the Muses; and then, with that sort of innate perception which is the gift of genius, she wrote a short poem called "Woman's Love." A few lines will reveal its nature:—

Hers was a gentle passion,—quiet, deep,  
As a woman's love *should* be;  
All tenderness and silence,—only known  
By the soft meaning of a downcast eye,  
Which almost fears to look its timid thoughts;  
A sigh scarce heard—a blush scarce visible—  
Alone can give it utterance. Love is  
A beautiful feeling in a woman's heart,  
When felt as woman only can feel!—  
Pure as the snow-fall when its latest shower  
Sinks on spring flowers; deep as a cave-locked  
fountain,  
And changeless as the cypress green leaves,  
And like them, sad.

But her anxious father, who was a physician, could no longer be deceived. The hectic flush deepened on her cheeks, the poetic fire gleamed more brightly in her eyes, and beautiful as a poet's imagining was his fair young daughter. Dr. Davidson knew that consumption often wore a robe so beautiful, that it is difficult to believe it infolds a victim marked for death.

An insensible melancholy now mingled with the spirit of her song, which was more felt than heard, like the summer rain which has fallen so noiselessly, that we only perceive where it has been by the moistened grass. Notwithstanding this sadness, there was the same freshness in her writings. How sparkling are the following lines:—

I have seen the fair spring, I have heard her  
sweet song;  
As she passed in her lightness and freshness  
along;  
The blue main rolled deeper, the moss-creast  
looked bright,  
As she breathed o'er the regions of darkness  
and night!

And yet, it was undoubtedly in a great measure youth, and youth invested with an extraordinary loveliness, which, in its relationship to her writings, caused many to read them with delight. Whilst we own that there is poetry in the hastily-written sonnet, and fully appreciate the tenderness of feeling, that genuine sunlight which ever irradiates all on which it falls, we must confess, that if a plain-looking woman, with the maturity of thirty years on her brow, had been the author of some of Lucretia's compositions, we should have felt but little interest in them. It is the bud thus unexpectedly unfolding which causes us to stop and say, how beautiful! We remember a rose-tree at our childhood's home; it was early spring-time, when the playful breezes had not yet received their gifts of balm; it was the time of the new leaf, and crisply-rolled bud; all at once, a rose unfolded; it was alone, and we prized it; its appearance was unexpected, and we gave it a cordial welcome; summer was not there to breathe on it her warm caress, and we pitied the blossom, that by premature expansion had, as it were, unconsciously wooed danger, and whilst we pitied, we loved it more. If the zephyrs playing around that flower could have moulded themselves into language, they would have breathed Lucretia's name.

For the benefit of her health, she was sent to another school at Albany. She went to

the theatre, and expressed her feelings about the drama with all the impetuosity of youthful delight. But disease was making sure though silent progress. She lost all appetite; debility increased, and with it an intense yearning for home. To her mother she at length returned, and the atmosphere of love seemed, for a time, to reanimate her sinking frame. Whilst at school, she composed "Amir Khan," the longest of her poems. There is a healthful energy pervading the whole of this production, which proves that its author was but at the commencement of her course; there is irregularity, but not monotony; and we feel as we read that in the very melancholy there is not the shadow of evening, but the twilight of the morning. A placid beauty is discoverable in some passages, which makes us forget that their author had only seen some fourteen summers:—

The lake is calm, the sun is low,  
The whippoorwill is chanting slow,  
And scarce a leaf through the forest is seen,  
To wave in the breeze its rich mantle of green;  
Fit emblem of a guileless mind,  
The glassy waters calmly lie,  
Unruffled by a breath of wind,  
Which o'er its shining breast may sigh!  
The shadow of the forest there  
Upon its bosom soft may rest;  
The eagle heights which tower in air  
May cast their dark shades o'er its breast!

And even as she wrote, deeper hues than those which early life gives were stealing over her, and though none would say so, all felt that the shadows of the valley of death were gathering over her. From a father's watchful care and a mother's earnest love she gradually melted away, growing in her decline, if possible, more dutiful and affectionate.

Her love of the beautiful increased, and then, whilst trembling at its own excess, breathed itself forth in varied numbers of touching and melancholy song. There was a tenderness in her manner, as she embraced her infant sister, strangely contrasting with the playful glee in which, a few months before, she had gambolled with her little plaything, and her sorrowful mother could interpret its meaning—"we must soon part." Personifying death in one of her poems at this time, she thus expresses herself:—

I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,  
I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth;  
But I sweep them all to their home in the grave;  
I stoop not to pity, I care not to save!

Her mind, as if conscious of its own short destiny on earth, rapidly developed. That sylph-like and beautiful girl, in all the trusting innocence of childhood, seemed mysteriously to obtain a knowledge of human nature; and we wonder to find her Muse fraught with the experience of a world-beaten man.

For he was sin's own son, and all that e'er  
Angels above may hate or mortal fear:  
There was a fascination in his eye  
Which those who felt might seek in vain to fly;  
There was the blasting glance of mockery  
there;  
There was a calm, contemptuous, biting sneer  
For ever on his lip, which made men fear,  
And fearing, shun him, as a bird will shun  
A gilded bait, though glittering in the sun;  
But still the mask of friendship he could wear—  
The smile,—the warm professions all were there;  
Let him who trusts to these alone beware—  
A lurking devil may be crouching there!"

She was loath to leave this glad world, but her faith was steadfast to the end, and she faded as the star that "hides itself in heaven's own light." In her own language we may say:—

She was a being formed to love and bless,  
With lavish Nature's richest loveliness:  
Such I have often seen in Fancy's eye,—  
Beings all too bright for dull mortality:  
I've seen them in the visions of the night;  
I've faintly seen them when enough of light  
And dim distinctness gave them to my gaze  
As forms of other worlds or brighter days!

MARGARET's short life can be but a simple and brief record of love, and genius, and death. She was only two years old when her sister Lucretia died, but she mourned her loss; for though death was not altogether intelligible to her infant mind, she perceived "the seat left void, the missing smile," and for a short time there was an expression of sadness on her baby lips which attracted the attention of strangers. But this soon passed away, and Margaret became noted for the elasticity and buoyancy of her step; indeed, she was the very embodiment of glee in her father's house. That she still kept as precious thoughts, deep in her little heart, tender memories of Lucretia, is evident from the following circumstance:—One evening, when scarcely five years of age, Margaret bounded into the drawing-room, where her mother was conversing with a lady. "Whither are you flying now, Margaret?" said the visitor. "To heaven," replied the child, pointing upwards, "to meet my sister Lucretia, when I get my

new wings." "Your new wings," said the lady; "when will you get them?" "Oh, very soon," exclaimed the child, "and then I shall fly." For a moment a starlight radiance of holy thought, far beyond her infant years, beamed in her dark eyes; she seemed as if in communion with more perfected natures than ours, and then again she became the playful child. Only her most trivial recreations were ever pursued with an earnestness seldom attaching itself to those thoughtless years. Before she was eleven, she wrote some lines to her sister's memory.

Her education was carried on under a tender mother's care, for Margaret was so delicate that her parents feared to send her to school. During those happy mornings, she generally reclined on the sofa in her mother's boudoir, or sat by her side at the fire, imbibing knowledge with an eagerness which would not be repressed; and during the afternoons, she would wander on the banks of her own dear river, sometimes playing with wild flowers, and unconsciously, as she did so, expressing herself in metre. Once, during a sudden thunderstorm, she ran in extreme terror to her mother, and throwing herself on that dear parent's bosom, gained courage from that sanctuary to turn round and look on the tempest. In sudden inspiration she exclaimed:—

The lightning plays along the sky,  
The thunder rolls and bursts from high;  
Jehovah's voice amid the storm  
I hear—methinks I see His form;  
As, rising on the clouds of even,  
He spreads His glory over heaven!

There was no doubt that Margaret was following in Lucretia's steps. She had the same vivid fancy and poetical imagination. She revelled in fictitious narrative, often ingeniously wrought from passing events, and her childish tales, composed extemporaneously for the amusement of her young friends, called forth the admiration of those qualified to judge of their merit.

With the development of her mind her delicacy of health became proportionably apparent. As the brightness of intellect increasingly irradiated her face, there was blended with it that indefinable expression which carried conviction to every discerning mind, that a spirit like hers could not long remain on earth. Her parents had their dark forebodings of her fate, but they did not reveal their fears to each other, each dreading that, in utterance, they might attain a greater degree of certainty. She, too, by increasing

weakness, was reminded of her sister's early summons to the grave, and felt that she, perhaps, held life by as frail a tenure; and though, in accordance with the sanguine nature of youth, she hoped even against hope, her laughter mellowed into sadness, and her smile was so characterized by melancholy that it was sometimes as expressive of sorrow as her tears. Her affection for her mother was of that earnest nature which is woven of genius as well as love. Sometimes, when at this dear parent's side, Margaret forgot the graver thoughts with which she communed; and then her merry laughter, thrilling joyously through the room, would seem to rebuke her mother's fears.

Margaret was fond of history; yet she prized it more as affording food for poetry than as amusement. Of Addison she spoke with love, of Shakspeare, with enthusiasm. She studied Blair, Paley, and other writers of equal note, and she made no inconsiderable progress in Greek and Latin. At a very early age she was influenced by religious thoughts, and felt that, though she might hide her faults from man, every secret motive lay open to her God. As she approached the fairy barrier which separates the child from the woman, her poems assumed a deeper character, and displayed that insight into human nature which, by a spirit like hers, is received as the gift, not of experience but inspiration.

About this time a little change was recommended as beneficial for Margaret, and she accompanied her mother to New York, where she spent some months. She was all animation, the delight of young friends, composing dramas which were acted in the drawing-room, and pursuing poetry with that fervor of excitement which became dangerous to one so delicately constituted. Gradually, the melancholy expression of her face became more visible than ever; yet her Muse was perhaps at this time in the plenitude of its power.

In one of her longer poems, Erstein is the encouraging lover, and thus addresses himself to Leonore:—

"Leonore," said Erstein, "Leonore, behold,  
How each cloud from the glance of the morning  
hath rolled;  
How the storm of the midnight has glided away,  
And no traces are left of its passage to-day,  
Save a pensive hue which is stealing o'er,  
And making all Nature more fair than before.  
The whispering gale that is floating past,  
Is all that remains of the howling blast;  
And the sparkling waves of yon tiny river  
Rush onward more swiftly and gayly than ever;

While the emerald turf on the gracefull hill  
Ostrivals in splendor the dew-dripping rill;  
And the trees round its base with their broad arms  
cling,

Like the diamond crown of a giant king.  
'Tis a beautiful type of our fate, Leonore,  
For our storm of misfortune has glided o'er,  
And the joyous morning of hope and love  
Is dawning our radiant pathway above;  
And life shall flow on with its dancing stream,  
And murmur, and sparkle with music and gleam;  
And the glittering dew-drops alone shall last,  
To remind our souls of the storms that have pass'd."

Over her short prose tale of "Melanie" is breathed the fragrance of poetic thought; and though the style is gorgeous, and betrays a lack of literary discipline, there is something pleasing in its very freedom. Many sweet pieces she addressed to her mother, too sacredly connected with home to be published; but now anxiety began to mingle with her melancholy. There was a tremulousness in her manner which seemed to say that hope had grown weary in her youthful heart; after her Muse had been more than usually silent, she thus addressed herself to the one so tenderly loved:—

But mother, now a shade hath passed  
Athwart my brightest visions here;  
A cloud of darkest gloom has wrapped  
The remnant of my brief career;  
No song, no echo can I win—  
The sparkling fount has died within!

And then, days of weariness and nights of pain were appointed to Margaret, for death was struggling with life and love. Childlike and obedient to the last, the beautiful young sufferer lay on the couch of languishing, shedding those parting looks of tenderness on her mother which the heart may conceive, but which the pen cannot describe.

She died in her mother's embrace, on that dear bosom which had so often been her pillow, giving token, almost to the last, by looks of unutterable love, of that earnest affection which had so strongly characterized her through life. The small grave-yard at the little village of Saugatun is the resting-place of this lovely and gifted girl. But her memory has not passed away, for—if not Fame—Love keeps its vigil over her slumbers, and there are homes in America where the tear sparkles in the eye when any mention is made of Margaret Davidson.

This lovely bud, so young, so fair,  
Called hence by early doom,  
Just came to show how sweet a flower  
In Paradise could bloom.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## MODERN INSTANCES OF CREDULITY AND CRIME.

WE have selected, from a vast mass of cases, a few of the most striking, as illustrative of the crime and credulity of modern society on the Continent. The instances have, without exception, been taken from the judicial annals of the last two years, and form in no way the exceptions to the general character of similar occurrences. The facts they display may be a trifle more glaring and piquant than the common run of such things; but they are precisely the same in principle, and cannot be excepted against as unfair representations.

Wiesecke, a Prussian doctor, established himself in one of the most fashionable quarters of Paris, as a worker of miracles. For ten years he succeeded in persuading persons of respectability that he received daily communications from the "good angels." If a creditor applied to this man for a debt, he was told that the "good angels" forbade the payment; and with this the creditors of this gentleman actually seem to have been satisfied. He received communications from St. John the Baptist, and even from Christ himself. He had a soul above the vulgar, and attempted to impose upon none of the ordinary victims of charlatans—it was not worth his while. His messages from above were sent to proprietors, and persons living on their means. One of these, an old woman, sold a house for nearly four thousand pounds, by order of the good angels, and gave the doctor the money. He found himself thwarted by the wife of another of his patients, and ordered the husband to take from his wife the management of his money affairs. He was punctually obeyed, and the said money, to a large amount, found its way into his coffers in consequence. In a few years, he received nearly thirty-five thousand francs in hard cash, by order of his angels, besides satisfying a host of creditors with angelic messages. He formed a party for the "Duke of Normandy," a supposed Louis XVII.—told them that the Duke would be restored to his throne by miracle, and that Paris would be burnt in sign of the Divine

vengeance. The said restoration was, however, not exclusively to depend on miracles; but, as means were necessary, one man alone furnished him with £2,000 to accomplish it.

It has frequently been observed by French writers themselves, that, even at the same price, the French peasant prefers the medical charlatan to the qualified practitioner; the supernatural adviser to the skilled agriculturist; and the village lawyer, whose business it is to make simple things complicated, to the man of known character in the country town. The reason is, besides the love of excitement, that these men can speak the peasant's language—eat at the peasant's table—and act upon his sympathies, by means which seldom fail, of social familiarity and good fellowship. The effect of hob-nobbing upon his constitution is perfectly magical.

Not unfrequently, the charlatan mixes up in his own person all the three professions—is the spiritual adviser, the doctor, and man of business, of the credulous population. Cerberus of a new kind, he has all three mouths at once open for sops. There is no limit to the success of an able adventurer when he has once fairly started himself in his triple career, as may be proved by the following instance:—

Monsieur Chesneau, of the Orlennais, had already been, to a certain point, made known to the public by a well-known novelist, Alphonse Karr, when the tribunals completed the tale. This man had a special inspiration from on high, and, no later than last year, he preached and prophesied to ten thousand honest peasants at a time. He cured the diseases of the whole country, by rubbing the patients with oil, over which he had muttered a benediction. In desperate cases, he would add a few grains of mustard, and order a potion instead of a lotion. One of his people brought him some oil for his frictions. Chesneau, always original, said that it was not the right sort for miracles, but that it would serve him very well for his salad. He rubbed the men in one room, and his wife

the women, in another. For the rest, perfectly honest, he refused all manner of fees. His real offence was preaching against the Roman Catholics; but justice attacked him for illegal practices as a medical man, as they managed to interpret his rubbings and scrubblings with his mystical water. At his trial, he answered every question out of the Scriptures, of which his knowledge was enormous; besides which, his daughter stood by with a huge Bible, to supply him with texts in case of necessity. Hundreds of the poor country people flocked to bear testimony to his miraculous cures. The patients were always put in contact, and sprinkled after the ceremony, with water out of the Cher, a sacred river, according to M. Chesneau. This glorification of their river added immensely to his popularity amongst the peasantry. It appears that no less than ten thousand persons had consulted Chesneau in the space of six months; and that some of the apothecaries of the district, in cases beyond their own management, had actually sent their patients to the "Prophet of Ménéteous." Besides curing the sick, Chesneau celebrated religious offices of his own invention. Wearied with his perpetual quotations from Scripture, the president of the tribunal cried out, impatiently, "We have no Bible here." "I can give you one," said Chesneau, in perfect simplicity. One of the witnesses, who said that he had been clubfooted, and been perfectly cured by the anointing of the prophet, produced, by way of proof, a crutch.

In the districts bordering upon Germany, at the present moment, there is not a community without its sorceress, who performs, amongst other functions, that of confessor to the inhabitants. Not long ago, in one of the most peaceable and beautiful valleys of the Rhine, the valley of Munster, a family lived together in the fashion unfortunately so common in France. It consisted of two sisters, the husband of one of them, and the avowed lover of both. The husband of the second sister was a released convict; his wife had refused to receive him. He forced himself into the house one evening, and was permitted to sleep there; the next morning, the lover knocked him on the head with a club, and his sister-in-law cut his throat, as she said, "to let in the air." His wife, terrified, went, some days afterwards, to the sorceress for an incantation against discovery. The secret was too much for the sorceress; she spoke about the matter to several persons,

and it came at last to the ears of the authorities.

The susceptibility of the peasant exposes him to freaks of imagination, upon which every kind of external action impresses its effect. A young country buck, one Buron, was in the habit of openly deriding religion; he was in the church of his parish, Prunay, one Sunday, with a knot of his companions, who all conducted themselves after the most unseemly fashion. The priest came up to Buron, and, striking him on the shoulder, said—"You will repent this, my friend; the good God will punish you." Buron, seized with terror, fell incontinently ill for three years. According to his own declaration, he never slept, and roamed the fields, incapable of working. At last, he met with a magnetic sorceress, who prescribed for him some enchanted remedy, and he was well in a week.

Wiesecke, mentioned above, had a house full of dupes, who kept up an establishment in fine style, waiting for the kingdom of God, which was to come some day in a flash of lightning, and then, said one of the party, "Where will be the end of our riches?" The establishment was, in some respects, like the Bridgewater Agapemone. The table was sumptuously served, and an ample supply kept of carriages, horses, and other luxuries. But it is doubtful if the credulity of Mr. Prince's flock would have gone as far as to persuade them to trust in incantations for making garters for going as far in eight days as others in eighty; for killing all the game one meets, without noise; and for preventing a fellow-sportsman from killing his own. Formularies for all this were in the Wiesecke repertory. Here is one of them:—Take a garter composed of two thongs; put between the two thongs the blood of a hare, killed the 25th of June, before the rising of the sun; at each end of the garter put the eye of a perch, and fling it in water, holding in your hand a small stick of green oak, gathered the same day; then raise the stick, beat the air, and pronounce the word "Amech," and you will be forthwith transported to the place to which you desire to go.

Such an incantation was proposed last year at Paris, and adopted by persons who could afford to keep carriages, horses, and a sumptuous table. The party had likewise a mysterious coffee, revealed to them out of a cloud by a girl they called Blanche, who was their celestial interpreter. This coffee

had miraculous virtues, which they were willing to impart to the rest of the world, and formed a company for the sale of their celestial beverage. It cost them a large sum of money, which Wiesecke took from the party, and then informed them that St. John Baptist had expressly forbidden him to hand it to the creditors.

It is really a strange spectacle in the nineteenth century, this knot of persons, not more mad in general demeanor than the rest of the world, waiting, at one and the same time, for the revelation of the kingdom of God in a flash of lightning, and the advent of Louis XVII. to an earthly kingdom; and seasoning the whole with a speculation in revealed coffee. This Louis XVII., by the way, was a maker of fireworks in London—a very different man from the American impostor.

As usual, repeated and daily devotions were mingled with acts of profound immorality; and the doctor compelled his patients to read the Bible, under the influence of strong excitement, till he worked them into a state fit for anything. By this kind of regimen he irritated the nervous system until he produced the usual submission of mingled terror and attraction. His mysterious servant-maid, Blanche, shuddered when he came near her, and ran away three or four times; but her exalted imagination always compelled her to return.

The following is the card of one of the Parisian somnambulists, who was, a few months ago, and is, perhaps, at this moment, elucidating all the secrets of this unseen world to the first comer, for a fee of four francs:—

“Madame Heurquin, Humanitarian Somnambulist.

“Jesus Christ was a great magnetizer, who condescended to bless, by the power of his spirit of love, truth, and harmony. St. John and Fourier saw the future in their ecstatic somnambulisms. The eye of the somnambulist is like the eye of God: it is everywhere; sees, feels, perceives, and comprehends all that regards the consulter, according to his sympathy.”

This Madame Heurquin had a partner, who lived in the same house with one of the forty-eight principal commissaries of police, who, it was said, had his own reason for possessing near him a magnetic treasure. He fancied that he might be enabled, by this supernatural assistance, to discover crimes and secrets which baffled the penetration of the ablest of his brethren. An extra lucid

commissary of police would be, it must be admitted, rather a formidable being, armed with the power both of the seen and the unseen world.

The annual drawing for the army is a source of great profit to the French sorceresses. Monsieur and Madame Robert, of Nancy, would secure any one against the chance, by saying a dozen masses at thirty-two sous each, and a prayer at three francs. The prayer is as follows:—

“Jesus, thou who sufferedst not thy divine robe to be divided by lot, grant me the grace of a good number. Glory to God. Amen.”

The worthy couple clinched the matter by the demand of a general fee of forty francs. After all, this was cheaper than six hundred francs to an *agent de replacement*. If Madame Robert's customers chanced to be drawn in spite of prayer and masses, she promised to send them a miraculous malady, which should enable them to claim exemption.

There is a class of persons in France called *radoubeurs*, who set arms and legs by supernatural agency. The Vendee is the classical country for these people. It requires a regular apprenticeship. There lives at this moment a great professor of the art at a place called Ancenis; he is known everywhere; takes pupils at high premiums, and his certificates pass current on all sides. Once graduated in this school, the pupil has the free run of all the markets and fairs, and rarely fails of his half-dozen cases, at their five francs each. One of these was unfortunate a short time since: his patient had put his neck out of order, the *radoubeur* twisted it three times, till he heard a loud crack, and then declared the operation successful. The patient declared the same thing. Unluckily, he was seized with paralysis, and died the next day, affirming to the last that his neck was put perfectly straight.

These men still enter the towns with drum and trumpet, proclaiming to all the world their power over the mysteries of *redoubage*. They are fined five francs every now and then—the price of a single fee—and return to the charge with the sympathies of the villagers and the honor of martyrdom.

It will be seen that there exists in France an organization and system about these things to which we have no pretence, and which contrasts curiously with their absence elsewhere. The country districts have no organized system of agriculture, but they

have an organized system of redoubage. In the towns, it is difficult to get up a company for life insurances, and almost impossible to establish a joint-stock bank; on the other hand, it is easy to create a society for the sale of miraculous coffee, with a special recommendation from St. John the Baptist.

Another characteristic feature of continental impositions of a supernatural kind, is their practice from no desire of gain, but from the mere excitement of the thing itself. A British charlatan who should look after any thing but the halfpence, would be indeed a phenomenon. It is very different abroad. Here is an instance:—

Not long ago, a traveller entered a house belonging to people called Cauvigny, in the Seine Inferieure, and demanded a night's lodging. In his conversation, he dwelt on the miraculous prophecies of the "old woman of the Salette," and looking his host in the face, said, "You have known many sorrows; you will know more yet." It turned out that he had put poison in the soup for no other purpose than the pleasure of making ill-omened predictions, and seeing them fulfilled. It was the excitement upon which he lived.

The Prophet Vienblé, though, like many other prophets, he has had his tribulations, is yet famous throughout Picardy. A simple shepherd, he contrived to attract the maidens of the entire department of the Somme, who brought him their half-dozen of francs, to hear tidings of their lovers. As a general rule, every girl in the north has a future husband in the army. The attraction of the conscript is irresistible, and young women who have held out for years, give up their hearts when they find their lovers drawn for the service, and spend the days of absence in sighing and consulting prophets. Vienblé, for the small sum named, would tell the month of the lover's return. If the lady paid freely, he asked a further sum for telling the day. When he found a victim richer or weaker than ordinary, he paid her a visit, accompanied by his superior and controller, as he called a couple of fellow-prophets. He declared that one, two, or three treasures were concealed in the house, in old casks, or hidden china bowls. The three sung incantations at so much a-piece, until the expectants of the future treasure had no more money—asked a round sum for the final stroke, which, of course, was not forthcoming—declared that nothing could be done without

it, and walked off. Vienblé unfortunately transferred his prophetic person to a less congenial district; the inhabitants called his operations by an awkward name, and he is now in the prison of Beauvais.

It will be seen that often the excited imagination, which plays so large a part in superstition abroad, is not confined to the dupes, but affects almost equally the duper. The absence of the vulgarity which distinguishes the British charlatan is equally noticeable. The charlatan abroad is all the more dangerous on this account, and pervades every class. No charlatan there would think of confining his impositions to the ignorant, if only for the disgrace of looking no higher.

The amount of quackery in the French village is enormous. There is not a place which has not its professor of some terrible disease—who has a secret for its cure handed down from a long generation of ancestors. Hydrophobia is the favorite complaint of these people. If a dog begins to snap, they are at hand with their vial, for which, out of regard for the law, they make no charge, but leave themselves to the generosity of the public. If it stopped here, the mischief would not be great; but they undertake confirmed cases, and it is only after some terrible catastrophe that they are heard of before the judicial benches. Palsy is another favorite complaint of the quacks. The most terrible of all are the recipes for abortion. In a village near Paris (Lucenay), M. Laurent, a doctor, had planted a shrub, renowned for its virtue in this way, in the garden of one Allier, a butcher. Laurent was probably afraid to plant it in his own. Allier declared that many times in the year persons would climb by night over the walls of his garden, to gather a branch of this redoubtable shrub.

Caron, a blacksmith at Verneuil, was supposed by the whole neighborhood to have a peculiar and personal influence with the saints in Paradise. His reputation was prodigious, and wonderful were the tales of his cures. At one time it was a hand totally crushed; at another, a club-foot fairly twisted round; at another, a broken leg, condemned to amputation by the surgeon, and which the owner, willing to do his best to save his limb, brought to Caron, who cured it miraculously in a few hours. There was not a portion of the human frame which Caron would not undertake to consolidate, as he called it, by means of a consecrated ointment. He cured the most desperate

sores with a supernatural plaster. He had, as we observed, interest with all the saints, but his special interest was with St. Susanna. St. Susanna had an antique chapel near Bretéuil, called the Chapel of the Desert; and to this chapel Caron undertook pilgrimages on behalf of his customers—this part of his profession being much the most in demand. In very desperate cases, he visited the sick-room with his wife. She knelt beside the bed, muttering prayers, and with a branch of blessed wood, dipped in water likewise blessed, traced certain cabalistic words on the counterpane.

Caron had an eye to the main chance, and took care of his fee. His customers were from the better classes of society, for he asked a very high price for his pilgrimages and his bedside incantations. For ordinary cases he charged from thirty to fifty francs—double or more than the price of an ordinary physician, but little enough for a man on terms of intimacy with all the saints. The strange part of the matter is, that his cures were genuine.

Two or three years ago, the passage of the Eure, near Penterville, was twice a week absolutely interrupted by carts, carriages, horses, foot-passengers, all on their way to the curé of Penterville, who cured every body of every malady under the sun. His sole remedy was a box of pills, always the same. The ecclesiastical authorities interfered, and at last degraded him from the priesthood. The curé knew his business, packed up his pills, and commenced quack. The law against the illegal exercise of medicine is evaded in France with the utmost ease; it was so in this instance, and is in a thousand others. The quack has nothing to do but to find some needy but qualified medical practitioner, and to act ostensibly as his assistant. The pair know well enough how to manage so that the public may know their man under his disguise.

The belief in witchery attaches itself to every suffering of which the immediate cause is concealed or unintelligible. A villager of more than ordinary talent, one Feuillet, was subject to epileptic fits; he was persuaded that he was bewitched, and fancied that he could counteract the witchery by going about in women's clothes, which he did for years. At first he put them on by stealth, when he found the fit approaching, and, whether from excitement or whatever reason, the charm had its effect, and the fit beat a retreat. He married at last, but insisted on preserving his old female

dress, and put it on whenever his wife was out of the way. Yet this man had acquired knowledge, both practical and physical, far beyond that of his neighbors: altogether untaught, he made for himself the entire furniture of his house, invented machines, sculptured statues, and amassed, by pure talent, a decent property.

It will be seen from all this, that the belief in supernatural cures rises far higher, as it spreads more widely, than with us. The contagion not only reaches the upper classes, but even the medical practitioners themselves. We have already quoted one instance, and in the majority of others, some qualified persons are to be found in the business, making use of the magic remedies in honest faith, without doubt or scruple. It is true that some really good medicines are occasionally supplied by the charlatan.

In other parts of Europe, the popular superstitions betray themselves in acts yet more absurd than in France. A few months ago, the inhabitants of a village near Rovigo, in Lombardy, had built a limekiln. The fire in this kiln, which burned successfully for some days, went out all at once. The people universally attributed the cause to the incantations of Anna Gurian, the district witch. They seized this woman, led her to the kiln, gave her some holy water, and commanded her to bless it. The village priest came up, and told her that if she stayed there till the kiln lighted again, she should be well paid. The people trotted her round the kiln for some hours, threatening to throw her in and bury her alive if she attempted to escape. She ran away, but the neighboring houses refused to admit her, and she was brought back. Her tormentors becoming tired, sent to a retired captain, known as the American, and who was supposed to be acquainted with the mode of dealing with witches. This man refused to come, fearing that Gurian would bewitch his children, but he sent his advice; and upon this advice they put the woman in a chair, made three incisions in her forehead, then three at the back of her head, and finally three in her left ear. The blood from the wounds was good, according to the American, for rekindling extinct limekilns. It failed in this instance, and Gurian escaped in the night, half dead with terror. She owed her unlucky reputation to herself, and, when thwarted, threatened her neighbors with death and misfortune, which in the long run were sometimes fulfilled.

Yet more recently, the members of a fa-

natical sect called Irwingians, in Pomerania, were going through the fanatical ceremonies at one of their fêtes, when, all at once, one of the number cried out that he was possessed by the devil. His friends forthwith threw themselves upon him and belabored him soundly with large sticks, from head to foot, for the purpose of expelling the said devil. They began with the feet, and beat the unfortunate inch by inch, driving, as they said, the demon before them, till they reached the neck. Then the patient, who had borne his treatment manfully, called out that he felt the devil in his throat. Whereupon, to complete the expulsion, the assistants seized his throat, and squeezed it so effectually that the poor man was strangled. They carried the corpse into a room, and spent a day in singing psalms and saying prayers over it; and locked out the police, who thought proper to interfere. The police managed to force an entry at last, and were told that if they would only wait, they would see the dead man rise again. Not having either the faith or the patience, the police arrested the whole party, and the miracle into the bargain.

Such are a few of the many instances of superstition and credulity furnished by the occurrences of the last few months. It is time to pass from ignorance to crime, and mark another phase of the reckless, excitable, and yet spiritual temperament of the French character, even in its brutality enthusiastic and interesting. The formalities of justice on the Continent, formidable, irritable, are sadly deficient both in dignity and gravity. The common street offender, disposed of with us by a single magistrate, attended by an unarmed policeman, is there confronted with an array of functionaries in grim inquisitorial robes and fierce black caps, with a whole army of armed *gens-d'armes* about them. The functionaries aforesaid fidget about, doff and don their caps, gesticulate, and thunder forth their questions in a manner which would stun a Londoner into silence, but which has only the effect of exciting the French culprit into a more obstinate persistence in the argument which has thus excited the ire of the court. The contrast between the solemn country gentlemen, who look so intensely wise in an English Quarter Sessions, and a Correctional Tribunal in France, with its judges robed up to the eyes, twisting their garments into all sorts of impossible forms, in their irritability and impatience, is, perhaps, amongst the most striking that justice could show anywhere. The culprit, too, seems far more to feel the

excitement than the danger of his position; he takes up a line of defence which no one outside a mad-house would believe to have a chance of success, makes assertions which would not deceive a Hottentot; and a mortal hour is consumed in bandying objections and answers between the accused and the judges, having no seeming use on earth but to show the ingenuity of both, until argument and answer are fairly drowned in the pother and outcry which both parties have raised about them. The upshot is, that in the confusion the culprit has a much better chance of escape than in England. Justice is made so dusty, that he sneaks off in the cloud.

We have no space for instances of this kind, which any one may find for himself by taking up the most common report of a French trial. But we have selected some instances from the annals of those tribunals, which exhibit in strong light the peculiarities both of the continental mind and the continental habits. The impressionability of the one produces crime of an atrocity almost unknown with us, tinged, at the same time, with a romance and interest, of which the ordinary vulgar stupidity of the English criminal fortunately deprives his actions. This interest attaching to crime is one of the most serious evils of society on the other side of the water.

Few of the communes of France are without the presence of some man, who, gifted with more than ordinary strength, permits himself every sort of license with impunity. "The terror of the neighborhood" is almost as certain an appendage to the district as the church, or the village jail, in England. These men usually end by attacking directly the authorities, urged at once by passion and presumption, when they get the worst of it.

One Goutier lived last year in the Vaucluse, in a populous part of the country, with a woman, whom he taught to use fire-arms, and the two were prepared to stand a siege at any time. Their principal amusement was to terrify the neighbors by threatening to murder them. To get a debt from Goutier was more dangerous than the same feat attempted against a squire in Galway. The cantonal authorities demanded the parish tax of four francs from Goutier and the woman with whom he lived, whereupon, after giving way to the most furious passion, and threatening to shoot the whole parish, they went out—he and the woman—and actually did shoot the tax-gatherer.

Another of these "terrors of the neighborhood," one Pingaud, roamed the Haute Saone for a twelvemonth, armed with six pistols, and levying, by his single audacity, a tribute on the country people. He would enter a house in full day, and the inhabitants would instantly leave it, abandoning the entire contents to his discretion. When he presented himself to demand work—for he had a fit of industry on him every now and then—no one ventured to refuse him. At last, pursued by two gendarmes more courageous than the rest, he shot one of them, and escaped into a wood. The gendarme, wounded almost to death, was actually refused admission into the neighboring houses, in dread of the resentment of Pingaud. In the year 1852, in the heart of France, the agent of the law, dying in discharge of his duty, was refused succor by a whole parish, through the terror inspired by a single malefactor.

Another instance is equally striking; it likewise occurred last year in the Isere. A man called Tirard Gallier, notoriously of bad character, had been sentenced to imprisonment for the sixth or seventh time: he broke out from the prison of Grenoble, and reappeared in his own village without molestation. He had been convicted chiefly on the testimony of his relatives. He planted himself one Sunday in open day in their way as they returned from church, shot one of his cousins, and sabred his aunt. He then sauntered from house to house, sabre in hand, boasting of what he had done, and dined at a cabaret, where he entertained the company with the details. At night, four cottages belonging to the family were found to be on fire; not a person went to extinguish the flames—every one suspecting Gallier, and dreading to encounter him. He was seized, nine months after, at the other end of France, at Arear. In his own country, no one seems to have thought of molesting him.

Victor Marnac was last year condemned to the hulks for life: he was a man of superior education, immense force, and had scoured for years the Pays de Dome with impunity—no one daring either to attack or to resist. It was the ordinary speech to every man who went about after dark, "Take care not to meet with Marnac." When arrested, at last, for murder, it was with difficulty that witnesses could be found against him, so great was the terror he inspired, even when in the hands of justice. This is, in fact, quite an ordinary occurrence; the same difficulty is always found at the trials of this class of

malefactors. It came out that an innkeeper—an honest man himself—was cognizant of the murder from the first, but was afraid to utter to his nearest connection a hint of the secret which he possessed. "The hills breathe again," was the brief expression of the people, on the arrest of this man.

There can be no doubt that the French law of inheritance creates strong temptations to family crime. Each addition to the number of the family is to the rest a fixed sum deducted from their future property, without appeal, and without compensation. Necessarily, amongst the unscrupulous and immoral, ideas arise which are nursed till they are carried into action. Cases of child-murder are constantly aided by the brothers and sisters, and still more often concealed, and approved as acts from which themselves derive a certain benefit. It is, besides, a common practice in the country, when a woman has ceased to entertain thoughts of marriage, for her to resign her part in the family inheritance, on condition of receiving an annuity. This habit leads to serious crimes. One Maria Anne Constant, the daughter of people of position in the Aveyron, and sister of one of the first physicians in the district, had compounded in this way with another brother. This last, with his wife, absolutely besieged a woman of loose character, who had acquired some influence over their sister, with entreaties to take away her life. They offered first a bushel of potatoes, and then the quarter of a pig. Finally, they raised their price to a round sum of money, and recommended their agent to attract their sister to the river-side, and push her in. A message from her confessor, they said, would take her anywhere, and nothing was easier than to propose one, although the banks of the Tarn would seem a strange place for a spiritual conference. The crime was accomplished as it was arranged; yet the jury found "attenuating circumstances" in their verdict.

Last February, an old man named Rouillon was found dead, with his face in the fire. It was alleged that he had fallen into a fit while sitting at his hearth. But it appeared, on inquiry, that he had divided his property amongst five children for a stipulated sum in money and provisions; that there were continual quarrels about this allowance; that the wine thus furnished was sent to the adjoint of the district, with the request that he would taste it, and declare if it was drinkable. A married daughter, who lived close by, was the chief agent in these disputes, and

it was clearly proved on inquiry that she had killed her aged parent with a poker, with precautions long devised, and had thrown him into the fire.

Instances of this kind are of alarming frequency in the remote districts, and there can be no doubt that the greater number are never discovered. Nor is there less danger in the other case, when the parent has resigned his property to his children, and is supported by them as a compensation. In the following instance, the reader will not fail to remark the strange working of the law of "attenuating circumstances."

Stephen Puige lived at Perpignan in easy circumstances, with his wife, his daughter, and a son, who lived only partially in the house. He was of a singular temperament, and brutal manner, often acting towards those about him with unaccountable caprice. On the other hand, he paid a sum to his children on condition that they managed the expenses. This arrangement was followed by the usual consequences—the old man was half-starved; he often begged a dinner from his neighbors, and the children, feeling every hour that they had a direct interest in his death, gave expression, sometimes, to their sentiments. One morning, the old man was found dead, covered with bruises. The circumstances proved a murder, and that the wife and children were the murderers; but the jury hesitated. The son was stated to have borne the insults of his father with exemplary patience; the daughter had been diligent in her attendance at church; the case presented difficulties; and the verdict was "guilty, with attenuating circumstances." And thus persons who were altogether innocent, or else guilty of parricide, under all the aggravations of premeditation and hypocrisy, were only condemned to five years at the hulks; and this because the jury were not quite satisfied of their guilt. There is a legal bull of an English jury quoted in Joe Miller, where the jury recommended a criminal to mercy on the "ground of insufficient evidence." This is a joke in England, but the practice in France.

The instances under which the murders are perpetrated on account of the small properties held by the country people, are endless in their variety. Sometimes, as we have seen, it is for the acquirement of the property; at others, it is on account of the partition. In August last, a farmer in the Nièvre had divided his property between his two daughters. The eldest obtained by much the best share, and the father, on the

complaint of the younger, proposed and intended a fresh division. All at once, he disappeared. His body was found after a long search, and it turned out that he had been shot by the husband of the elder daughter, to make irrevocable his original distribution of the property.

The frequency of cases of poisoning almost carries us back to the middle ages. Often a dozen successive days will each produce their tragedy, ordinarily the counterpart of Madame Laffarge; a wife poisons her husband, or the husband the wife. The instances are too common even for selection. We give one or two characteristic cases.

At Loriol, in the Drome, a retired physician lived in easy circumstances and avowed concubinage with his servant, Henriette Vincent. He had one daughter, whom he had recently recalled from school to his house. The servant immediately proceeded to poison her young mistress. She proceeded very systematically: first made the poor girl ill with a dose of mallow, and then, having placed her under medical regimen, prepared the potions with her own hand. The victim complained to her aunt, to her friends, to her physician. This last, an excellent but timid man, made some attempts to take the preparation out of the servant's hands; the servant insisted, and the doctor, whose suspicions were roused to the highest point, gave way notwithstanding. The father remained passive and immovable. His daughter wasted before his eyes; she repeated that she was being poisoned day after day. Every one suspected the authoress of the crime, yet no one attempted to remove the mistress of the master of the house. The young lady died, after four months' suffering, from the combined effects of opium and arsenic; and when it was too late, shame and remorse compelled the doctor to denounce the crime which he and so many others might so easily have prevented. The clearness of the case, the cognizance of the family throughout, and the carelessness of the degraded parent, are characteristic of the facilities for crime offered by the state of the rural population, of whatever class.

In the instances, unfortunately of weekly occurrence, when the husband is poisoned by a guilty wife and her paramour, the attempts are of common notoriety long before their success. Sometimes it is the children who talk about it. "The ruin is upon us," said one little fellow to his playmates; "my mother poisons my father every day." Sometimes the wife, asked by her own domestics

the reason of their master's ill health, replies coolly that "it is no wonder, for she has given him a dose of cantharides."

All these attempts are nothing in magnitude to the audacity of a small farmer in the Deux Sevres, who attempted to poison a whole village. He had quarrelled with all his neighbors, and took his revenge at first after a fashion sufficiently ludicrous: he bored holes in the trees, passed the tails of their cattle through them, and left them, thus fastened, to starve; he cut off the legs of their poultry, and tied up the legs of their sheep. All this ended in his becoming more ferocious, as the quarrels consequent upon his pranks brought him into hostile contact with the entire neighborhood, either as principals or witnesses. So he took a summary mode of dealing with all his foes at once, by throwing arsenic into the village fountain. Every one knows the village fountain in France; it is the resort of the evening gossips, who meet, pitcher on shoulder, to exchange scandal and salutation. Its universal use, and its universal popularity, made such a deed doubly dangerous and cruel. Fortunately, the poison was noticed before it had time to mix with the water.

Akin to the practice of downright poisoning, is another, well known throughout France, which consists in mixing soporific draughts, for purposes of robbery and vengeance. One Virling was famous about the country for years; he carried a soporific vial, with which, and two friends, he made the tour of France: A man of address, he insinuated himself into the good grace of strangers, with the facility afforded by French manners, gained admission to their repasts, and the vial did the rest.

We conclude with a few traits of the *bizarries* of crime—traits which would have occurred nowhere but in a country infected with the *furia Francese*.

In March, 1853, one Jobard arrived at Lyons, by the steamboat of the Saone. He was a clerk in a house at Dijon; he had for three years discharged his duty punctually and faithfully; his employers declared that he never gave them cause for complaint, and that he possessed their entire esteem. One night, for no conceivable reason, he left the house, without luggage, and with a few francs in his pocket. He sauntered to the railway station, and took a place to Chalons. There he stood in front of the station, with his hands in his pockets, looking about him for the next thing to do, when the omnibus belonging to the steamboat drove up; he

entered it mechanically, and arrived at Lyons. There, his money almost entirely gone, he sauntered about the quays, without object, without intention, and without the slightest notion of his own movements. At last, he bought a knife, and spent his last sou in a ticket for the theatre. A young woman was before him; he had never before seen her. She gave him no offence whatever; he stabbed her to the heart! An attempt was, of course, made at the trial to prove his insanity. It broke down, and Jobard was condemned to the hulks for life.

It should be observed that the foreign tribunals are very cautious of admitting the plea of insanity as an excuse for crime. They are well aware that the impulsive temperament of the population produces actions of so wild a character, that this excuse, if easily admitted, would be pleaded with perilous frequency.

Sicard, who introduced himself, a few months ago, into the apartment of his wife, at the Hotel de Princes, by counterfeiting the voice of their child, and then shot her, had obtained her, in the first instance, by means which remind one of the middle ages. She was the daughter of a chamberlain of Napoleon's; he, son of a gendarme. When his future wife was quite a child, Sicard had seduced her, with the assistance of her nurse, and carried her from Paris, where she then lived with her family, to Bordeaux. Her parents reclaimed her as a minor, took her away, and prevented the marriage, notwithstanding the circumstances. When the young lady had been of age eight days, Sicard came to their place of residence, then at Bezieres, stood in the middle of the market-place, and harangued the people on the misdeeds of the villainous aristocracy, who prevented the course of true affection. He collected a mob, and stormed the lady's house in full day, and in one of the most populous cities of France. Her mother, who attempted an opposition, was nearly murdered. When married, Sicard threatened his wife's life so regularly, that one of her employments was to search his pockets and secrete his pistols. To be sure, he threatened his friends in the same way, and with the same regularity.

The following case is worth notice, as illustrative of the reckless crime which the excitement of an attachment, even of the most legitimate kind, will produce, under very slight temptation:—

Pradeaux, a worker in artificial flowers, in the neighborhood of Paris, fell in love with

a young girl, who had herself been a foundling. He proposed to marry her. No great establishment was necessary for a foundling; the two had both their several employments, and an honest living was within their reach. But Pradeaux must dazzle his intended. He had money, he said, at the bank; he would make a lady of her. For the moment, he had not enough to buy the wedding-ring. He went into some shop on a trifling business, heard money jingle in the till, returned at night, murdered the guard, and took a bag of silver. With this he decked the young foundling in the gayest of dresses, and bought some furniture. His bag soon came to an end; but by this time he knew his business, and set methodically about it. An old woman kept a lodging-house that he knew; he strangled her, and found money enough to hire carriages for his wedding, pay the fees in advance, and the wedding breakfast, also, in advance. The morning of his marriage came; his money was gone; time pressed. He bethought himself of the old women he knew, murdered one, upon whom he found nothing, and proceeded to another, the keeper of a wine-shop, where he was foiled and taken. In his visits to the young girl, who really liked him, he was absolutely calm and composed when he handed her the money already acquired, and talked about expenses hereafter to be paid, by such means.

If a legitimate connection will produce such vile actions, what may not be expected from those that are illegitimate? A mere glance at the annals of the tribunals of a single day will answer the question.

In Switzerland, the comparative rarity of crime, and the independent temperament of the people, make every grave offence the subject, not only of popular interest, but of popular influence. One Ausmann was arrested in June, 1851, for a murder, involving no extraordinary atrocity; but it was committed on a person generally liked, and the people were indignant accordingly. To please them, the place of trial was removed from the town-hall at Thoun, where Ausmann was tried, to the parish church; and the place of worship of a Protestant country—that the mob might be enabled to look on—was turned into a criminal court, with more than the usual amount of excitement and disturbance. It appeared that Ausmann, while he intended to commit a theft, had no intention of committing a murder, and the Bernese law positively forbade a capital sentence. The people were so little

satisfied, that a riot ensued, and Ausmann was in danger of being lynched. They found a diary in his pocket, from which it would seem that the profits of a Swiss thief are considerable. It contained such items as the following:—"July 14th—Passed the night about the Aar (at Berne); not very lucky; thirteen francs, a silver spoon, and a watch. 21st—Operated at Oberhogen; a watch, and forty-two francs. 28th—Fished along the Aar; fifteen florins, and tolerably well in plate." This and two or three similar entries in one month. The man entered, at the same time, the name of the hotels where he lodged—they were the best in the country; yet he was a strolling thief, and had no pretension to the dignity of a swindler.

It is time to bring all these terrors to a close. We would leave the reader in good humor, by a few instances of a brighter or a redeeming character.

A huge mendicant used to be, and probably is now, notorious in the neighborhood of the Pont Neuf, exceedingly dirty, and of an enormous size. He used to hold his casket to every passer-by, with the cry—"Chimneys to sweep! chimneys to sweep!"—*De haut en bas, messieurs!* The idea of this elephantine protuberance sweeping a chimney was too much for the gravity of most people, and the amount of halfpence the man got, by tickling the fancy of the public, was prodigious. He used to say that he made more money at the business than any man living.

An old man was picked up about Paris, in a state of great destitution. He had kept sheep on the same hill for sixty-seven years. The proprietor by that time found him too old for his work, and turned him off. He heard that at Paris all the world was emigrating to California. Though a shepherd, the old man was a logician, and he naturally inferred that the city would be in want of inhabitants. He only found out his mistake when he arrived.

One man picked up a purse containing fourteen francs. Not content with rushing from house to house, exhibiting his purse, and expatiating on its contents, and inviting every body to dine with him, he ended by attaching himself to a pretty and modest workwoman, declared that he was in possession of a treasure, and offered her marriage. She consented—Parisian girls are not diffident; and the farce would have been carried out, but that the man made so much noise with his purse that the owner heard of

it, and claimed it. The facility with which these young women allow themselves to be intrapped into marriage would be ludicrous, if it were not terrible. They frequently avow, when discovering themselves on the point of union to the most infamous of rascals, that they made no inquiry into the character of their intended, because husbands must be caught when they can—that the men are touchy—and that they had a friend who made similar inquiries, but the *particulier* was affronted, and marched off.

An important personage amongst the juvenile delinquents of the capital is the "*Reine de la Guepe*." The sharpest, most shrewish, and sometimes the prettiest, of the female thieves is appointed to this office. Her age is usually about fifteen. She sits at the head of table, and presides over the morning's soup; she then regulates their gambols through the town, where they stroll—some in search of bacon, cheese, butter, or chocolate; the boldest will lay their hands on a print or a statuette, for which the open *etelages* all along the quays of Paris offer great facilities. The campaign is terminated when the queen gives the order; and she reports on the merits and qualifications of her subjects during the day. Young as she is, she has usually a husband, about her own age, who acts as prince consort, with a delegated authority.

Very many persons wander about the streets of Paris, who owe their mendicity to their reputation as practised workmen. They give themselves airs accordingly, and refuse all offers under a sum too high for the generality of people. Common masons will decline two francs a-day, and roam the streets three quarters of the year, getting their three, four, or five francs for the other quarter.

Such are some of the characteristics which every one must take account of who would understand the continental character, in its political as well as in its social bearings. Their evil effects are, unfortunately, not lessening—the excitements of late times have added to the natural susceptibility of the population; causes of complaint have become more general, and lawless actions of dangerous familiarity. The spread of knowledge—in itself not very great of late years—has done but little towards checking the mischief, and the increase of crime is a source of yearly lamentations to the continental statesman. Nor is it easy to find a remedy, amidst the disorganization of political uncertainty, and the opposition of the population to the authorities. The only comfort is, that both the phases and the causes of crime are so well known, that such alleviated measures as may be found will not, at least, be either devised or applied in ignorance.

## SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

See Plate.

THIS experimental philosopher and public writer was born at Jedburgh, in Scotland, December 11, 1781, and is one of a family of brothers, who have all attained distinction. He was educated and licensed for the Church of Scotland, but his first essay in the pulpit was so decided a failure that he resolved never to repeat it. He now betook himself to science and literature; and, while he wrought for the improvement of the first—particularly the science of optics—he gained an income chiefly by the latter. Having at first labored upon works projected by others, he, in 1824, set up a journal for himself—the "*Edinburgh Journal of Science*," and

long conducted it with success. He was the editor of the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia*, which became, under his hand, one of the earliest and best productions of its class. Having improved his social position by his connection with this undertaking, he became president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in which city he resided, until, purchasing an estate at Allerly, near Melrose, he removed about 1828. Three years afterwards, he proposed the meeting at York which led to the establishment of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Besides a number of pamphlets, descriptive of his discoveries and inventions, among which the kaleido-

scope is to be reckoned, he has produced a "Life of Newton," "Letters to Sir Walter Scott on Natural Magic," and the "Martyrs of Science." He is also understood to be a contributor to the "North British Review." He is a leading member of the Free Church of Scotland, and of the Peace Society; belongs to a great number of learned bodies, and received the honor of knighthood from

William IV. France has not left this British *savant* unnoticed, having elected him a corresponding member of the Institute in 1825, and in 1849, one of the eight foreign associate members, in the place made vacant by the death of Berzelius, the celebrated chemist. Sir D. Brewster is now principal of the united colleges of St. Salvador and St. Leonard's, in the S. U. of St. Andrew's.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

### FREDERICK WILLIAM III.

THE name of Frederick William III. of Prussia, is one which will occupy a conspicuous place in the history of our own times. He reigned in a memorable period, embracing the time when Prussia suffered under the weight of the disasters which overtook her at Jena, when Napoleon crushed her with his iron hand; and when, purified by suffering, taught by adversity, that kingdom again put forth her power, and her sons became the conquerors instead of the conquered, nobly did her king shine forth of all;—in the night of his adversity he fainted not, and in the day of his triumph and his glory he exercised an unwonted moderation and true-heartedness. The name of Frederick William III. is revered and loved by Prussian people, and held in estimation, too, by Britain's sons, to many of whom he was personally known. Any anecdotes throwing light on his character will, we think, be acceptable to our readers, and so we present them with a few we have culled from a work published by Bishop Eylert.\*

When but a mere boy, Frederick evinced the same moderation and benevolent kindness which characterized him through life. The following is a pleasing anecdote, told by Walter, his confidential servant when crown-prince:

\* *Characteristic Traits and Domestic Life of Frederick William III., King of Prussia*, as narrated by the Very Rev. R. F. R. Eylert, D. D., &c. Translated from the German by Jonathan Birch, holder of the Prussian great gold medal of Honour, &c.

"When the king was a boy of ten years, and I had the duty of waiting on him, a fruiterer's lad, in the middle of winter, made his appearance at his highness's apartments with a small basket of ripe hot-house cherries. The young prince was delighted at the sight of them, and wished to become a purchaser of the rarities; but being informed that the price was five dollars, he said, 'What! five dollars for a handful of cherries?' and unhesitatingly turning from them, added, 'I ought not, neither do I desire, to have them.' Almost immediately afterwards, a shoemaker of Potsdam was announced, and I informed the prince that the poor fellow had been long ill of a nervous fever, that he was in a sad plight, and that his trade, in consequence of sickness and exhausted funds, had dwindled to nothing; that he was in want of leather to begin the world again, which would cost twenty dollars; that not having a stiver, he, in his necessities had come to petition his royal highness graciously to give him that sum. 'How much have I got?' said the prince, with compassionate emotion. On my informing him fifty dollars, he instantaneously commanded me to give the poor man the desired twenty dollars in his name, with the wish that they might prove fortunate to him. The artisan received the boon and good wish with overwhelming joy and gratitude, and expressed a desire to be permitted personally to thank his royal highness. This the prince refused in these words—'Tis not necessary; 'twould only embarrass the poor fellow.'"

"The child was father of the man."

The following is a circumstance that took place in a later period of his life:—

"His majesty, in officer's undress uniform, void of star, while walking in Potsdam, accompanied by one of his daughters, was followed by a poor boy who knew him not, and who had run beside them for some time with a basket containing neat little purses, which ever and anon he presented, begging hard that he would buy one. The supposed subaltern officer repulsed the child, who, however, continued to press a purchase. 'Ah, Mr. Lieutenant, do buy *one* purse of me; it only costs six groschens (about nine pence); if you don't want one for yourself, you can make a present to the handsome lady who has hold of your arm.' Again repulsed, the little fellow, sighing from the bottom of his heart, muttered, 'Well, we shan't have any dinner to-day!' The king halted, and took from the urchin's basket *six purses*, putting at the same time a double Frederick d'or (about thirty-six shillings) in the child's hand. The lad eyed the piece of gold, and said, 'Kind Mr. Lieutenant, pay me rather in groschens; for I've no money, and can't give you change.' Touched by the simple honesty of the child, who, with innocent and open countenance, looked up at him, he inquired his name and condition of the family, and was answered, that his mother was a corporal's widow, with six children; that she lived in a garret at No. —, in — street, gaining a scanty livelihood by knitting money-purses. 'Then go along home,' said the supposed lieutenant, 'and take the piece of money to your mother; I make her a present of it.' Made fortunate by the gift, the poor family were about to partake of a frugal though more ample meal than usual, when, to their astonishment, one of the king's adjutants entered the cleanly apartment, explained the mystery, and discovered that the boy had spoken truth in all he told his majesty;—all which being confirmed by inquiries made in other quarters, the king had the younger children placed in the Orphan-house, and granted the widow a yearly pension of a hundred dollars."

The bitter cup Frederick William had drained did not impart aught of bitterness or moroseness to his character; his mildness, humanity, and kindness, were manifested in a thousand ways. As instances of this, we extract the following anecdotes:—

"Walking along Potsdam High street, with a single adjutant, the latter sprang forward

to disperse a swarm of joyous boys who were playing at top on the broad, smooth flag-stones, thereby blocking up the king's path; but the king caught the adjutant by the arm, saying, as he stepped into the carriage-way, 'Have you never played at top? Such happy children must not be unnecessarily disturbed, and thereby grieved. Our youthful days are gone.' On another occasion, a handsome pastry-cook boy belonging to Potsdam, was carrying out a cake, when, his foot slipping, he fell, and smash went the dish. He was bitterly crying just as the king happened to pass. Without further remark, the king said to the boy, gently patting his cheek at the same time, 'Come along with me.' The lad followed tremblingly. Arrived at the palace, the king desired a handsome dish, and a large cake on it, to be brought from the palace confectionary, with which he gladdened the unlucky boy, saying, 'Be more careful in future.' Not long after, having desired inquiries to be made, which turned out to be in the lad's favor, the king ordered him to be placed under the palace confectioner."

The following circumstance not only brings the king's kindness in strong relief before us, but also his unselfishness. The Empress of Russia had presented the king, her father, a beautiful Asiatic plant, which was placed in the palm-house on the Peacock Island, among other exotics:

"The king, always a friend to botany, took great pleasure in this scarce plant, and named it after his beloved daughter, Charlotte. Whenever he visited the island, his first inquiry was, 'How thrives my Charlotte?' which naturally caused twofold attention to be paid to the favorite by the gardener. The public were permitted to visit the Peacock Island two days in every week during summer, and thousands flocked to that delightful spot to enjoy the privilege, and inspect the choice collection of exotics. Who can describe the fright and anxiety of the careful gardener when he discovered that some one had plucked and borne off the flower held in such extraordinary estimation! Irritated and provoked, he rushed through the crowds of visitors, eyeing each individual, in hope of discovering the stolen jewel. After fruitless search, he fixed himself at the landing-place by which visitors must return. He had not waited long, when a young and well-dressed man approached with the identical flower displayed in the button-hole of his coat, apparently unconscious of having done wrong. Seized and questioned as to the robbery, he excused himself on the

score of ignorance, and sorely regretted the thoughtless deed. The deeply offended gardener, who could not be propitiated, dragged the amazed stripling to his dwelling, that in the presence of three witnesses a protocol might be taken of the affair, and documentarily laid before the king, as exculpatory of himself. His majesty ere long came to the island, and as usual asked, 'How thrives my Charlotte?' The court-gardener, with tears in his eyes, related some of the particulars. Though evident displeasure marked the king's countenance, he calmly remarked, 'It was unkind to deprive me of that small joy!'—'There'll be no end to such conduct,' said the angry gardener, 'if your majesty does not forbid the public visiting the island.' 'How can the public help,' said the king, 'that, amongst thousands, an ill-behaved one should abuse the permitted liberty?' The island was not placed there for me alone; you know I can only find time to visit it occasionally; am I alone to enjoy the sight of it?' The gardener begged that the committed robbery might be examined into, and the offender punished. As he was going to hand in the protocol, and was about to mention the culprit's name, the king abruptly stopped him, saying, 'No, no; I desire not to know his name; I have an unlucky memory; hereafter the man may have occasion to ask some favor; and his name, causing me to recollect the unpleasant circumstance, might tend to his disadvantage. No, no; forgotten is forgiven.' No person delighted more in giving a pleasant surprise than Frederick William; and he excelled in the happy art of conferring a favor in the time and manner best calculated to increase the recipient's pleasure. 'This happy art men would do well to cultivate; the poorest peasant, the humblest mechanic, can practise it as well as kings on their thrones; for they too have their favors, their kindnesses to bestow. But, to return to the king: we have a lively instance of the trait we have alluded to in the case of General von Kockeritz, the intimate friend of Frederick, who had become attached to him when only crown-prince, and soon gave him his confidence. On his ascending the throne, in 1797, he wrote him a long letter, truly honorable both to him and to his friend, begging of him to assist him freely with his counsel and advice, and asking him the following questions, 'Will you always remain the same as now—always so unkind—always so act?' and creating him, in the fullest sense of the word, his privy-councillor. Kockeritz was worthy of the esteem and confidence shown him by his king; though

not possessing distinguished talents or scientific knowledge, he was a man of sound and clear understanding, upright, true-hearted, and full of good nature and benevolence; he accompanied the king after the destructive battle of Jena, in 1806, on his melancholy retreat to Königsberg, and staunchly stood by his side during those blows of destiny. In 1809, he returned with the king to Berlin and Potsdam, and ere long had to participate in his royal master's soul-anguish on the death of his queen.

'Time passed on till the completion of his fiftieth year of faithful service, when, at the dawn of that day, Kockeritz was awakened by the hautboyists of the guard playing a piece of choral music under his window; soon after, one of the king's adjutants entered his chamber, bringing with him a royal rescript, in which the king alluded to his loyal devotion, personal attachment, and useful service, and concluded by adding, 'As a token of my esteem, I herewith, on this festival of your fifty years' service, confer on you the order of the Black Eagle,' and send you the decoration, accompanied by my wish that you will wear it this day, and that you may for many years be an ornament to it. Be ever the friend of your most sincere friend.' At 10 o'clock the king's adjutants and other generals conducted Kockeritz to the Lustgarten, where he found the regiments of the guards, in parade uniform, assembled. The king was already on the ground, wearing all his orders. Having placed Kockeritz on his right hand, and the general field-marshal on his left, his majesty stepped forward and gave the word of command himself—a circumstance which rarely happened. All the troops filed past the astonished and excited veteran, and as they passed, amid the thunder of drums, trumpets, and cannon, the colors of each regiment were waved. The review finished, the king, after a few impassioned words, embraced his old friend in sight of all the troops and the crowd of assembled people. After that the generals and other high officers in the state had wished him joy, the king said, 'Now, my dear Kockeritz, in the first place we mean to conduct you home, and afterwards take luncheon with you.' Kockeritz being a bachelor, his domestic arrangements did not admit of entertaining company on so short a notice—much less the king. He was inclined to treat his announced intention as a joke; but when he found the king was in earnest, he deprecated the intended honor, but the king good-humoredly turned away, saying, 'No, no! it is decided, gentlemen; we accompany Kockeritz home, and take a com-

fortable breakfast with him.' 'It is really impossible,' said the embarrassed Kockeritz; 'my confused bachelor-economy is not in a fit state for any such a thing.' 'Why are you not married, then?' retorted the king; 'I have often joked you on that head; now it is too late; you shall therefore be punished for the omission to-day.' 'If it must be so,' said Kockeritz, in a half-sorrowful tone, 'I must at least beg of your majesty a delay of four hours, that I may make the necessary arrangements; there's nothing in the house, and all my rooms are in disorder. I cannot possibly receive your majesty *instantly*.'—'Eh, what?' said the king; 'a lieutenant-general will surely have a crust of bread-and-butter, and a glass of wine to offer us! It's all settled!' Then turning to his suite, 'Come along, gentlemen.' The whole party put themselves in motion, Kockeritz all the time in a most disagreeable agitation, not seeing how the thing could be managed. A deep sigh escaping him, the king jokingly said, 'you are rightly served; it would have been infinitely more agreeable to be received by a handsome hostess attended by her children. Well, we shall see what's to be had at the old bachelor's, and endeavor to treat him as mercifully as possible.

"As they approached the house, the royal party were greeted by drums and trumpets, and a crowd of the servants of the palace in their gala liveries were discernible. The steps leading to the door were strewn with flowers, the dining-room and adjoining chambers tastefully ornamented, the table elegantly spread and decorated with costly porcelain, whilst a valuable service of plate covered an abundance of smoking dishes. The king, on entering the dinner-room, turned to his attendants, and said, with peculiar good-nature, 'Would you have surmised this of Kockeritz?—he said there was nothing prepared, and we find all charmingly arranged!' He then took his tried friend by the hand, and placed him next himself; the rest were soon seated, and joy and gratitude filled every heart. When the *déjeuner* was finished, the king said, 'Now, my dear Kockeritz, since we have breakfasted with you, you and the rest of your guests must make it convenient to dine with me. But, inasmuch as we have done justice to your hospitality, the dinner shall be ordered for a later hour than usual, and, in the mean time, we will take a drive into the country.' He then invited Kockeritz into his own carriage, and, resuming his natural sombre silence, requested him to recount his early history. He did so, mention-

ing by name his early friends, of whom only a small remainder were living. In a few hours they arrived at Neugarten, where the company were already assembled; but who shall describe the amazement and transport of the honest old veteran, when he beheld, on entering the banqueting-hall, the only three surviving friends of his youth, whom the king had managed to bring together from distant places, and who now stood with open arms to receive him—an exhilarating scene from the realities of human life!"

In his domestic character the king is brought before us in a very pleasing light; he was a tender and affectionate father; it was his custom every morning to visit the nursery, where he received the royal children, one after another, from the hands of their mother, and bestowed on each fond marks of fatherly affection; he would sometimes tarry long with them, playing and joking; and each trifling circumstance, so weighty to children, he treated with participating interest, as it were a matter of high importance. If any of them received special praise for good behavior, &c., he took from his pocket a small reward. Even so heartily did he enter into their pleasantries, that he often seemed chained to the spot, forgetful of the flight of time; for the queen had frequently to remind him that the adjutant had been announced. Every evening, before retiring to rest, he, together with the queen, visited the sleeping infants, and stealthily kissed the forehead of each. He was devotedly attached to his good and beautiful queen, Louisa; and after her death, which took place June 19, 1810, he caused an open temple to be erected on the eastern point of Peacock Island, and there placed her bust, elegantly worked in marble. Thither he would frequently repair, generally unattended, and linger there a while in solitary musings. When at Charlottenburg, he used to stroll along the dark avenue of fir-trees that led to her mausoleum; he only had the key of the lower vault. A holy stillness pervades the spot where the good and beautiful Queen Louisa found an early grave.

Frederick William's life extended to man's allotted portion—threescore years and ten; "life's taper burned brightly to the last." To the end, as it had always been, "the love of his subjects was his greatest treasure; his resignation and tender-heartedness grew daily more prominent; each small attention, and even delicate handing of refreshment, was received with thanks; and all his farewell looks were verily benedictory loving-kindnesses. His genuine affection and childlike

mindedness were remarkably displayed towards his under-chamberlain the day before his death. When Kienal presented him a cup of *bouilli*, the dying king motioned it away, saying, 'I cannot take it; but the trusty and anxious man desisted not, saying, 'The medical gentlemen have ordered it, and sinking strength requires support.' The invalid rejoined, 'My children, I desire it not; do not trouble me.' The attached servant, nevertheless, continued to beseech him to take the broth; and with pitiful expressions of sorrow, such as are often used towards beloved equals, he said, 'Well then, your majesty, do drink it, if only to please me.' Tears at the same time gushing from his eyes, he left the room hastily, placing the cup in the hands of his constant nurse and affectionate consort,\*

\* His second wife.

the Princess of Liegnitz, who was sitting close to the bed. 'The kindly meaning man' uttered the dying king; 'did you remark his tears, my dear Augusta? Drink it, instead of me, that on his return, seeing the cup empty, he may feel consoled.'

With this touching anecdote we will close our paper. The king departed this life the 14th June, 1840. He was truly a noble man; his mind was imbued with deeply religious feelings; so that, in the words of the good bishop, "with him the fear of God was the one great condition under which all that is good, of whatever name, can alone thrive; therefore was it the soul of his private as of his public life. As he will live in history, so can he be signalized by no more suitable, complete, and true term than Frederick William III. the Pious."

From the Leisure Hour.

## THE SCHOLARS OF BRIENNE.

THE winter of 1783 was a severe one in the northern provinces of France. Snow-storms of unusual violence and duration visited every district. The vineyards were half-buried, the great road to Paris was impassable for weeks, and in the lower streets of Brienne the inhabitants were obliged to open narrow passages through the snow, which rose above their ground-floor windows.

The situation of that ancient town still renders it liable to such wintry visitations. Surrounded by an open, level country, and built on a steep hill-side, its streets rise one above another like successive terraces, up to the grim château which has stood many a siege, and seen various occupants, since it was erected by the first seigneur of Brienne. Few travellers visit the city, for it has little traffic, and less fashion, about it. There are traces of wars both early and late—ruined fortifications, tracks of shot, and shell, and fire. There are also an old church or two, and some houses that might interest the antiquary; but, excepting these and their traditions,

a more commonplace old burgh is not to be found in northern France.

At the time of our story, Brienne had not such a modern look. Its narrow, irregular streets, turreted roofs, and projecting gables, told of builders who flourished with the line of Valois. A noble governor held half-feudal, half-military state in its château, where he commanded a small and very idle garrison. Its trade was old and homely; its burghers careful and quiet; and the great glory of the town was its military college. The citizens believed that half their country's great commanders had been educated there. They had tales of Condé and Turenne, Villers and De Luxemburg, which, though scarcely historical, were in high credit. The students, too, were more popular than students in quiet country towns are apt to be, chiefly on account of the rigid discipline prevailing in military schools of those days, which permitted no visits, except to relations, and little going beyond the college, even on holidays. Besides Christmas and

Easter, the principal of those was the governor's birthday; and as the commandant of the château happened to have been born on the 29th of January, his festival came immediately after the storm that year.

It was a cold, clear day, with the snow lying white over town and country. The students had been up early, assisting the porter and other humble office-bearers to clear the entrance and courts of their college, and were now at noon assembled, great and small, in a large, neglected garden, which served them as ground for play and exercise. From the early age at which they were drafted off to the army, the senior students were yet boys, and the juniors mere children; but the controversy of their times had found entrance among them. Some were cadets of noble but reduced families, and stood high on the real or imaginary privileges of their birth, taking a boyish pride in the feudal rights and usages of which France was becoming every day more impatient. They knew that the college had been expressly founded for youths of family; but time, the innovator, had brought *parvenus* within its walls. Ambitious burghers sent their sons; courtiers, their dependents; and promising boys from the colonies, who could boast no quarterings, found their way thither with the help of friends and patrons. All these naturally took the democratic side, and lost no opportunity of making the fact known, but quarrelled and shouted for the people's rights and liberties with as much zeal and as little knowledge as the fiercest of their opponents. In short, like every society then in France, the students of Brienne were divided into two parties of almost equal strength. The professors, though old and prudent men, were known to entertain similar differences of opinion, and demonstrations which did not transgress the bounds of discipline were rather encouraged.

On the present occasion, the least skilful observer of school affairs would have guessed that something extraordinary was to come off in the garden. Its principal walk had been cleared, together with a gravelled space generally used for a tennis-ground. The snow had been shovelled into great heaps on either side, and the whole body of students separated with military precision, the aristocrats forming one juvenile army, and the democrats another, in order to celebrate the holiday by a grand display of tactics in honor of what the boys called their principles.

For this purpose, all fell to work with the enthusiasm and activity of youth. Never had

play been more earnest. The aristocrats labored on one side, the democrats on the other; and within an hour, thanks to their united exertions and the plastic nature of the material, a miniature fortress, with bastion, battlement, and out-works, on one of Vauban's most approved plans, was constructed out of the snow. The young students sent up a cheer of triumph through the cold, clear air, as the perishable fortifications were completed; and after settling the articles of war, and appointing officers with extreme formality, the aristocrats were left in possession of the fortress, which it was their duty to defend, while the democrats besieged it with all their force and skill. Neither party had ever seen war. As yet they knew it only by romance and theory; and the mingling of these in their mimic siege would have amused any veteran who had ever mounted a breach or kept a bastion. The governor of the snow-built fortress—a fair-faced, noble-looking youth of sixteen, who had been elected to that high office by acclamation, as an acknowledged and most popular leader—addressed his troops in a speech full of classical quotations; reminded them of the exploits performed by Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and their own illustrious ancestors; and closed with an exhortation to maintain the honor of the noble houses from which they were descended, by driving that contemptible rabble from beneath their walls.

The besieging general, a fiery young Parisian, in no less esteem with his party, talked of the rights of man, prophesied the triumph of liberty, and shouted "death to the tyrants."

No imitation of the pomp and circumstance of war was wanting; no manœuvre of all they had been taught in that methodical college was left unpractised. There were trumpets and drums, war-cries and standards. Cannon were planted on every available height, in the form of boys, to fling snowballs; sappers, armed with spades and shovels, advanced under cover of their fire to mine the walls. There were storming parties and forlorn hopes, led by most experienced officers, and attempts at surprise and escalade; but all to no purpose. The besieged had a strong position, and kept it gallantly, showering missiles of snow, hardened by sundry rapid but ingenious processes, making all sorts of sallies, and occasionally carrying off the youngest of their enemies as prisoners of war.

In the mean time, tempers waxed warm on both sides. No contest, however small its

object, can be long carried on without unsealing some bitter waters. The blows grew harder, the sneers more spiteful. There was earnestness and almost ferocity in the fighting now, which did not escape the notice of the only spectators within sight—two men of gray hair and military appearance, who stood, each wrapped in a rough gray cloak, and smoking a long pipe, at the garden-gate.

The tallest and most martial-looking of the pair was old Jules, the chief porter and general overseer of domestic matters in the college. He had never worn uniform, nor served out of Brienne; but in discourse, deportment, and inclinations, there was not a more soldier-like man within his country. The other was Jean Martin, his cousin-german, who had been a peasant's son in the neighborhood till he went with a volunteer corps of the marquis Lafayette, to serve in the American war of independence. The peace signed at Paris in the previous year had closed their campaigns; and, though the newly-established republic rewarded her French auxiliaries with liberal grants from the inexhaustible treasury of prairie and forest lands, such was the applause known to await them at home, that the greater part of Lafayette's soldiers chose to return with their commander. Fighting for liberty was then an untried but most popular business in France. Jean Martin came home covered with glory in the eyes of his kindred and old neighbors. All that winter his father's cottage was a place of evening gatherings, to hear him relate his battles and marches. The old peasant felt his house raised half-way to nobility by such a son, and the porter of the military college considered Jean the only one of his relations worthy to visit him in Brienne. He had accordingly sojourned for some time with old Jules, and seen the wonders of the college. There was a museum of arms and military engines, on which the porter delighted to expatiate. Jean Martin was a praiseworthy listener, when not engaged on his American campaigns; and the cousins now stood in a high state of mutual satisfaction, smoking their pipes, and gazing on the siege of that snow-built fortress with an interest scarcely inferior to that of the contending students.

"That is a brave boy who leads the attack," said Jean: "so is he who holds the fortress."

"Yes," replied the porter, who prided himself on knowing every student's genealogy, and had extremely aristocratic prejudices.

"Would you believe that the young rogue who leads the democrats actually belongs to one of the best houses in Paris? Their name is Caulincourt. They can count back five hundred years without one low alliance; but the house is terribly reduced. There is a wine-shop kept in their hotel in the Rue du Temple, and that boy has taken to the new notions. These are queer times! The boy who holds the fort so well, and looks so like a nobleman's son, is poorly enough descended, though his father was an officer in Montcalm's army, and fell at Quebec; his great-grandfather, as I know, was that cousin of Madame de Maintenon whom she could neither bribe nor frighten out of Protestantism. He fled to Switzerland at the revocation, but came back when Louis le Grande was gone, and they say"—here the porter's voice fell—"he lived and died a mere pastor at Maziers."

"His great-grandson knows something of defence," said Jean; "I have not seen either since we kept Fort Philip on the Mississippi; but tell me, cousin, who is yonder boy, who stands alone leaning against the old apple-tree, and smiles so scornfully every time young Caulincourt and his company are repulsed."

Old Jules followed, with a glance of any thing but approbation, the direction of the soldier's eye, which rested on a dark, spare youth of Italian features, grave, keen, and very discontented looking, who had been one of the most earnest and active in the siege, till, in a fit of sudden disgust, he retired to the old apple-tree, and stood there surveying the proceedings of his comrades with silent but manifest contempt.

"He," said the porter, "is of no family at all—one of the patronized, you understand. He was born in Corsica, and don't know who sent him here; but the best descended boy at the college is not as ambitious as that boy. When he is not in command, he is always in a quarrel with somebody, or standing alone as you see him now. The professors don't seem to think him clever, and the young noblemen try to keep him in his place, but it is wonderful how often he gets the upper hand. Just look at Caulincourt coaxing him back. That boy condescends so to his inferiors!"

The general of the besieging army was indeed making most inviting signals to the recusant of the apple-tree; but he answered, loud enough for Jules and Jean to hear: "No, you'll never take the place; you don't

know the way. As I said before, give me the command, and I'll plant the colors on it in half an hour."

Caulincourt looked angry, but his soldiers began to talk. There was an evident inclination to try the new general. So he descended to the ranks in quiet indignation, and the young Italian literally jumped from the apple-tree to the post of power.

The besieged set up a shout of derision, but their scorn did not last. The new leader whispered his commands, altered the position of his army, and drew them into a sally, in which one division cut off the retreat, while another attacked the fortress at a point hitherto untried, and in less than a quarter of an hour the Italian planted his colors, consisting of three old silk handkerchiefs tacked together, on the highest of its snowy battlements.

"He is a young general!" cried Jean Martin, clapping his hands in a glow of enthusiasm. "Cousin, I have seen nothing like that since the day when we, with some help from the Americans, surrounded Burgoyne's army at the springs of Saratoga."

"He a general!" cried Jules, in great wrath; "I wonder to hear you, who have served under a marquis. The fellow has done nothing in due form; I could have shown him better myself: but there's the dinner-bell, and our soup will be cold."

The bell which smote old Jules with that well-founded fear summoned the students also from their mimic warfare. The fortress was, however, dismantled by the special command of the victorious general. He left his flag floating over its ruins, and laughed at the defeated governor, who was sorely discomfited, not so much for having lost his fort, as because in the fray he had hurt a sickly boy, though the brave child wiped up his eyes and promised to say nothing about it. So the garden was left to snow and silence, and the twilight came down upon Brienne.

Many evenings and mornings come and go in the space of thirty years, and many things besides had come and gone in France, when, on the 29th of January, 1814, old Jules and his cousin again stood together at the fall of the winter day. Both were now old indeed; Jules was approaching ninety. Jean Martin had numbered fourscore and five. The world of their youth was long dead and buried under successive ruins. They had outlived seven forms of government, and seen changes of power, and glory, and faith; but except that the gray hair had grown snow white, and even the military erectness

of Jules had bowed to time, there was little change in the cousins. They had led hardy and temperate lives, and in consequence enjoyed that singular preservation of faculties which keeps the oldest age green. Both remembered the times of Louis XV., and were high authorities in the topography of their native province. It was in the latter capacity they had been summoned from the wine-cellar of a ruined convent hard by the city wall, which had been the old men's latest habitation, to a large upper room in the château of Brienne, once a baron's banquet-hall, but now bare and dusty, with queer stains on the walls and floor, a great wood fire blazing on the hearth, a stray chair or two, and a table covered with papers, between which and the nearest window a man in a general's uniform, much the worse for wear, was walking backwards and forwards like one made restless by anxiety. The old cousins knew that he was the emperor—people said of the world—but that was years ago, before the grand army marched for Russia. Now there was an allied army in the heart of France, pressing from all sides towards her capital, and fighting for every town and village on their way. That day the Russians had been driven out of Brienne after a desperate battle, but the bombshells from the French batteries had set fire to the old town; and when the place was won, half its streets, dwellings and churches, the town-hall and the military college, were so many heaps of black and smouldering ruins. Among them the troops remained under arms, though snow lay deep on the surrounding country, and the previous day had been spent in a fatiguing march through the marshy forest of Jerre; but through the deepening gray of night there rose from hill and dale the glare of hostile watch-fires. Blücher, with his mingled host of Germans, Russians, and Cossacks, was there, for the day of decisive victories had passed from the French eagles. The imperial army was now but the broken remnants of many battles. The genius of its chief had been discovered not to be invincible, by all except himself. Yet even he could not rest for the dread of gathering enemies, and the two aged men had been summoned to his quarters in the château, to give some information concerning local by-ways, which maps did not supply; for a retreat had been determined on before the break of day. All that the cousins could recollect of that interview was that the great commander's questions came quick and many. They had neither words

nor memory to reply, for grief and consternation was upon them. Jean Martin had seen war before; both remembered the revolution, had lived through the reign of terror, and beheld the northern enemy in their own Brienne; but to see the old streets burned down, and the military college laid in ashes, was more than their white heads could bear without confusion.

"Caulincourt!" cried the impatient man of power, as a care-worn marshal entered, conducting a man whose dress belonged to civil life, and whose look was more thoughtful than soldiers are apt to wear. "Caulincourt! these old men have lost their wits, if they ever had any. Why do they bring such people to me? Who is this you have brought? Oh, I see, the protestant curé, whom we found in the forest. Well, monsieur le curé, (and his tone imperceptibly softened), you made a capital guide, though not very willing to bear us company at first. Perhaps you never saw fighting before, and didn't care for being so near the cannon!"

"No, sire," said the curé, with a respectful bend, "that was not the reason; but I had been on my way to see a sick member of my scattered flock—"

"Well, well, you will get back to your parish in good time and see them all," said the emperor; "but they say you know something of this country. Tell me all about it." And once more the questions came fast and many. The results, however, were far more satisfactory, for the protestant curé answered not only so clearly, but in such good military phrase that the imperial questioner declared he had some sense, and took him confidentially to the window to see Blücher's watch-fires. The curé had pointed out a narrow by-way, which led beyond the enemy's position into the open country, and ventured to hint that a safe and quiet retreat might be thus secured. The emperor made no reply, but he took notes and gave orders to wearied aid-de-camps who came and went; and at last, looking the curé steadily in the face as he was gazing involuntarily on the burned town, the war-wasted country, and the distant Prussian lines, he said:—

"What is your name, and where did you get so much military knowledge?"

The room was silent; the great fire was burning red. Old Jules and Jean, kept in the vestibule lest they might be wanted, were leaning, half-asleep, against the wall, in charge of a tired attendant. Caulincourt sat in the furthest corner of the room, fast asleep, and dreaming, perhaps, of his embassy to the

allied sovereigns, and the notes that were sent to him every day to "sign nothing." The curé had been waiting for his dismissal, and was slightly startled, but he answered:

"My name, sire, is François d'Aubigny, and my military knowledge was acquired yonder;" and he pointed to the still mouldering seminary.

"Ha!" said the emperor, whose memory was singularly strong at times; "you are then my old schoolfellow. I thought I knew your face. It is long ago. What in all the world made you turn pastor? You showed as much science defending a snow fortress in that old garden, one day, as would have insured you a marshal's staff."

"Perhaps I did," said the curé; "but, war is a fearful trade. A chance blow I gave a little schoolfellow that day, first made me think so; and oh, sire, look at this burned town, this bloody country, and the dead that lie about us, and if you can, give us peace."

The silence of the night, the scene, the circumstances, and the truth that had been spoken, strangely equalized the schoolfellows once more, in spite of history and fortune. They stood together as accountable men, with no other distinction between them; for a moment the dark, resolute face was fixed in a long gaze on the old college of his youth, burned down by his own bomb-shells. The next, it kindled up with self-confidence and imperial pride.

"Yes, I will restore peace to France," he said, "by driving these invaders from her soil. To-morrow I will destroy Blücher; on Wednesday I will annihilate the Russians; on Saturday the entire Austrian force will join me; and within a month the allies will be too happy to recross the Rhine with the loss of cannon and baggage. As for this town, I will rebuild and make it a provincial capital. I will erect a palace, a college, and perhaps a church on the ground of yon old garden. Then you will see what this country will become. But good-night. Victor will send you safe to your parish, and I will not forget your services."

So the curé was dismissed, and the French army retreated before day-break; but Blücher was not annihilated, neither were the Russians destroyed. The palace, the college, and the church were never built, and most people know how peace was restored to France and Europe; but old Jules, even to his ninety-fifth, and Jean Martin to his eighty-ninth year, lived, they said, comfortably in the old quarters, and continued to tell all listeners a broken story, better known to

some of the ancient citizens, concerning one of their great emperor's fellow-students, who forgot the art of war, to be the humble, laborious pastor of a forest parish, through which he once guided the march of his famous schoolfellow, witnessed what was almost his last victory, and talked with him over the burnt ruins of Brienne.

From Tait's Magazine.

## THE LATE PROFESSOR PHILLIPS.

Is it from the force of decent custom only, or is it not from the consciousness of a moral fitness, that we usually reserve till the close of a public man's career, that review of its history which may serve to fix his place in our estimation, and to supply us, for ourselves, with lessons that may either guide or warn—with the wisdom to be gathered from disaster, and the courage from success? It arises, we believe, from an instinctive consciousness that the close of a life is the most fitting time for passing upon our fellows a final judgment—not only because we can then include the man's whole being and doing, but also because in the presence of the Grim King, all ascerbity of temper is lost in a certain compassion for his victim, and the mind is more likely to find itself in the true critical region—that of brotherly sympathy and kindness. Our first thought is, at such a time, that these men, with their life-work, the errors they committed, the follies they indulged, have passed away for ever:—Death has invested them with a kind of sacredness, and humanity, with its eye of dowy pity, will only condemn, where we must condemn, rather “in sorrow than in anger.”

The career of Samuel Phillips, from the many schemes in which he was engaged, and the success he achieved, was rather that of a literary adventurer than of an ordinary man of letters. This is not said as any thing to his dishonor, but to illustrate the strange places in which men of genius often find themselves, and to show what a curious novitiate this literary age, *par excellence*, has provided for the literary man. The education of neglect—the liberty to help yourself—has certainly some advantages; for those who emerge victoriously from difficulties are doubtless the larger and stronger men for their struggle; but, alas! how many never do emerge! A remedy for this state of

things it would be impossible, perhaps, for one man, or any number of men, to devise. But it seems clear enough that in an age like ours, when literature is not, as in former times, a mere holiday business, but a life-work; when the greatest things, alike with the smallest, are subject to its power and surveillance; something should surely be devised by which authors who spring, as half of them do, from the workers—might receive something like timely help and furtherance. For the system of self-help—which often means self-extinguishment—forces men into such strange shapes and circumstances, that the better part of their powers are often sacrificed in seeking an opportunity to work at all. We happen to know a young man who applied to a celebrated literary M.P. for his advice as to entering the literary profession. He received for answer—“If you depend upon Literature for a subsistence, you must be prepared to forfeit your moral integrity.”

We are willing to believe that Mr. ——— exaggerated his statement, that his advice might be effective—as it certainly was; for our acquaintance, if he has not relinquished his literary aspirations, has sought to realize them in the trade of a trunkmaker. Yet it is too true that in the novitiate, or the pauses, of his career, the man of letters is often compelled to write rather what will pay, than what is approved by his convictions or his tastes. And if he be one of the few whose opinions link them to no sect or party,—if his thoughts serve rather as food for the teachers of the present, than for the present itself; his choicest meditations will probably die with him, and the careless, somnolent world dream on for some century, or so, to come.

But we must leave these speculations for the narrative which suggested them. Professor Samuel Phillips was the son of a Lon-

don tradesman, and by birth a Jew. His first appearance in public, was as a player; and very early in life he must have given his friends some striking evidences of histrionic talent; for he was announced on the bills of Covent-garden as "Master Phillips, whose extraordinary abilities have been much admired at select parties of the nobility." He was then only in his fifteenth year. His "Richard," it is said, had in it something of original merit; but he soon left the stage, either from constitutional inability, or from the non-appearance of the expected success; both causes are assigned. His friends next sent him to the London University, still giving him credit for uncommon talents; and his subsequent career has amply borne out their most sanguine expectations. He attracted the attention of the Duke of Sussex by an Essay on Milton, and was sent from the London University to Göttingen, and thence to Cambridge. On leaving the University, his prospects from literature seemed so cheerless that he accepted the situation of private secretary to Alderman Salomons. He exchanged this post, in a short time, for that of private tutor in the family of the Marquis of Aylesbury, and was the teacher of Lord Ernest Bruce. He made, it seems during this time, several unsuccessful literary attempts, and is described as just giving up his hope, when his novel of "Caleb Stukeley" was accepted by the conductors of *Blackwood's Magazine*. This novel had a fair success—gave him a respectable standing—and was followed by "We are all Low People There," and other tales. But the great event of his life was his becoming connected with the *Times*, as the writer of those celebrated articles, which have since been republished as Literary Essays. The engagement, like Edward Stirling's, was the result of an accidental communication. In style clear, clever, and eloquent, but not particularly accurate or profound, his contributions were read much less for the justness or originality of his views, than for the manly and vigorous form in which they were presented. The fact is, Phillips was a Tory; and his essays often show how one radical error may color and pervert the whole current of opinion and taste. This is particularly evident in his review of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." You read the essay right through, with high-wrought interest; but the interest you feel is a tribute rather to the genius of the writer, than a homage to the soundness of his argument. It will now scarcely be believed, that its

unique, graphic description, its unmatched tenderness and pathos, its thrilling incidents—all based, confessedly, upon the facts of contemporary life—were passed by with little notice, and faint praise; and the thunder of condemnation hurled against the work as a whole—simply because it would injure the vested rights of property, even though that property consisted of flesh and blood. We well remember our impression of the book after we had read the essay; how little we thought such a treat was in store for us as was the first perusal of "Uncle Tom;" still less, that the name of the authoress was destined to become a household word in castle and cottage, and to outvie, in the universality of its fame, even that of Sir Walter Scott.

Phillips' reviews of the works of Thomas Carlyle are open to equal or more objection. In fact, whenever the book to be reviewed breathed freedom of thought, either in religion or politics, his critique was sure to be caustic, harsh and untrue. Still, as a slight exception, and partially, perhaps, explaining the cause of the rest, we may remark that there is noticeable in his Essay on Carlyle's "Sterling" a certain air of frolicsome raillery—as though the writer felt that, if he must condemn, it should at least be with jovial good-humor.

In passing judgment upon his literary labors, it should be remembered that they were, for the most part, produced in a very weak and precarious state of health,—so much so, that his death, though sudden, would at no time have been unexpected; the wonder being rather that he lived so long. This circumstance may also have increased the venom which he sometimes threw into his papers, if it did not wholly originate it. The probability of this is further increased by the fact, that his personal attacks were not republished with the collected Essays. Though by the public admired for their ability, by him they seem to have been regretted. In private life, moreover, he is described as a merry, good-tempered, and genial-hearted fellow. The *Times* says, "there never was a more honorable man, or a more amiable and intelligent friend and companion." And one who seems to have known him well, writes elsewhere, that "to do a service seemed with him the instinct of a generous nature;" that "his almost boyish sportiveness endeared him to a multitude of friends and associates;" and that "his memory will ever be tenderly cherished by all who enjoyed the influence of his kind and cordial nature."

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